

faces and fixed an indifferent gaze on the tea-table with the samovar and refreshments. Petróvsky, a lively officer who now met Hadji Murád for the first time, asked him through the interpreter whether he liked Tiflis.

'*Alya!*' he replied.

'He says "Yes",' translated the interpreter.

'What did he like there?'

Hadji Murád said something in reply.

'He liked the theatre best of all.'

'And how did he like the ball at the house of the commander-in-chief?'

Hadji Murád frowned. 'Every nation has its own customs! Our women do not dress in such a way,' said he, glancing at Márya Dmítrievna.

'Well, didn't he like it?'

'We have a proverb,' said Hadji Murád to the interpreter, "'The dog gave meat to the ass and the ass gave hay to the dog, and both went hungry,'" and he smiled. 'Its own customs seem good to each nation.'

The conversation went no farther. Some of the officers took tea, some other refreshments. Hadji Murád accepted the tumbler of tea offered him and put it down before him.

'Won't you have cream and a bun?' asked Márya Dmítrievna, offering them to him.

Hadji Murád bowed his head.

'Well, I suppose it is good-bye!' said Butler, touching his knee. 'When shall we meet again?'

'Good-bye, good-bye!' said Hadji Murád, in Russian, with a smile. '*Kundák bulug*. Strong *kundák* to thee! Time—*ayda*—go!' and he jerked his head in the direction in which he had to go.

Eldár appeared in the doorway carrying something large and white across his shoulder and a sword in his hand. Hadji Murád beckoned to him

THE WORLD'S CLASSICS

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IVÁN ILÝCH

AND

HADJI MURÁD

AND OTHER STORIES

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IVÁN ILÝCH
AND
HADJI MURÁD
AND OTHER STORIES

BY LEO TOLSTÓY

Translated by
LOUISE AND AYLMER MAUDE

With a Preface by
AYLMER MAUDE

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LEO TOLSTÓY

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me the same thing. Everything told me the same: 'There is nothing in life. Death is the only real thing, and death ought not to exist.'

I tried to turn my thoughts to things that had interested me—to the estate I was to buy, and to my wife—but found nothing to cheer me. It had all become nothing. Everything was hidden by the terrible consciousness that my life was ebbing away. I needed sleep. I lay down, but the next instant I jumped up again in terror. A fit of the spleen seized me—spleen such as the feeling before one is sick, but spiritual spleen. It was uncanny and dreadful. It seems that death is terrible, but when remembering and thinking of life it is one's dying life that is terrible. Life and death somehow merged into one another. Something was tearing my soul apart and could not complete the severance. Again I went to look at the sleepers, and again I tried to go to sleep. Always the same horror: red, white, and square. Something tearing within that yet could not be torn apart. A painful, painfully dry and spiteful feeling, no atom of kindliness, but just a dull and steady spitefulness towards myself and towards that which had made me.

What created me? God, they say. God . . . what about prayer? I remembered. For some twenty years I had not prayed, and I did not believe in anything, though as a matter of propriety I fasted and went to communion every year. Now I began to pray. 'Lord have mercy!' 'Our Father.' 'Holy Virgin.' I began to compose new prayers, crossing myself, bowing down to the ground and glancing around me for fear that I might be seen. This seemed to divert me—the fear of being seen distracted my terror—and I lay down. But I had only to lie down and close my eyes for the same feeling of terror to knock and rouse me. I could bear it no

longer. I woke the hotel servant and Sergéy, gave orders to harness, and we drove off again.

The fresh air and the drive made me feel better. But I realized that something new had come into my soul and poisoned my former life.

.

By nightfall we reached our destination. The whole day I had been fighting my depression and had mastered it, but it had left its terrible dregs in my soul as if some misfortune had befallen me, and I could forget it only for a time. There it remained at the bottom of my soul and had me in its power.

The old steward of the estate received me well, though without any pleasure. He was sorry the estate was to be sold.

The furniture in the little rooms was upholstered. There was a new, brightly polished samovar, a large-sized tea-service, and honey for tea. Everything was good. But I questioned him about the estate unwillingly, as if it were some old forgotten lesson. However, I fell asleep without any depression, and this I attributed to my having prayed again before going to bed.

After that I went on living as before, but the fear of that spleen always hung over me. I had to live without stopping to think, and above all to live in my accustomed surroundings. As a schoolboy repeats a lesson learnt by heart without thinking, so I had to live to avoid falling a prey to that awful depression I had first experienced at Arzamás.

I returned home safely. I did not buy the estate—I had not enough money—and I continued to live as before, only with this difference, that I began to pray and went to church. As before—it seemed to me, but I now remember that it was not as before—I lived on what had been previously begun. I

continued to go along the rails already laid by my former strength, but I did not undertake anything new. And I took less part in those things I had previously begun. Everything seemed dull to me and I became pious. My wife noticed this, and scolded and nagged me on account of it. But my spleen did not recur at home.

But once I had unexpectedly to go to Moscow. I got ready in the afternoon and left in the evening. It was in connexion with a lawsuit. I arrived in Moscow cheerful. On the way I had talked with a landowner from Khárkov about estate-management and banks, and about where to put up, and about the theatre. We both decided to stop at the Moscow Hotel on the Myasnítsky Street, and to go to see *Faust* that same evening.

When we arrived I was shown into a small room. The oppressive air of the corridor filled my nostrils. A porter brought in my portmanteau and a chambermaid lighted a candle. The wick was lighted and then as usual the flame went down. In the next room someone coughed, probably an old man. The maid went out, but the porter remained and asked if he should uncord my luggage. The flame of the candle burnt up, revealing the blue wallpaper with yellow stripes on the partition, a shabby table, a small sofa, a looking-glass, a window, and the narrow dimensions of the room. And suddenly I was seized with an attack of the same horror as in Arzamás. 'My God! How can I stay here all night?' I thought.

'Yes, uncord, my good fellow,' I told the porter to keep him longer in the room. 'I'll dress quickly and go to the theatre.' When the porter had uncorded, I said: 'Please go to Number Eight and tell the gentleman who came here with me that I shall be ready immediately and will come to him.'

The porter went out and I dressed hurriedly, afraid to look at the walls. 'What nonsense!' I thought. 'What am I afraid of? Just like a child! I am not afraid of ghosts. Ghosts! Ghosts would be better than what I am afraid of. Why, what is it? Nothing. Myself. . . . Oh, nonsense!'

However, I put on a hard, cold, starched shirt, inserted the studs, donned my evening coat and new boots, and went to find the Khárkov landowner, who was ready. We started for the opera. He stopped on the way at a hairdresser's to have his hair curled, and I had mine cut by a French assistant and had a chat with him, and bought a pair of gloves. All was well, and I quite forgot my oblong room with its partition. In the theatre, too, it was pleasant. After the opera the Khárkov landowner suggested that we should have supper. That was contrary to my habit, but just then I again remembered the partition in my room and accepted his suggestion.

We got back after one. I had had two glasses of wine, to which I was unaccustomed, but in spite of that I felt cheerful. But no sooner had we entered the corridor in which the lamp was turned low and I was surrounded by the hotel smell, than a shiver of horror ran down my spine. There was nothing to be done however, and I pressed my companion's hand and went into my room.

I spent a terrible night—worse than at Arzamás. Not till dawn, when the old man at the other side of the door was coughing again, did I fall asleep, and then not in the bed, in which I had lain down several times during the night, but on the sofa. I had suffered all night unbearably. Again my soul and body were being painfully torn asunder. 'I am living, have lived, and ought to live, and suddenly—here is death to destroy everything. Then

what is life for? To die? To kill myself at once? No, I am afraid. To wait for death till it comes? I fear that even more. Then I must live. But what for? In order to die?' And I could not escape from that circle. I took up a book, read, and forgot myself for a moment, but then again the same question and the same horror. I lay down in bed and closed my eyes. It was worse still!

God has so arranged it. Why? They say: 'Don't ask, but pray!' Very well. I prayed, and prayed as I had done at Arzamás. Then and afterwards I prayed simply, like a child. But now my prayers had a meaning. 'If Thou dost exist, reveal to me why and what I am!' I bowed down, repeated all the prayers I knew, composed my own, and added: 'Then reveal it!' and became silent, awaiting an answer. But no answer came. It was just as if there were no one who could give an answer. And I remained alone with myself. And in place of Him who would not reply I answered my own questions. 'Why? In order to live in a future life,' I said to myself. 'Then why this obscurity, this torment? I cannot believe in a future life. I believed when I did not ask with my whole soul, but now I cannot, I cannot. If Thou didst exist Thou wouldst speak to me and to all men. And if Thou dost not exist there is nothing but despair. And I do not want that. I do not want that!'

I became indignant. I asked Him to reveal the truth to me, to reveal Himself to me. I did all that everybody does, but He did not reveal Himself. 'Ask and it shall be given you' I remembered, and I had asked and in that asking had found not consolation but relaxation. Perhaps I did not pray to Him but repudiated Him. 'You recede a span and He recedes a mile' as the proverb has it. I did not believe in Him but I asked, and He did not reveal

anything to me. I was balancing accounts with Him and blaming Him. I simply did not believe.

.

The next day I did all in my power to get through my ordinary affairs so as to avoid another night in the hotel. Although I did not finish everything, I left for home that evening. I did not feel any spleen. That night in Moscow still further changed my life which had begun to change from the time I was at Arzamás. I now attended still less to my affairs and became apathetic. I also grew weaker in health. My wife insisted that I should undergo a treatment. She said that my talks about faith and God arose from ill health. But I knew that my weakness and ill health were the effect of the unsolved question within me. I tried not to let that question dominate me, and tried to fill my life amid my customary surroundings. I went to church on Sundays and feast days, prepared to receive Communion, and even fasted, as I had begun to do since my visit to Pénza, and I prayed, though more as a custom. I did not expect any result from this, but as it were kept the demand-note and presented it at the due date, though I knew it was impossible to secure payment. I only did it on the chance. I did not fill my life by estate management—it repelled me by the struggle it involved (I had no energy)—but by reading magazines, newspapers, and novels, and playing cards for small stakes. I only showed energy by hunting, which I did from habit. I had been fond of hunting all my life.

One winter day a neighbouring huntsman came with his wolf-hounds. I rode out with him. When we reached the place we put on snow-shoes and went to the spot where the wolf might be found. The hunt was unsuccessful, the wolves broke

through the ring of beaters. I became aware of this from a distance and went through the forest following the fresh tracks of a hare. These led me far into a glade, where I spied the hare, but it jumped out so that I lost it. I went back through the thick forest. The snow was deep, my snow-shoes sank in, and branches of the trees entangled me. The trees grew ever more and more dense. I began to ask myself: 'Where am I?' The snow had altered the look of everything.

Suddenly I realized that I had lost my way. I was far from the house and from the hunters too, and could hear nothing. I was tired and bathed in perspiration. If I stopped I should freeze. If I went on my strength would fail me. I shouted. All was still. No one answered. I turned back, but it was the same again. I looked around—nothing but trees, impossible to tell which was east or west. Again I turned back. My legs were tired. I grew frightened, stopped, and was seized with the same horror as in Arzamás and Moscow, but a hundred times worse. My heart palpitated, my arms and legs trembled. 'Is this death? I won't have it! Why death? What is death?' Once again I wanted to question and reproach God, but here I suddenly felt that I dare not and must not do so, that it is impossible to present one's account to God, that He had said what is needful and I alone was to blame. I began to implore His forgiveness, and felt disgusted with myself.

The horror did not last long. I stood there for awhile, came to myself, went on in one direction and soon emerged from the forest. I had not been far from its edge, and came out on to the road. My arms and legs still trembled and my heart was beating, but I felt happy. I found the hunting party and we returned home. I was cheerful, but I knew

there was something joyful which I would make out when alone. And so it was. I remained by myself in my study and began to pray, asking forgiveness and remembering my sins. There seemed to me to be but few, but when I recalled them they became hateful to me.

.

After that I began to read the scriptures. The Old Testament I found unintelligible though enchanting, but the Gospels moved me profoundly. But most of all I read the Lives of the Saints, and that reading consoled me, presenting examples that it seemed more and more possible to follow. From that time forth farming and family matters occupied me less and less. They even repelled me. They all seemed to me wrong. What it was that was 'right' I did not know, but what had formerly constituted my life had now ceased to do so. This became plain to me when I was going to buy another estate.

Not far from us an estate was for sale on very advantageous terms. I went to see it. Everything was excellent and advantageous; especially so was the fact that the peasants there had no land of their own except their kitchen-gardens. I saw that they would have to work on the landlord's land merely for permission to use his pastures. And so it was. I grasped all this, and by old habit felt pleased about it. But on my way home I met an old woman who asked her way. I had a talk with her, during which she told me about her poverty. I got home, and when telling my wife of the advantages that estate offered, I suddenly felt ashamed and disgusted. I told her I could not buy it because the advantages we should get would be based on the peasants' destitution and sorrow. As I said this I suddenly realized the truth of what I was saying—the chief

truth, that the peasants, like ourselves, want to live, that they are human beings, our brothers, and sons of the Father as the Gospels say. Suddenly something that had long troubled me seemed to have broken away, as though it had come to birth. My wife was vexed and scolded me, but I felt glad.

That was the beginning of my madness. But my utter madness began later—about a month after that.

It began by my going to church. I stood there through the liturgy and prayed well, and listened and was touched. Then suddenly they brought me some consecrated bread: after that we went up to the Cross, and people began pushing one another. Then at the exit there were beggars. And it suddenly became clear to me that this ought not to be, and not only ought not to be but in reality was not. And if this was not, then neither was there either death or fear, and there was no longer the former tearing asunder within me and I no longer feared anything.

Then the light fully illumined me and I became what I now am. If there is nothing of all that—then it certainly does not exist within me. And there at the church door I gave away to the beggars all I had with me—some thirty-five rubles—and went home on foot talking with the peasants.

1884.

A LIST OF TARTAR WORDS USED IN 'HADJI MURÁD'

THROUGHOUT this edition I have tried to avoid the use of Russian words, employing their English equivalents wherever possible. In the following story, however, Tolstóy makes use of a number of Tartar words which he does not translate. As there are generally no one- or two-word equivalents for them in English, it would be difficult to avoid following his example and retaining these Tartar words. I have therefore done so, and the reader should refer to the following alphabetical list when he encounters one of them that needs explanation.

AYLMER MAUDE.

<i>Aoul</i>	A Tartar village.
<i>Bar</i>	Have.
<i>Beshmét</i>	A Tartar undergarment with sleeves.
<i>Búrka</i>	A long round felt cape.
<i>Dzhigt</i>	The same as a <i>brave</i> among the Red Indians, but the word is inseparably connected with the idea of skilful horsemanship.
<i>Gazavdt</i>	Holy War against the infidels.
<i>Imám</i>	The leader in the Holy War, uniting in himself supreme spiritual and temporal power.
<i>Khansha</i>	Khan's wife.
<i>Kizydák</i>	A fuel made of straw and manure.
<i>Kunák</i>	A sworn friend, an adopted brother.
<i>Murid</i>	A disciple or follower: 'One who desires' to find the way in Muridism.
<i>Muridism</i>	Almost identical with Sufism.
<i>Murshéd</i>	'One who shows' the way in Muridism.
<i>Naïb</i>	A Tartar lieutenant or governor.
<i>Pilau</i>	An Oriental dish, prepared with rice and mutton or chicken.
<i>Sáklya</i>	A Caucasian house, clay-plastered and often built of earth.
<i>Sharídt</i>	The written Mohammedan law.
<i>Tarikát</i>	'The Path' leading to the higher life.
<i>Yok</i>	No, not.

HADJI MURÁD

I

I WAS returning home by the fields. It was midsummer, the hay harvest was over and they were just beginning to reap the rye. At that season of the year there is a delightful variety of flowers—red, white, and pink scented tufty clover; milk-white ox-eye daisies with their bright yellow centres and pleasant spicy smell; yellow honey-scented rape blossoms; tall campanulas with white and lilac bells, tulip-shaped; creeping vetch; yellow, red, and pink scabious; faintly scented, neatly arranged purple plantains with blossoms slightly tinged with pink; cornflowers, the newly opened blossoms bright blue in the sunshine but growing paler and redder towards evening or when growing old; and delicate almond-scented dodder flowers that withered quickly. I gathered myself a large nosegay and was going home when I noticed in a ditch, in full bloom, a beautiful thistle plant of the crimson variety, which in our neighbourhood they call ‘Tartar’ and carefully avoid when mowing—or, if they do happen to cut it down, throw out from among the grass for fear of pricking their hands. Thinking to pick this thistle and put it in the centre of my nosegay, I climbed down into the ditch, and after driving away a velvety humble-bee that had penetrated deep into one of the flowers and had there fallen sweetly asleep, I set to work to pluck the flower. But this proved a very difficult task. Not only did the stalk prick on every side—even through the handkerchief I wrapped round my hand—but it was so tough that I had to struggle with it for nearly five minutes, breaking the fibres one by one; and when I had at last plucked it, the stalk was

all frayed and the flower itself no longer seemed so fresh and beautiful. Moreover, owing to its coarseness and stiffness, it did not seem in place among the delicate blossoms of my nosegay. I threw it away feeling sorry to have vainly destroyed a flower that looked beautiful in its proper place.

'But what energy and tenacity! With what determination it defended itself, and how dearly it sold its life!' thought I, remembering the effort it had cost me to pluck the flower. The way home led across black-earth fields that had just been ploughed up. I ascended the dusty path. The ploughed field belonged to a landed proprietor and was so large that on both sides and before me to the top of the hill nothing was visible but evenly furrowed and moist earth. The land was well tilled and nowhere was there a blade of grass or any kind of plant to be seen, it was all black. 'Ah, what a destructive creature is man. . . . How many different plant-lives he destroys to support his own existence!' thought I, involuntarily looking around for some living thing in this lifeless black field. In front of me to the right of the road I saw some kind of little clump, and drawing nearer I found it was the same kind of thistle as that which I had vainly plucked and thrown away. This 'Tartar' plant had three branches. One was broken and stuck out like the stump of a mutilated arm. Each of the other two bore a flower, once red but now blackened. One stalk was broken, and half of it hung down with a soiled flower at its tip. The other, though also soiled with black mud, still stood erect. Evidently a cartwheel had passed over the plant but it had risen again, and that was why, though erect, it stood twisted to one side, as if a piece of its body had been torn from it, its bowels drawn out, an arm torn off, and one of its eyes plucked out. Yet it stood firm

and did not surrender to man who had destroyed all its brothers around it. . . .

'What vitality!' I thought. 'Man has conquered everything and destroyed millions of plants, yet this one won't submit.' And I remembered a Caucasian episode of years ago, which I had partly seen myself, partly heard of from eye-witnesses, and in part imagined.

The episode, as it has taken shape in my memory and imagination, was as follows.

.

It happened towards the end of 1851.

On a cold November evening Hadji Murád rode into Makhmet, a hostile Chechen *aoul*¹ that lay some fifteen miles from Russian territory and was filled with the scented smoke of burning *kizyák*.² The strained chant of the muezzin had just ceased, and through the clear mountain air, impregnated with *kizyák* smoke, above the lowing of the cattle and the bleating of the sheep that were dispersing among the *sáklyas*³ (which were crowded together like the cells of a honeycomb), could be clearly heard the guttural voices of disputing men, and sounds of women's and children's voices rising from near the fountain below.

This Hadji Murád was Shamil's *naïb*,⁴ famous for his exploits, who used never to ride out without his banner and some dozens of *murids*, who caracoled and showed off before him. Now wrapped in hood and *búrka*,⁵ from under which protruded a rifle, he rode, a fugitive, with one *murid* only, trying to attract as little attention as possible and peering with

¹ *Aoul*, Tartar village.

² *Kizyák*, fuel made of straw and manure.

³ *Sáklya*, a Caucasian house, clay-plastered and often built of earth.

⁴ *Naib*, lieutenant or governor.

⁵ *Búrka*, a long, round felt cape.

his quick black eyes into the faces of those he met on his way.

When he entered the *aoul*, instead of riding up the road leading to the open square, he turned to the left into a narrow side street, and on reaching the second *sáklya*, which was cut into the hill-side, he stopped and looked round. There was no one under the penthouse in front, but on the roof of the *sáklya* itself, behind the freshly plastered clay chimney, lay a man covered with a sheepskin. Hadji Murád touched him with the handle of his leather-plaited whip and clicked his tongue, and an old man, wearing a greasy old *beshmét*¹ and a nightcap, rose from under the sheepskin. His moist red eyelids had no lashes, and he blinked to get them unstuck. Hadji Murád, repeating the customary '*Selaam aleikum!*' uncovered his face. '*Aleikum, selaam!*' said the old man, recognizing him, and smiling with his toothless mouth. And raising himself on his thin legs he began thrusting his feet into the wooden-heeled slippers that stood by the chimney. Then he leisurely slipped his arms into the sleeves of his crumpled sheepskin, and going to the ladder that leant against the roof he descended backwards. While he dressed and as he climbed down he kept shaking his head on its thin, shrivelled sunburnt neck and mumbling something with his toothless mouth. As soon as he reached the ground he hospitably seized Hadji Murád's bridle and right stirrup; but the strong active *murid* had quickly dismounted and, motioning the old man aside, took his place. Hadji Murád also dismounted, and walking with a slight limp, entered under the penthouse. A boy of fifteen, coming quickly out of the door, met him and wonderingly fixed his sparkling eyes, black as ripe sloes, on the new arrivals.

¹ *Beshmét*, a Tartar undergarment with sleeves.

'Run to the mosque and call your father,' ordered the old man as he hurried forward to open the thin, creaking door into the *sáklya*.

As Hadji Murád entered the outer door, a slight, spare, middle-aged woman in a yellow smock, red *beshmét*, and wide blue trousers came through an inner door carrying cushions.

'May thy coming bring happiness!' said she, and bending nearly double began arranging the cushions along the front wall for the guest to sit on.

'May thy sons live!' answered Hadji Murád, taking off his *búrka*, his rifle, and his sword, and handing them to the old man who carefully hung the rifle and sword on a nail beside the weapons of the master of the house, which were suspended between two large basins that glittered against the clean clay-plastered and carefully whitewashed wall.

Hadji Murád adjusted the pistol at his back, came up to the cushions, and wrapping his Circassian coat closer round him, sat down. The old man squatted on his bare heels beside him, closed his eyes, and lifted his hands palms upwards. Hadji Murád did the same; then after repeating a prayer they both stroked their faces, passing their hands downwards till the palms joined at the end of their beards.

'*Ne habar?*' ('Is there anything new?') asked Hadji Murád, addressing the old man.

'*Habaryok*' ('Nothing new'), replied the old man, looking with his lifeless red eyes not at Hadji Murád's face but at his breast. 'I live at the apiary and have only to-day come to see my son. . . . He knows.'

Hadji Murád, understanding that the old man did not wish to say what he knew and what Hadji Murád wanted to know, slightly nodded his head and asked no more questions.

'There is no good news,' said the old man. 'The only news is that the hares keep discussing how to drive away the eagles, and the eagles tear first one and then another of them. The other day the Russian dogs burnt the hay in the Mitchit *aoul*. . . . May their faces be torn!' he added hoarsely and angrily.

Hadji Murád's *murid* entered the room, his strong legs striding softly over the earthen floor. Retaining only his dagger and pistol, he took off his *búrka*, rifle, and sword as Hadji Murád had done, and hung them up on the same nails as his leader's weapons.

'Who is he?' asked the old man, pointing to the newcomer.

'My *murid*. Eldár is his name,' said Hadji Murád.

'That is well,' said the old man, and motioned Eldár to a place on a piece of felt beside Hadji Murád. Eldár sat down, crossing his legs and fixing his fine ram-like eyes on the old man who, having now started talking, was telling how their brave fellows had caught two Russian soldiers the week before and had killed one and sent the other to Shamil in Vedén.

Hadji Murád heard him absently, looking at the door and listening to the sounds outside. Under the penthouse steps were heard, the door creaked, and Sado, the master of the house, came in. He was a man of about forty, with a small beard, long nose, and eyes as black, though not as glittering, as those of his fifteen-year-old son who had run to call him home and who now entered with his father and sat down by the door. The master of the house took off his wooden slippers at the door, and pushing his old and much-worn cap to the back of his head (which had remained unshaved so long that it was beginning to be overgrown with black hair), at once squatted down in front of Hadji Murád.

He too lifted his hands palms upwards, as the old man had done, repeated a prayer, and then stroked his face downwards. Only after that did he begin to speak. He told how an order had come from Shamil to seize Hadji Murád alive or dead, that Shamil's envoys had left only the day before, that the people were afraid to disobey Shamil's orders, and that therefore it was necessary to be careful.

'In my house,' said Sado, 'no one shall injure my *kundák*¹ while I live, but how will it be in the open fields? . . . We must think it over.'

Hadji Murád listened with attention and nodded approvingly. When Sado had finished he said:

'Very well. Now we must send a man with a letter to the Russians. My *murid* will go but he will need a guide.'

'I will send brother Bata,' said Sado. 'Go and call Bata,' he added, turning to his son.

The boy instantly bounded to his nimble feet as if he were on springs, and swinging his arms, rapidly left the *sáklya*. Some ten minutes later he returned with a sinewy, short-legged Chechen, burnt almost black by the sun, wearing a worn and tattered yellow Circassian coat with frayed sleeves, and crumpled black leggings.

Hadji Murád greeted the newcomer, and again without wasting a single word, immediately asked:

'Canst thou conduct my *murid* to the Russians?'

'I can,' gaily replied Bata. 'I can certainly do it. There is not another Chechen who would pass as I can. Another might agree to go and might promise anything, but would do nothing; but I can do it!'

'All right,' said Hadji Murád. 'Thou shalt

¹ *Kundák*, sworn friend, brother by adoption.

receive three for thy trouble,' and he held up three fingers.

Bata nodded to show that he understood, and added that it was not money he prized, but that he was ready to serve Hadji Murád for the honour alone. Every one in the mountains knew Hadji Murád, and how he slew the Russian swine.

'Very well. . . . A rope should be long but a speech short,' said Hadji Murád.

'Well then I'll hold my tongue,' said Bata.

'Where the river Argun bends by the cliff,' said Hadji Murád, 'there are two stacks in a glade in the forest—thou knowest?'

'I know.'

'There my four horsemen are waiting for me,' said Hadji Murád.

'Aye,' answered Bata, nodding.

'Ask for Khan Mahomá. He knows what to do and what to say. Canst thou lead him to the Russian commander, Prince Vorontsóf?'

'Yes, I'll take him.'

'Canst thou take him and bring him back again?'

'I can.'

'Then take him there and return to the wood. I shall be there too.'

'I will do it all,' said Bata, rising, and putting his hands on his heart he went out.

Hadji Murád turned to his host.

'A man must also be sent to Chekhi,' he began, and took hold of one of the cartridge pouches of his Circassian coat, but let his hand drop immediately and became silent on seeing two women enter the *sáklya*.

One was Sado's wife—the thin middle-aged woman who had arranged the cushions. The other was quite a young girl, wearing red trousers and a green *beshmét*. A necklace of silver coins covered

the whole front of her dress, and at the end of the short but thick plait of hard black hair that hung between her thin shoulder-blades a silver ruble was suspended. Her eyes, as sloe-black as those of her father and brother, sparkled brightly in her young face which tried to be stern. She did not look at the visitors, but evidently felt their presence.

Sado's wife brought in a low round table on which stood tea, pancakes in butter, cheese, *churek* (that is, thinly rolled out bread), and honey. The girl carried a basin, a ewer, and a towel.

Sado and Hadji Murád kept silent as long as the women, with their coin ornaments tinkling, moved softly about in their red soft-soled slippers, setting out before the visitors the things they had brought. Eldár sat motionless as a statue, his ram-like eyes fixed on his crossed legs, all the time the women were in the *sáklya*. Only after they had gone and their soft footsteps could no longer be heard behind the door, did he give a sigh of relief.

Hadji Murád having pulled out a bullet from one of the cartridge-pouches of his Circassian coat, and having taken out a rolled-up note that lay beneath it, held it out, saying:

'To be handed to my son.'

'Where must the answer be sent?'

'To thee; and thou must forward it to me.'

'It shall be done,' said Sado, and placed the note in a cartridge-pocket of his own coat. Then he took up the metal ewer and moved the basin towards Hadji Murád.

Hadji Murád turned up the sleeves of his *beshmét* on his white muscular arms, held out his hands under the clear cold water which Sado poured from the ewer, and having wiped them on a clean unbleached towel, turned to the table. Eldár did the same. While the visitors ate, Sado sat opposite and

thanked them several times for their visit. The boy sat by the door never taking his sparkling eyes off Hadji Murád's face, and smiled as if in confirmation of his father's words.

Though he had eaten nothing for more than twenty-four hours Hadji Murád ate only a little bread and cheese; then, drawing out a small knife from under his dagger, he spread some honey on a piece of bread.

'Our honey is good,' said the old man, evidently pleased to see Hadji Murád eating his honey. 'This year, above all other years, it is plentiful and good.'

'I thank thee,' said Hadji Murád and turned from the table. Eldár would have liked to go on eating but he followed his leader's example, and having moved away from the table, handed him the ewer and basin.

Sado knew that he was risking his life by receiving such a guest in his house, for after his quarrel with Shamil the latter had issued a proclamation to all the inhabitants of Chechnya forbidding them to receive Hadji Murád on pain of death. He knew that the inhabitants of the *aoul* might at any moment become aware of Hadji Murád's presence in his house and might demand his surrender. But this not only did not frighten Sado, it even gave him pleasure: he considered it his duty to protect his guest though it should cost him his life, and he was proud and pleased with himself because he was doing his duty.

'Whilst thou art in my house and my head is on my shoulders no one shall harm thee,' he repeated to Hadji Murád.

Hadji Murád looked into his glittering eyes and understanding that this was true, said with some solemnity—

'Mayest thou receive joy and life!'

Sado silently laid his hand on his heart in token of thanks for these kind words.

Having closed the shutters of the *saklya* and laid some sticks in the fireplace, Sado, in an exceptionally bright and animated mood, left the room and went into that part of his *saklya* where his family all lived. The women had not yet gone to sleep, and were talking about the dangerous visitors who were spending the night in their guest-chamber.

II

At Vozdvízhensk, the advanced fort situated some ten miles from the *aoul* in which Hadji Murád was spending the night, three soldiers and a non-commissioned officer left the fort and went beyond the Shahgirínsk Gate. The soldiers, dressed as Caucasian soldiers used to be in those days, wore sheepskin coats and caps, and boots that reached above their knees, and they carried their cloaks tightly rolled up and fastened across their shoulders. Shouldering arms, they first went some five hundred paces along the road and then turned off it and went some twenty paces to the right—the dead leaves rustling under their boots—till they reached the blackened trunk of a broken plane tree just visible through the darkness. There they stopped. It was at this plane tree that an ambush party was usually placed.

The bright stars, that had seemed to be running along the tree-tops while the soldiers were walking through the forest, now stood still, shining brightly between the bare branches of the trees.

‘A good job it’s dry,’ said the non-commissioned officer Panón, bringing down his long gun and bayonet with a clang from his shoulder and placing it against the plane tree.

The three soldiers did the same.

'Sure enough I've lost it!' muttered Panóv crossly. 'Must have left it behind or I've dropped it on the way.'

'What are you looking for?' asked one of the soldiers in a bright, cheerful voice.

'The bowl of my pipe. Where the devil has it got to?'

'Have you got the stem?' asked the cheerful voice.

'Here it is.'

'Then why not stick it straight into the ground?'

'Not worth bothering!'

'We'll manage that in a minute.'

Smoking in ambush was forbidden, but this ambush hardly deserved the name. It was rather an outpost to prevent the mountaineers from bringing up a cannon unobserved and firing at the fort as they used to. Panóv did not consider it necessary to forego the pleasure of smoking, and therefore accepted the cheerful soldier's offer. The latter took a knife from his pocket and made a small round hole in the ground. Having smoothed it, he adjusted the pipe-stem to it, then filled the hole with tobacco and pressed it down, and the pipe was ready. A sulphur match flared and for a moment lit up the broad-cheeked face of the soldier who lay on his stomach, the air whistled in the stem, and Panóv smelt the pleasant odour of burning tobacco.

'Fixed it up?' said he, rising to his feet.

'Why, of course!'

'What a smart chap you are, Avdéev! . . . As wise as a judge! Now then, lad.'

Avdéev rolled over on his side to make room for Panóv, letting smoke escape from his mouth.

Panóv lay down prone, and after wiping the mouthpiece with his sleeve, began to inhale.

When they had had their smoke the soldiers began to talk.

'They say the commander has had his fingers in the cash-box again,' remarked one of them in a lazy voice. 'He lost at cards, you see.'

'He'll pay it back again,' said Panóv.

'Of course he will! He's a good officer,' assented Avdéev.

'Good! good!' gloomily repeated the man who had started the conversation. 'In my opinion the company ought to speak to him. "If you've taken the money, tell us how much and when you'll repay it."'

'That will be as the company decides,' said Panóv, tearing himself away from the pipe.

'Of course. "The community is a strong man,"' assented Avdéev, quoting a proverb.

'There will be oats to buy and boots to get towards spring. The money will be wanted, and what shall we do if he's pocketed it?' insisted the dissatisfied one.

'I tell you it will be as the company wishes,' repeated Panóv. 'It's not the first time: he takes it and gives it back.'

In the Caucasus in those days each company chose men to manage its own commissariat. They received 6 rubles 50 kopeks¹ a month per man from the treasury, and catered for the company. They planted cabbages, made hay, had their own carts, and prided themselves on their well-fed horses. The company's money was kept in a chest of which the commander had the key, and it often happened that he borrowed from the chest. This had just happened again, and the soldiers were talking about it. The morose soldier, Nikítin, wished to demand an account from the commander, while Panóv and Avdéev considered that unnecessary.

¹ About £1, for at that time the ruble was worth about three shillings.—A. M.

After Panóv, Nikítin had a smoke, and then spreading his cloak on the ground sat down on it leaning against the trunk of the plane tree. The soldiers were silent. Far above their heads the crowns of the trees rustled in the wind and suddenly, above this incessant low rustling, rose the howling, whining, weeping, and chuckling of jackals.

'Just listen to those accursed creatures—how they caterwaul!'

'They're laughing at you because your mouth's all on one side,' remarked the high voice of the third soldier, an Ukrainian.

All was silent again, except for the wind that swayed the branches, now revealing and now hiding the stars.

'I say, Panóv,' suddenly asked the cheerful Avdéev, 'do you ever feel dull?'

'Dull, why?' replied Panóv reluctantly.

'Well, I do. . . . I feel so dull sometimes that I don't know what I might not be ready to do to myself.'

'There now!' was all Panóv replied.

'That time when I drank all the money it was from dullness. It took hold of me . . . took hold of me till I thought to myself, "I'll just get blind drunk!"'

'But sometimes drinking makes it still worse.'

'Yes, that's happened to me too. But what is a man to do with himself?'

'But what makes you feel so dull?'

'What, me? . . . Why, it's the longing for home.'

'Is yours a wealthy home then?'

'No; we weren't wealthy, but things went properly—we lived well.' And Avdéev began to relate what he had already told Panóv many times.

'You see, I went as a soldier of my own free will,

instead of my brother,' he said. 'He has children. They were five in family and I had only just married. Mother began begging me to go. So I thought, "Well, maybe they will remember what I've done." So I went to our proprietor . . . he was a good master and he said, "You're a fine fellow, go!" So I went instead of my brother.'

'Well, that was right,' said Panóv.

'And yet, will you believe me, Panóv, it's chiefly because of that that I feel so dull now? "Why did you go instead of your brother?" I say to myself. "He's living like a king now over there, while you have to suffer here;" and the more I think of it the worse I feel. . . . It seems just a piece of ill-luck!'

Avdéev was silent.

'Perhaps we'd better have another smoke,' said he after a pause.

'Well then, fix it up!'

But the soldiers were not to have their smoke. Hardly had Avdéev risen to fix the pipe-stem in its place when above the rustling of the trees they heard footsteps along the road. Panóv took his gun and pushed Nikítin with his foot.

Nikítin rose and picked up his cloak.

The third soldier, Bondarénko, rose also, and said:

'And I have dreamt such a dream, mates. . . .'

'Sh!' said Avdéev, and the soldiers held their breath, listening. The footsteps of men in soft-soled boots were heard approaching. The fallen leaves and dry twigs could be heard rustling clearer and clearer through the darkness. Then came the peculiar guttural tones of Chechen voices. The soldiers could now not only hear men approaching, but could see two shadows passing through a clear space between the trees; one shadow taller than the other. When these shadows had come in line with

the soldiers, Panóv, gun in hand, stepped out on to the road, followed by his comrades.

'Who goes there?' cried he.

'Me, friendly Chechen,' said the shorter one. This was Bata. 'Gun, *yok!*¹ . . . sword, *yok!*' said he, pointing to himself. 'Prince, want!'

The taller one stood silent beside his comrade. He too was unarmed.

'He means he's a scout, and wants the Colonel,' explained Panóv to his comrades.

'Prince Vorontsév . . . much want! Big business!' said Bata.

'All right, all right! We'll take you to him,' said Panóv. 'I say, you'd better take them,' said he to Avdéev, 'you and Bondarénko; and when you've given them up to the officer on duty come back again. Mind,' he added, 'be careful to make them keep in front of you!'

'And what of this?' said Avdéev, moving his gun and bayonet as though stabbing someone. 'I'd just give a dig, and let the steam out of him!'

'What'll he be worth when you've stuck him?' remarked Bondarénko.

'Now, march!'

When the steps of the two soldiers conducting the scouts could no longer be heard, Panóv and Nikítin returned to their post.

'What the devil brings them here at night?' said Nikítin.

'Seems it's necessary,' said Panóv. 'But it's getting chilly,' he added, and unrolling his cloak he put it on and sat down by the tree.

About two hours later Avdéev and Bondarénko returned.

'Well, have you handed them over?'

'Yes. They weren't yet asleep at the Colonel's—'

¹ *Yok*, no, not.

they were taken straight in to him. And do you know, mates, those shaven-headed lads are fine!' continued Avdéev. 'Yes, really. What a talk I had with them!'

'Of course you'd talk,' remarked Nikítin disapprovingly.

'Really they're just like Russians. One of them is married. "Molly," says I, "*bar?*"' "*Bar,*" he says. Bondaréenko, didn't I say "*bar?*" "Many *bar?*" "A couple," says he. A couple! Such a good talk we had! Such nice fellows!'

'Nice, indeed!' said Nikítin. 'If you met him alone he'd soon let the guts out of you.'

'It will be getting light before long,' said Panóv.

'Yes, the stars are beginning to go out,' said Avdéev, sitting down and making himself comfortable.

And the soldiers were silent again.

III

The windows of the barracks and the soldiers' houses had long been dark in the fort; but there were still lights in the windows of the best house.

In it lived Prince Simon Mikhaílovich Vorontsév, Commander of the Kurín Regiment, an Imperial Aide-de-Camp and son of the Commander-in-Chief. Vorontsév's wife, Márya Vasilévna, a famous Petersburg beauty, was with him and they lived in this little Caucasian fort more luxuriously than any one had ever lived there before. To Vorontsév, and even more to his wife, it seemed that they were not only living a very modest life, but one full of privations, while to the inhabitants of the place their luxury was surprising and extraordinary.

Just now, at midnight, the host and hostess sat

¹ *Bar*, have.

playing cards with their visitors, at a card-table lit by four candles, in the spacious drawing-room with its carpeted floor and rich curtains drawn across the windows. Vorontsév, who had a long face and wore the insignia and gold cords of an aide-de-camp, was partnered by a shaggy young man of gloomy appearance, a graduate of Petersburg University whom Princess Vorontsév had lately had sent to the Caucasus to be tutor to her little son (born of her first marriage). Against them played two officers: one a broad, red-faced man, Poltorátsky, a company commander who had exchanged out of the Guards; and the other the regimental adjutant, who sat very straight on his chair with a cold expression on his handsome face.

Princess Márya Vasílevna, a large-built, large-eyed, black-browed beauty, sat beside Poltorátsky—her crinoline touching his legs—and looked over his cards. In her words, her looks, her smile, her perfume, and in every movement of her body, there was something that reduced Poltorátsky to obliviousness of everything except the consciousness of her nearness, and he made blunder after blunder, trying his partner's temper more and more.

'No . . . that's too bad! You've wasted an ace again,' said the regimental adjutant, flushing all over as Poltorátsky threw out an ace.

Poltorátsky turned his kindly, wide-set black eyes towards the dissatisfied adjutant uncomprehendingly, as though just aroused from sleep.

'Do forgive him!' said Márya Vasílevna, smiling. 'There, you see! Didn't I tell you so?' she went on, turning to Poltorátsky.

'But that's not at all what you said,' replied Poltorátsky, smiling.

'Wasn't it?' she queried, with an answering smile, which excited and delighted Poltorátsky to such a

degree that he blushed crimson and seizing the cards began to shuffle.

'It isn't your turn to deal,' said the adjutant sternly, and with his white ringed hand he began to deal himself, as though he wished to get rid of the cards as quickly as possible.

The prince's valet entered the drawing-room and announced that the officer on duty wanted to speak to him.

'Excuse me, gentlemen,' said the prince, speaking Russian with an English accent. 'Will you take my place, Márya?'

'Do you all agree?' asked the princess, rising quickly and lightly to her full height, rustling her silks, and smiling the radiant smile of a happy woman.

'I always agree to everything,' replied the adjutant, very pleased that the princess—who could not play at all—was now going to play against him.

Poltorátsky only spread out his hands and smiled.

The rubber was nearly finished when the prince returned to the drawing-room, animated and obviously very pleased.

'Do you know what I propose?'

'What?'

'That we have some champagne.'

'I am always ready for that,' said Poltorátsky.

'Why not? We shall be delighted!' said the adjutant.

'Bring some, Vasíli!' said the Prince.

'What did they want you for?' asked Márya Vasílevna.

'It was the officer on duty and another man.'

'Who? What about?' asked Márya Vasílevna quickly.

'I mustn't say,' said Vorontsów, shrugging his shoulders.

'You mustn't say!' repeated Márya Vasílevna. 'We'll see about that.'

When the champagne was brought each of the visitors drank a glass, and having finished the game and settled the scores they began to take their leave.

'Is it your company that's ordered to the forest to-morrow?' the prince asked Poltorátsky as they said good-bye.

'Yes, mine . . . why?'

'Then we shall meet to-morrow,' said the prince, smiling slightly.

'Very pleased,' replied Poltorátsky, not quite understanding what Vorontsév was saying to him and preoccupied only by the thought that he would in a minute be pressing Márya Vasílevna's hand.

Márya Vasílevna, according to her wont, not only pressed his hand firmly but shook it vigorously, and again reminding him of his mistake in playing diamonds, she gave him what he took to be a delightful, affectionate, and meaning smile.

Poltorátsky went home in an ecstatic condition only to be understood by people like himself who, having grown up and been educated in society, meet a woman belonging to their own circle after months of isolated military life, and moreover a woman like Princess Vorontsév.

When he reached the little house in which he and his comrade lived he pushed the door, but it was locked. He knocked, with no result. He felt vexed, and began kicking the door and banging it with his sword. Then he heard a sound of footsteps and Vovílo—a domestic serf of his—undid the cabin-hook which fastened the door.

'What do you mean by locking yourself in, blockhead?'

'But how is it possible, sir . . .?'

'You're tipsy again! I'll show you "how it is possible!"' and Poltorátsky was about to strike Vovilo but changed his mind. 'Oh, go to the devil! . . . Light a candle.'

'In a minute.'

Vovilo was really tipsy. He had been drinking at the name-day party of the ordnance-sergeant, Iván Petróvich. On returning home he began comparing his life with that of the latter. Iván Petróvich had a salary, was married, and hoped in a year's time to get his discharge.

Vovilo had been taken 'up' when a boy—that is, he had been taken into his owner's household service—and now although he was already over forty he was not married, but lived a campaigning life with his harum-scarum young master. He was a good master, who seldom struck him, but what kind of a life was it? 'He promised to free me when we return from the Caucasus, but where am I to go with my freedom? . . . It's a dog's life!' thought Vovilo, and he felt so sleepy that, afraid lest someone should come in and steal something, he fastened the hook of the door and fell asleep.

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Poltorátsky entered the bedroom which he shared with his comrade Tíkhonov.

'Well, have you lost?' asked Tíkhonov, waking up.

'No, as it happens, I haven't. I've won seventeen rubles, and we drank a bottle of Cliquot!'

'And you've looked at Márya Vasílevna?'

'Yes, and I've looked at Márya Vasílevna,' repeated Poltorátsky.

'It will soon be time to get up,' said Tíkhonov.

'We are to start at six.'

'Vovílo!' shouted Poltorátsky, 'see that you wake me up properly to-morrow at five!'

'How can I wake you if you fight?'

'I tell you you're to wake me! Do you hear?'

'All right.' Vovílo went out, taking Poltorátsky's boots and clothes with him. Poltorátsky got into bed and smoked a cigarette and put out his candle, smiling the while. In the dark he saw before him the smiling face of Márya Vasílevna.

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The Vorontsóvs did not go to bed at once. When the visitors had left, Márya Vasílevna went up to her husband and standing in front of him, said severely—

*'Eh bien! Vous allez me dire ce que c'est.'*¹

'Mais, ma chère . . .'

'Pas de "ma chère"! C'était un émissaire, n'est-ce pas?'

'Quand même, je ne puis pas vous le dire.'

'Vous ne pouvez pas? Alors, c'est moi qui vais vous le dire!'

'Vous?'

'It was Hadji Murád, wasn't it?' said Márya Vasílevna, who had for some days past heard of the negotiations and thought that Hadji Murád himself had been to see her husband. Vorontsév could not altogether deny this, but disappointed her by saying that it was not Hadji Murád himself but only an emissary to announce that Hadji Murád would come to meet him next day at the spot where a wood-cutting expedition had been arranged.

In the monotonous life of the fortress the young Vorontsóvs—both husband and wife—were glad of

¹ 'Well now! You're going to tell me what it is.'

'But, my dear. . . .'

'Don't "my dear" me! It was an emissary, wasn't it?'

'Supposing it was, still I must not tell you.'

'You must not? Well then, I will tell you!'

'You?'

this occurrence, and it was already past two o'clock when, after speaking of the pleasure the news would give his father, they went to bed.

IV

After the three sleepless nights he had passed flying from the *murids* Shamil had sent to capture him, Hadji Murád fell asleep as soon as Sado, having bid him good-night, had gone out of the *sáklya*. He slept fully dressed with his head on his hand, his elbow sinking deep into the red down-cushions his host had arranged for him.

At a little distance, by the wall, slept Eldár. He lay on his back, his strong young limbs stretched out so that his high chest, with the black cartridge-pouches sewn into the front of his white Circassian coat, was higher than his freshly shaven, blue-gleaming head, which had rolled off the pillow and was thrown back. His upper lip, on which a little soft down was just appearing, pouted like a child's, now contracting and now expanding, as though he were sipping something. Like Hadji Murád he slept with pistol and dagger in his belt. The sticks in the grate burnt low, and a night-light in a niche in the wall gleamed faintly.

In the middle of the night the floor of the guest-chamber creaked, and Hadji Murád immediately rose, putting his hand to his pistol. Sado entered, treading softly on the earthen floor.

'What is it?' asked Hadji Murád, as if he had not been asleep at all.

'We must think,' replied Sado, squatting down in front of him. 'A woman from her roof saw you arrive and told her husband, and now the whole *aoul* knows. A neighbour has just been to tell my wife that the Elders have assembled in the mosque and want to detain you.'

'I must be off!' said Hadji Murád.

'The horses are saddled,' said Sado, quickly leaving the *sáklya*.

'Eldár!' whispered Hadji Murád. And Eldár, hearing his name, and above all his master's voice, leapt to his feet, setting his cap straight as he did so.

Hadji Murád put on his weapons and then his *búrka*. Eldár did the same, and they both went silently out of the *sáklya* into the penthouse. The black-eyed boy brought their horses. Hearing the clatter of hoofs on the hard-beaten road, someone stuck his head out of the door of a neighbouring *sáklya*, and a man ran up the hill towards the mosque, clattering with his wooden shoes. There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly in the black sky so that the outlines of the *sáklya* roofs could be seen in the darkness, the mosque with its minarets in the upper part of the village rising above the other buildings. From the mosque came a hum of voices.

Quickly seizing his gun, Hadji Murád placed his foot in the narrow stirrup, and silently and easily throwing his body across, swung himself on to the high cushion of the saddle.

'May God reward you!' he said, addressing his host while his right foot felt instinctively for the stirrup, and with his whip he lightly touched the lad who held his horse, as a sign that he should let go. The boy stepped aside, and the horse, as if it knew what it had to do, started at a brisk pace down the lane towards the principal street. Eldár rode behind him. Sado in his sheepskin followed, almost running, swinging his arms and crossing now to one side and now to the other of the narrow side-street. At the place where the streets met, first one moving shadow and then another appeared in the road.

'Stop . . . who's that? Stop!' shouted a voice, and several men blocked the path.

Instead of stopping, Hadji Murád drew his pistol from his belt and increasing his speed rode straight at those who blocked the way. They separated, and without looking round he started down the road at a swift canter. Eldár followed him at a sharp trot. Two shots cracked behind them and two bullets whistled past without hitting either Hadji Murád or Eldár. Hadji Murád continued riding at the same pace, but having gone some three hundred yards he stopped his slightly panting horse and listened.

In front of him, lower down, gurgled rapidly running water. Behind him in the *aoul* cocks crowed, answering one another. Above these sounds he heard behind him the approaching tramp of horses and the voices of several men. Hadji Murád touched his horse and rode on at an even pace. Those behind him galloped and soon overtook him. They were some twenty mounted men, inhabitants of the *aoul*, who had decided to detain Hadji Murád or at least to make a show of detaining him in order to justify themselves in Shamil's eyes. When they came near enough to be seen in the darkness, Hadji Murád stopped, let go his bridle, and with an accustomed movement of his left hand unbuttoned the cover of his rifle, which he drew forth with his right. Eldár did the same.

'What do you want?' cried Hadji Murád. 'Do you wish to take me? . . . Take me, then!' and he raised his rifle. The men from the *aoul* stopped, and Hadji Murád, rifle in hand, rode down into the ravine. The mounted men followed him but did not draw any nearer. When Hadji Murád had crossed to the other side of the ravine the men shouted to him that he should hear what they had

to say. In reply he fired his rifle and put his horse to a gallop. When he reined it in his pursuers were no longer within hearing and the crowing of the cocks could also no longer be heard; only the murmur of the water in the forest sounded more distinctly and now and then came the cry of an owl. The black wall of the forest appeared quite close. It was in this forest that his *murids* awaited him.

On reaching it Hadji Murád paused, and drawing much air into his lungs he whistled and then listened silently. The next minute he was answered by a similar whistle from the forest. Hadji Murád turned from the road and entered it. When he had gone about a hundred paces he saw among the trunks of the trees a bonfire, the shadows of some men sitting round it, and, half lit-up by the firelight, a hobbled horse which was saddled. Four men were seated by the fire.

One of them rose quickly, and coming up to Hadji Murád took hold of his bridle and stirrup. This was Hadji Murád's sworn brother who managed his household affairs for him.

'Put out the fire,' said Hadji Murád, dismounting.

The men began scattering the pile and trampling on the burning branches.

'Has Bata been here?' asked Hadji Murád, moving towards a *búrka* that was spread on the ground.

'Yes, he went away long ago with Khan Mahomá.'

'Which way did they go?'

'That way,' answered Khanéfi pointing in the opposite direction to that from which Hadji Murád had come.

'All right,' said Hadji Murád, and unslinging his rifle he began to load it.

'We must take care—I have been pursued,' he said to a man who was putting out the fire.

This was Gamzálo, a Chechen. Gamzálo approached the *búrka*, took up a rifle that lay on it wrapped in its cover, and without a word went to that side of the glade from which Hadji Murád had come.

When Eldár had dismounted he took Hadji Murád's horse, and having reined up both horses' heads high, tied them to two trees. Then he shouldered his rifle as Gamzálo had done and went to the other side of the glade. The bonfire was extinguished, the forest no longer looked as black as before, but in the sky the stars still shone, though faintly.

Lifting his eyes to the stars and seeing that the Pleiades had already risen half-way up the sky, Hadji Murád calculated that it must be long past midnight and that his nightly prayer was long overdue. He asked Khanéfi for a ewer (they always carried one in their packs), and putting on his *búrka* went to the water.

Having taken off his shoes and performed his ablutions, Hadji Murád stepped onto the *búrka* with bare feet and then squatted down on his calves, and having first placed his fingers in his ears and closed his eyes, he turned to the south and recited the usual prayer.

When he had finished he returned to the place where the saddle-bags lay, and sitting down on the *búrka* he leant his elbows on his knees and bowed his head and fell into deep thought.

Hadji Murád always had great faith in his own fortune. When planning anything he always felt in advance firmly convinced of success, and fate smiled on him. It had been so, with a few rare exceptions, during the whole course of his stormy military life; and so he hoped it would be now. He pictured to himself how—with the army Vorontsév would place

at his disposal—he would march against Shamil and take him prisoner, and revenge himself on him; and how the Russian Tsar would reward him and how he would again rule not only over Avaria, but over the whole of Chechnya, which would submit to him. With these thoughts he unwittingly fell asleep.

He dreamt how he and his brave followers rushed at Shamil with songs and with the cry, 'Hadji Murád is coming!' and how they seized him and his wives and how he heard the wives crying and sobbing. He woke up. The song, *Lya-il-allysha*, and the cry, 'Hadji Murád is coming!' and the weeping of Shamil's wives, was the howling, weeping, and laughter of jackals that awoke him. Hadji Murád lifted his head, glanced at the sky which, seen between the trunks of the trees, was already growing light in the east, and inquired after Khan Mahomá of a *murid* who sat at some distance from him. On hearing that Khan Mahomá had not yet returned, Hadji Murád again bowed his head and at once fell asleep.

He was awakened by the merry voice of Khan Mahomá returning from his mission with Bata. Khan Mahomá at once sat down beside Hadji Murád and told him how the soldiers had met them and had led them to the prince himself, and how pleased the prince was and how he promised to meet them in the morning where the Russians would be felling trees beyond the Mitchk in the Shalín glade. Bata interrupted his fellow-envoy to add details of his own.

Hadji Murád asked particularly for the words with which Vorontsév had answered his offer to go over to the Russians, and Khan Mahomá and Bata replied with one voice that the prince promised to receive Hadji Murád as a guest, and to act so that it should be well for him.

Then Hadji Murád questioned them about the road, and when Khan Mahomá assured him that he knew the way well and would conduct him straight to the spot, Hadji Murád took out some money and gave Bata the promised three rubles. Then he ordered his men to take out of the saddle-bags his gold-ornamented weapons and his turban, and to clean themselves up so as to look well when they arrived among the Russians.

While they cleaned their weapons, harness, and horses, the stars faded away, it became quite light, and an early morning breeze sprang up.

V

Early in the morning, while it was still dark, two companies carrying axes and commanded by Poltorátsky marched six miles beyond the Shahgirínsk Gate, and having thrown out a line of sharpshooters set to work to fell trees as soon as the day broke. Towards eight o'clock the mist which had mingled with the perfumed smoke of the hissing and crackling damp green branches on the bonfires began to rise and the wood-fellers—who till then had not seen five paces off but had only heard one another—began to see both the bonfires and the road through the forest, blocked with fallen trees. The sun now appeared like a bright spot in the fog and now again was hidden.

In the glade, some way from the road, Poltorátsky, his subaltern Tíkhonov, two officers of the Third Company, and Baron Freze, an ex-officer of the Guards and a fellow-student of Poltorátsky's at the Cadet College, who had been reduced to the ranks for fighting a duel, were sitting on drums. Bits of paper that had contained food, cigarette stumps, and empty bottles, lay scattered around them. The officers had had some vodka and were

now eating, and drinking porter. A drummer was uncorking their third bottle.

Poltorátsky, although he had not had enough sleep, was in that peculiar state of elation and kindly careless gaiety which he always felt when he found himself among his soldiers and with his comrades where there was a possibility of danger.

The officers were carrying on an animated conversation, the subject of which was the latest news: the death of General Sleptsóv. None of them saw in this death that most important moment of a life, its termination and return to the source whence it sprang—they saw in it only the valour of a gallant officer who rushed at the mountaineers sword in hand and hacked them desperately.

Though all of them—and especially those who had been in action—knew and could not help knowing that in those days in the Caucasus, and in fact anywhere and at any time, such hand-to-hand hacking as is always imagined and described never occurs (or if hacking with swords and bayonets ever does occur, it is only those who are running away that get hacked), that fiction of hand-to-hand fighting endowed them with the calm pride and cheerfulness with which they sat on the drums—some with a jaunty air, others on the contrary in a very modest pose, and drank and joked without troubling about death, which might overtake them at any moment as it had overtaken Sleptsóv. And in the midst of their talk, as if to confirm their expectations, they heard to the left of the road the pleasant stirring sound of a rifle-shot; and a bullet, merrily whistling somewhere in the misty air, flew past and crashed into a tree.

‘Hullo!’ exclaimed Poltorátsky in a merry voice; ‘why that’s at our line. . . . There now, Kóstya,’ and he turned to Freze, ‘now’s your chance. Go back to the

company. I will lead the whole company to support the cordon and we'll arrange a battle that will be simply delightful . . . and then we'll make a report.'

Freze jumped to his feet and went at a quick pace towards the smoke-enveloped spot where he had left his company.

Poltorátsky's little Kabardá dapple-bay was brought to him, and he mounted and drew up his company and led it in the direction whence the shots were fired. The outposts stood on the skirts of the forest in front of the bare descending slope of a ravine. The wind was blowing in the direction of the forest, and not only was it possible to see the slope of the ravine, but the opposite side of it was also distinctly visible. When Poltorátsky rode up to the line the sun came out from behind the mist, and on the other side of the ravine, by the outskirts of a young forest, a few horsemen could be seen at a distance of a quarter of a mile. These were the Chechens who had pursued Hadji Murád and wanted to see him meet the Russians. One of them fired at the line. Several soldiers fired back. The Chechens retreated and the firing ceased.

But when Poltorátsky and his company came up he nevertheless gave orders to fire, and scarcely had the word been passed than along the whole line of sharpshooters the incessant, merry, stirring rattle of our rifles began, accompanied by pretty dissolving cloudlets of smoke. The soldiers, pleased to have some distraction, hastened to load and fired shot after shot. The Chechens evidently caught the feeling of excitement, and leaping forward one after another fired a few shots at our men. One of these shots wounded a soldier. It was that same Avdéev who had lain in ambush the night before.

When his comrades approached him he was lying prone, holding his wounded stomach with both

hands, and rocking himself with a rhythmic motion moaned softly. He belonged to Poltorátsky's company, and Poltorátsky, seeing a group of soldiers collected, rode up to them.

'What is it, lad? Been hit?' said Poltorátsky. 'Where?'

Avdéev did not answer.

'I was just going to load, your honour, when I heard a click,' said a soldier who had been with Avdéev; 'and I look and see he's dropped his gun.'

'Tut, tut, tut!' Poltorátsky clicked his tongue. 'Does it hurt much, Avdéev?'

'It doesn't hurt but it stops me walking. A drop of vódka now, your honour!'

Some vódka (or rather the spirit drunk by the soldiers in the Caucasus) was found, and Panóv, severely frowning, brought Avdéev a can-lid full. Avdéev tried to drink it but immediately handed back the lid.

'My soul turns against it,' he said. 'Drink it yourself.'

Panóv drank up the spirit.

Avdéev raised himself but sank back at once. They spread out a cloak and laid him on it.

'Your honour, the colonel is coming,' said the sergeant-major to Poltorátsky.

'All right. Then will you see to him?' said Poltorátsky, and flourishing his whip he rode at a fast trot to meet Vorontsév.

Vorontsév was riding his thoroughbred English chestnut gelding, and was accompanied by the adjutant, a Cossack, and a Chechen interpreter.

'What's happening here?' asked Vorontsév.

'Why, a skirmishing party attacked our advanced line,' Poltorátsky answered.

'Come, come—you arranged the whole thing yourself!'

'Oh no, Prince, not I,' said Poltorátsky with a smile; 'they pushed forward of their own accord.'

'I hear a soldier has been wounded?'

'Yes, it's a great pity. He's a good soldier.'

'Seriously?'

'Seriously, I believe . . . in the stomach.'

'And do you know where I am going?' Vorontsév asked.

'I don't.'

'Can't you guess?'

'No.'

'Hadji Murád has surrendered and we are now going to meet him.'

'You don't mean to say so?'

'His envoy came to me yesterday,' said Vorontsév, with difficulty repressing a smile of pleasure. 'He will be waiting for me at the Shalín glade in a few minutes. Place sharpshooters as far as the glade, and then come and join me.'

'I understand,' said Poltorátsky, lifting his hand to his cap, and rode back to his company. He led the sharpshooters to the right himself, and ordered the sergeant-major to do the same on the left side.

The wounded Avdéev had meanwhile been taken back to the fort by some of the soldiers.

On his way back to rejoin Vorontsév, Poltorátsky noticed behind him several horsemen who were overtaking him. In front on a white-maned horse rode a man of imposing appearance. He wore a turban and carried weapons with gold ornaments. This man was Hadji Murád. He approached Poltorátsky and said something to him in Tartar. Raising his eyebrows, Poltorátsky made a gesture with his arms to show that he did not understand, and smiled. Hadji Murád gave him smile for smile, and that smile struck Poltorátsky by its childlike kindness. Poltorátsky had never expected to see

the terrible mountain chief look like that. He had expected to see a morose, hard-featured man, and here was a vivacious person whose smile was so kindly that Poltorátsky felt as if he were an old acquaintance. He had only one peculiarity: his eyes, set wide apart, which gazed from under their black brows calmly, attentively, and penetratingly into the eyes of others.

Hadji Murád's suite consisted of five men, among them was Khan Mahomá, who had been to see Prince Vorontsév that night. He was a rosy, round-faced fellow with black lashless eyes and a beaming expression, full of the joy of life. Then there was the Avar Khanéfi, a thick-set, hairy man, whose eyebrows met. He was in charge of all Hadji Murád's property and led a stud-bred horse which carried tightly packed saddle-bags. Two men of the suite were particularly striking. The first was a Lesghian: a youth, broad-shouldered but with a waist as slim as a woman's, beautiful ram-like eyes, and the beginnings of a brown beard. This was Eldár. The other, Gamzálo, was a Chechen with a short red beard and no eyebrows or eyelashes; he was blind in one eye and had a scar across his nose and face. Poltorátsky pointed out Vorontsév, who had just appeared on the road. Hadji Murád rode to meet him, and putting his right hand on his heart said something in Tartar and stopped. The Chechen interpreter translated.

'He says, "I surrender myself to the will of the Russian Tsar. I wish to serve him," he says. "I wished to do so long ago but Shamil would not let me."'

Having heard what the interpreter said, Vorontsév stretched out his hand in its wash-leather glove to Hadji Murád. Hadji Murád looked at it hesitatingly for a moment and then pressed it firmly,

again saying something and looking first at the interpreter and then at Vorontsév.

'He says he did not wish to surrender to any one but you, as you are the son of the Sirdar and he respects you much.'

Vorontsév nodded to express his thanks. Hadji Murád again said something, pointing to his suite.

'He says that these men, his henchmen, will serve the Russians as well as he.'

Vorontsév turned towards them and nodded to them too. The merry, black-eyed, lashless Chechen, Khan Mahomá, also nodded and said something which was probably amusing, for the hairy Avar drew his lips into a smile, showing his ivory-white teeth. But the red-haired Gamzálo's one red eye just glanced at Vorontsév and then was again fixed on the ears of his horse.

When Vorontsév and Hadji Murád with their retinues rode back to the fort, the soldiers released from the lines gathered in groups and made their own comments.

'What a lot of men that damned fellow has destroyed! And now see what a fuss they will make of him!'

'Naturally. He was Shamil's right hand, and now—no fear!'

'Still there's no denying it! he's a fine fellow—a regular *dzhiht*!'¹

'And the red one! He squints at you like a beast!'

'Ugh! He must be a hound!'

They had all specially noticed the red one. Where the wood-felling was going on the soldiers nearest to the road ran out to look. Their officer shouted to them, but Vorontsév stopped him.

¹ Among the Chechens, a *dzhiht* is the same as a *brave* among the Indians, but the word is inseparably connected with the idea of skilful horsemanship.—A. M.

'Let them have a look at their old friend.'

'You know who that is?' he added, turning to the nearest soldier, and speaking the words slowly with his English accent.

'No, your Excellency.'

'Hadji Murád. . . . Heard of him?'

'How could we help it, your Excellency? We've beaten him many a time!'

'Yes, and we've had it hot from him too.'

'Yes, that's true, your Excellency,' answered the soldier, pleased to be talking with his chief.

Hadji Murád understood that they were speaking about him, and smiled brightly with his eyes.

Vorontsév returned to the fort in a very cheerful mood.

VI

Young Vorontsév was much pleased that it was he, and no one else, who had succeeded in winning over and receiving Hadji Murád—next to Shamil Russia's chief and most active enemy. There was only one unpleasant thing about it: General Meller-Zakomélsky was in command of the army at Vozdvízhensk, and the whole affair ought to have been carried out through him. As Vorontsév had done everything himself without reporting it there might be some unpleasantness, and this thought rather interfered with his satisfaction. On reaching his house he entrusted Hadji Murád's henchmen to the regimental adjutant and himself showed Hadji Murád into the house.

Princess Márya Vasílevna, elegantly dressed and smiling, and her little son, a handsome curly-headed child of six, met Hadji Murád in the drawing-room. The latter placed his hands on his heart, and through the interpreter—who had entered with him—said with solemnity that he regarded himself

as the prince's *kundk*, since the prince had brought him into his own house; and that a *kundk*'s whole family was as sacred as the *kundk* himself.

Hadji Murád's appearance and manners pleased Márya Vasílevna, and the fact that he flushed when she held out her large white hand to him inclined her still more in his favour. She invited him to sit down, and having asked him whether he drank coffee, had some served. He, however, declined it when it came. He understood a little Russian but could not speak it. When something was said which he could not understand he smiled, and his smile pleased Márya Vasílevna just as it had pleased Poltorátsky. The curly-haired, keen-eyed little boy (whom his mother called Búlka) standing beside her did not take his eyes off Hadji Murád, whom he had always heard spoken of as a great warrior.

Leaving Hadji Murád with his wife, Vorontsév went to his office to do what was necessary about reporting the fact of Hadji Murád's having come over to the Russians. When he had written a report to the general in command of the left flank—General Kozlóvsky—at Grózny, and a letter to his father, Vorontsév hurried home, afraid that his wife might be vexed with him for forcing on her this terrible stranger, who had to be treated in such a way that he should not take offence, and yet not too kindly. But his fears were needless. Hadji Murád was sitting in an armchair with little Búlka, Vorontsév's stepson, on his knee, and with bent head was listening attentively to the interpreter who was translating to him the words of the laughing Márya Vasílevna. Márya Vasílevna was telling him that if every time a *kundk* admired anything of his he made him a present of it, he would soon have to go about like Adam. . . .

When the prince entered, Hadji Murád rose at once and, surprising and offending Búlka by putting him off his knee, changed the playful expression of his face to a stern and serious one. He only sat down again when Vorontsév had himself taken a seat.

Continuing the conversation he answered Márya Vasílevna by telling her that it was a law among his people that anything your *kunák* admired must be presented to him.

'Thy son, *kunák!*' he said in Russian, patting the curly head of the boy who had again climbed on his knee.

'He is delightful, your brigand!' said Márya Vasílevna to her husband in French. 'Búlka has been admiring his dagger, and he has given it to him.'

Búlka showed the dagger to his father. '*C'est un objet de prix!*'¹ added she.

'*Il faudra trouver l'occasion de lui faire cadeau,*'² said Vorontsév.

Hadji Murád, his eyes turned down, sat stroking the boy's curly hair and saying: '*Dzhigít, dzhigít!*'

'A beautiful, beautiful dagger,' said Vorontsév, half drawing out the sharpened blade which had a ridge down the centre. 'I thank thee!'

'Ask him what I can do for him,' he said to the interpreter.

The interpreter translated, and Hadji Murád at once replied that he wanted nothing but that he begged to be taken to a place where he could say his prayers.

Vorontsév called his valet and told him to do what Hadji Murád desired.

As soon as Hadji Murád was alone in the room

¹ 'It is a thing of value.'

² 'We must find an opportunity to make him a present.'

allotted to him his face altered. The pleased expression, now kindly and now stately, vanished, and a look of anxiety showed itself. Vorontsów had received him far better than Hadji Murád had expected. But the better the reception the less did Hadji Murád trust Vorontsów and his officers. He feared everything: that he might be seized, chained, and sent to Siberia, or simply killed; and therefore he was on his guard. He asked Eldár, when the latter entered his room, where his *murids* had been put and whether their arms had been taken from them, and where the horses were. Eldár reported that the horses were in the prince's stables; that the men had been placed in a barn; that they retained their arms, and that the interpreter was giving them food and tea.

Hadji Murád shook his head in doubt, and after undressing said his prayers and told Eldár to bring him his silver dagger. He then dressed, and having fastened his belt sat down on the divan with his legs tucked under him, to await what might befall him.

At four in the afternoon the interpreter came to call him to dine with the prince.

At dinner he hardly ate anything except some *pilau*, to which he helped himself from the very part of the dish from which Márya Vasílevna had helped herself.

'He is afraid we shall poison him,' Márya Vasílevna remarked to her husband. 'He has helped himself from the place where I took my helping.' Then instantly turning to Hadji Murád she asked him through the interpreter when he would pray again. Hadji Murád lifted five fingers and pointed to the sun. 'Then it will soon be time,' and Vorontsów drew out his watch and pressed a spring. The watch struck four and one quarter. This

evidently surprised Hadji Murád, and he asked to hear it again and to be allowed to look at the watch.

'*Voilà l'occasion! Donnez-lui la montre,*'¹ said the Princess to her husband.

Vorontsév at once offered the watch to Hadji Murád.

The latter placed his hand on his breast and took the watch. He touched the spring several times, listened, and nodded his head approvingly.

After dinner, Meller-Zakomélsky's aide-de-camp was announced.

The aide-de-camp informed the prince that the general, having heard of Hadji Murád's arrival, was highly displeased that this had not been reported to him, and required Hadji Murád to be brought to him without delay. Vorontsév replied that the general's command should be obeyed, and through the interpreter informed Hadji Murád of these orders and asked him to go to Meller with him.

When Márya Vasílevna heard what the aide-de-camp had come about, she at once understood that unpleasantness might arise between her husband and the general, and in spite of all her husband's attempts to dissuade her, decided to go with him and Hadji Murád.

'*Vous feriez bien mieux de rester—c'est mon affaire, non pas la vôtre. . . .*'

'*Vous ne pouvez pas m'empêcher d'aller voir madame la générale!*'²

'You could go some other time.'

'But I wish to go now!'

¹ 'This is the opportunity! Give him the watch.'

² 'You would do much better to remain at home . . . this is my business, and not yours.'

'You cannot prevent my going to see the general's wife!'

There was no help for it, so Vorontsév agreed, and they all three went.

When they entered, Meller with sombre politeness conducted Márya Vasílevna to his wife and told his aide-de-camp to show Hadji Murád into the waiting-room and not let him out till further orders.

'Please . . .' he said to Vorontsév, opening the door of his study and letting the prince enter before him.

Having entered the study he stopped in front of Vorontsév and, without offering him a seat, said:

'I am in command here and therefore all negotiations with the enemy have to be carried on through me! Why did you not report to me that Hadji Murád had come over?'

'An emissary came to me and announced his wish to capitulate only to me,' replied Vorontsév growing pale with excitement, expecting some rude expression from the angry general and at the same time becoming infected with his anger.

'I ask you why I was not informed?'

'I intended to inform you, Baron, but . . .'

'You are not to address me as "Baron", but as "Your Excellency"!' And here the baron's pent-up irritation suddenly broke out and he uttered all that had long been boiling in his soul.

'I have not served my sovereign twenty-seven years in order that men who began their service yesterday, relying on family connexions, should give orders under my very nose about matters that do not concern them!'

'Your Excellency, I request you not to say things that are incorrect!' interrupted Vorontsév.

'I am saying what is correct, and I won't allow . . .' said the general, still more irritably.

But at that moment Márya Vasílevna entered,

rustling with her skirts and followed by a modest-looking little lady, Meller-Zakomélsky's wife.

'Come, come, Baron! Simon did not wish to displease you,' began Márya Vasílevna.

'I am not speaking about that, Princess. . . .'

'Well, well, let's forget it all! . . . You know, "A bad peace is better than a good quarrel!" . . . Oh dear, what am I saying?' and she laughed.

The angry general capitulated to the enchanting laugh of the beauty. A smile hovered under his moustache.

'I confess I was wrong,' said Vorontsév, 'but——'

'And I too got rather carried away,' said Meller, and held out his hand to the prince.

Peace was re-established, and it was decided to leave Hadji Murád with the general for the present, and then to send him to the commander of the left flank.

Hadji Murád sat in the next room and though he did not understand what was said, he understood what it was necessary for him to understand—namely, that they were quarrelling about him, that his desertion of Shamíl was a matter of immense importance to the Russians, and that therefore not only would they not exile or kill him, but that he would be able to demand much from them. He also understood that though Meller-Zakomélsky was the commanding-officer, he had not as much influence as his subordinate Vorontsév, and that Vorontsév was important and Meller-Zakomélsky unimportant; and therefore when Meller-Zakomélsky sent for him and began to question him, Hadji Murád bore himself proudly and ceremoniously, saying that he had come from the mountains to serve the White Tsar and would give account only to his Sirdar, meaning the commander-in-chief, Prince Vorontsév senior, in Tiflis.

VII

The wounded Avdéev was taken to the hospital—a small wooden building roofed with boards at the entrance of the fort—and was placed on one of the empty beds in the common ward. There were four patients in the ward: one ill with typhus and in high fever; another, pale, with dark shadows under his eyes, who had ague, was just expecting another attack and yawned continually; and two more who had been wounded in a raid three weeks before: one in the hand—he was up—and the other in the shoulder. The latter was sitting on a bed. All of them except the typhus patient surrounded and questioned the newcomer and those who had brought him.

‘Sometimes they fire as if they were spilling peas over you, and nothing happens . . . and this time only about five shots were fired,’ related one of the bearers.

‘Each man gets what fate sends!’

‘Oh!’ groaned Avdéev loudly, trying to master his pain when they began to place him on the bed; but he stopped groaning when he was on it, and only frowned and moved his feet continually. He held his hands over his wound and looked fixedly before him.

The doctor came, and gave orders to turn the wounded man over to see whether the bullet had passed out behind.

‘What’s this?’ the doctor asked, pointing to the large white scars that crossed one another on the patient’s back and loins.

‘That was done long ago, your honour!’ replied Avdéev with a groan.

They were scars left by the flogging Avdéev had received for the money he drank.

Avdéev was again turned over, and the doctor

probed in his stomach for a long time and found the bullet, but failed to extract it. He put a dressing on the wound, and having stuck plaster over it went away. During the whole time the doctor was probing and bandaging the wound Avdéev lay with clenched teeth and closed eyes, but when the doctor had gone he opened them and looked around as though amazed. His eyes were turned on the other patients and on the surgeon's orderly, though he seemed to see not them but something else that surprised him.

His friends Panóv and Serógin came in, but Avdéev continued to lie in the same position looking before him with surprise. It was long before he recognized his comrades, though his eyes gazed straight at them.

'I say, Peter, have you no message to send home?' said Panóv.

Avdéev did not answer, though he was looking Panóv in the face.

'I say, haven't you any orders to send home?' again repeated Panóv, touching Avdéev's cold, large-boned hand.

Avdéev seemed to come to.

'Ah! . . . Panóv!'

'Yes, I'm here. . . . I've come! Have you nothing for home? Serógin would write a letter.'

'Serógin . . .' said Avdéev moving his eyes with difficulty towards Serógin, 'will you write? . . . Well then, write so: "Your son," say, "Peter, has given orders that you should live long.¹ He envied his brother" . . . I told you about that to-day . . . "and now he is himself glad. Don't worry him. . . . Let him live. God grant it him. I am glad!" Write that.'

Having said this he was silent for some time with his eyes fixed on Panóv.

¹ A popular expression, meaning that the sender of the message is already dead.—A. M.

'And did you find your pipe?' he suddenly asked. Panóv did not reply.

'Your pipe . . . your pipe! I mean, have you found it?' Avdéev repeated.

'It was in my bag.'

'That's right! . . . Well, and now give me a candle to hold . . . I am going to die,' said Avdéev.

Just then Poltorátsky came in to inquire after his soldier.

'How goes it, my lad! Badly?' said he.

Avdéev closed his eyes and shook his head negatively. His broad-cheeked face was pale and stern. He did not reply, but again said to Panóv:

'Bring a candle. . . . I am going to die.'

A wax taper was placed in his hand but his fingers would not bend, so it was placed between them and held up for him.

Poltorátsky went away, and five minutes later the orderly put his ear to Avdéev's heart and said that all was over.

Avdéev's death was described in the following manner in the report sent to Tiflis:

'23rd Nov.—Two companies of the Kurín regiment advanced from the fort on a wood-felling expedition. At midday a considerable number of mountaineers suddenly attacked the wood-fellers. The sharpshooters began to retreat, but the 2nd Company charged with the bayonet and overthrew the mountaineers. In this affair two privates were slightly wounded and one killed. The mountaineers lost about a hundred men killed and wounded.'

VIII

On the day Peter Avdéev died in the hospital at Vozdvízhensk, his old father with the wife of the brother in whose stead he had enlisted, and that brother's daughter—who was already approaching

womanhood and almost of age to get married—were threshing oats on the hard-frozen threshing-floor.

There had been a heavy fall of snow the previous night, followed towards morning by a severe frost. The old man woke when the cocks were crowing for the third time, and seeing the bright moonlight through the frozen window-panes got down from the stove, put on his boots, his sheepskin coat and cap, and went out to the threshing-floor. Having worked there for a couple of hours he returned to the hut and awoke his son and the women. When the woman and the girl came to the threshing-floor they found it ready swept, with a wooden shovel sticking in the dry white snow, beside which were birch brooms with the twigs upwards and two rows of oat-sheaves laid ears to ears in a long line the whole length of the clean threshing-floor. They chose their flails and started threshing, keeping time with their triple blows. The old man struck powerfully with his heavy flail, breaking the straw, the girl struck the ears from above with measured blows, and the daughter-in-law turned the oats over with her flail.

The moon had set, dawn was breaking, and they were finishing the line of sheaves when Akím, the eldest son, in his sheepskin and cap, joined the threshers.

‘What are you lazing about for?’ shouted his father to him, pausing in his work and leaning on his flail.

‘The horses had to be seen to.’

‘“Horses seen to!”’ the father repeated, mimicking him. ‘The old woman will look after them. . . . Take your flail! You’re getting too fat, you drunkard!’

‘Have you been standing me treat?’ muttered the son.

'What?' said the old man, frowning sternly and missing a stroke.

The son silently took a flail and they began threshing with four flails.

'Trak, tapatam . . . trak, tapatam . . . trak . . .' came down the old man's heavy flail after the three others.

'Why, you've got a nape like a goodly gentleman! . . . Look here, my trousers have hardly anything to hang on!' said the old man, omitting his stroke and only swinging his flail in the air so as not to get out of time.

They had finished the row, and the women began removing the straw with rakes.

'Peter was a fool to go in your stead. They'd have knocked the nonsense out of you in the army, and he was worth five of such as you at home!'

'That's enough, father,' said the daughter-in-law, as she threw aside the binders that had come off the sheaves.

'Yes, feed the six of you and get no work out of a single one! Peter used to work for two. He was not like . . .'

Along the trodden path from the house came the old man's wife, the frozen snow creaking under the new bark shoes she wore over her tightly wound woollen leg-bands. The men were shovelling the unwinnowed grain into heaps, the woman and the girl sweeping up what remained.

'The Elder has been and orders everybody to go and work for the master, carting bricks,' said the old woman. 'I've got breakfast ready. . . . Come along, won't you?'

'All right. . . . Harness the roan and go,' said the old man to Akím, 'and you'd better look out that you don't get me into trouble as you did the other day! . . . I can't help regretting Peter!'

'When he was at home you used to scold him,' retorted Akím. 'Now he's away you keep nagging at me.'

'That shows you deserve it,' said his mother in the same angry tones. 'You'll never be Peter's equal.'

'Oh, all right,' said the son.

'"All right," indeed! You've drunk the meal, and now you say "all right!"'

'Let bygones be bygones!' said the daughter-in-law.

The disagreements between father and son had begun long ago—almost from the time Peter went as a soldier. Even then the old man felt that he had parted with an eagle for a cuckoo. It is true that it was right—as the old man understood it—for a childless man to go in place of a family man. Akím had four children and Peter had none; but Peter was a worker like his father, skilful, observant, strong, enduring, and above all industrious. He was always at work. If he happened to pass by where people were working he lent a helping hand as his father would have done, and took a turn or two with the scythe, or loaded a cart, or felled a tree, or chopped some wood. The old man regretted his going away, but there was no help for it. Conscription in those days was like death. A soldier was a severed branch, and to think about him at home was to tear one's heart uselessly. Only occasionally, to prick his elder son, did the father mention him, as he had done that day. But his mother often thought of her younger son, and for a long time—more than a year now—she had been asking her husband to send Peter a little money, but the old man had made no response.

The Kúrenkovs were a well-to-do family and the old man had some savings hidden away, but he would on no account have consented to touch what he had laid by. Now however the old woman

having heard him mention their younger son, made up her mind to ask him again to send him at least a ruble after selling the oats. This she did. As soon as the young people had gone to work for the proprietor and the old folk were left alone together, she persuaded him to send Peter a ruble out of the oats-money.

So when ninety-six bushels of the winnowed oats had been packed onto three sledges lined with sacking carefully pinned together at the top with wooden skewers, she gave her husband a letter the church clerk had written at her dictation, and the old man promised when he got to town to enclose a ruble and send it off to the right address.

The old man, dressed in a new sheepskin with a homespun cloak over it, his legs wrapped round with warm white woollen leg-bands, took the letter, placed it in his wallet, said a prayer, got into the front sledge, and drove to town. His grandson drove in the last sledge. When he reached town the old man asked the innkeeper to read the letter to him, and listened to it attentively and approvingly.

In her letter Peter's mother first sent him her blessing, then greetings from everybody and the news of his godfather's death, and at the end she added that Aksínya (Peter's wife) had not wished to stay with them but had gone into service, where they heard she was living honestly and well. Then came a reference to the present of a ruble, and finally a message which the old woman, yielding to her sorrow, had dictated with tears in her eyes and the church clerk had taken down exactly, word for word:

'One thing more, my darling child, my sweet dove, my own Peterkin! I have wept my eyes out lamenting for thee, thou light of my eyes. To whom hast thou left me? . . . ' At this point the old woman had sobbed and wept, and said: 'That will do!'

So the words stood in the letter; but it was not fated that Peter should receive the news of his wife's having left home, nor the present of the ruble, nor his mother's last words. The letter with the money in it came back with the announcement that Peter had been killed in the war, 'defending his Tsar, his Fatherland, and the Orthodox Faith.' That is how the army clerk expressed it.

The old woman, when this news reached her, wept for as long as she could spare time, and then set to work again. The very next Sunday she went to church and had a requiem chanted and Peter's name entered among those for whose souls prayers were to be said, and she distributed bits of holy bread to all the good people in memory of Peter, the servant of God.

Aksínya, his widow, also lamented loudly when she heard of the death of her beloved husband with whom she had lived but one short year. She regretted her husband and her own ruined life, and in her lamentations mentioned Peter's brown locks and his love, and the sadness of her life with her little orphaned Vánka, and bitterly reproached Peter for having had pity on his brother but none on her—obliged to wander among strangers!

But in the depth of her soul Aksínya was glad of her husband's death. She was pregnant a second time by the shopman with whom she was living, and no one would now have a right to scold her, and the shopman could marry her as he had said he would when he was persuading her to yield.

IX

Michael Seménovich Vorontsów, being the son of the Russian Ambassador, had been educated in England and possessed a European education quite exceptional among the higher Russian officials of

his day. He was ambitious, gentle and kind in his manner with inferiors, and a finished courtier with superiors. He did not understand life without power and submission. He had obtained all the highest ranks and decorations and was looked upon as a clever commander, and even as the conqueror of Napoleon at Krásnoe.¹

In 1852 he was over seventy, but young for his age, he moved briskly, and above all was in full possession of a facile, refined, and agreeable intellect which he used to maintain his power and strengthen and increase his popularity. He possessed large means—his own and his wife's (who had been a Countess Branitski)—and received an enormous salary as Viceroy, and he spent a great part of his means on building a palace and laying out a garden on the south coast of the Crimea.

On the evening of December the 4th, 1852, a courier's troyka drew up before his palace in Tiflis. An officer, tired and black with dust, sent by General Kozlowski with the news of Hadji Murád's surrender to the Russians, entered the wide porch, stretching the stiffened muscles of his legs as he passed the sentinel. It was six o'clock, and Vorontsov was just going in to dinner when he was informed of the courier's arrival. He received him at once, and was therefore a few minutes late for dinner.

When he entered the drawing-room the thirty persons invited to dine, who were sitting beside Princess Elizabeth Ksavérevna Vorontsova, or standing in groups by the windows, turned their faces towards him. Vorontsov was dressed in his usual

¹ A town thirty miles south-west of Smolensk, at which, in November 1812, the rear-guard of Napoleon's army was defeated during the retreat from Moscow. It is mentioned in *War and Peace*.—A. M.

black military coat, with shoulder-straps but no epaulets, and wore the White Cross of the Order of St. George at his neck.

His clean-shaven, foxlike face wore a pleasant smile as, screwing up his eyes, he surveyed the assembly. Entering with quick soft steps he apologized to the ladies for being late, greeted the men, and approaching Princess Manana Orbelyáni—a tall, fine, handsome woman of Oriental type about forty-five years of age—he offered her his arm to take her in to dinner. Princess Elizabeth Ksavérevna Vorontsóva gave her arm to a red-haired general with bristly moustaches who was visiting Tiflis. A Georgian prince offered his arm to Princess Vorontsóva's friend, Countess Choiseuil. Doctor Andréevsky, the aide-de-camp, and others, with ladies or without, followed these first couples. Footmen in livery and knee-breeches drew back and replaced the guests' chairs when they sat down, while the major-domo ceremoniously ladled out steaming soup from a silver tureen.

Vorontsév took his place in the centre of one side of the long table, and his wife sat opposite, with the general on her right. On the prince's right sat his lady, the beautiful Orbelyáni; and on his left was a graceful, dark, red-cheeked Georgian woman, glittering with jewels and incessantly smiling.

'*Excellentes, chère amie!*'¹ replied Vorontsév to his wife's inquiry about what news the courier had brought him. '*Simon a eu de la chance!*'² And he began to tell aloud, so that everyone could hear, the striking news (for him alone not quite unexpected, because negotiations had long been going on) that Hadji Murád, the bravest and most famous of Shamil's officers, had come over to the Russians and would in a day or two be brought to Tiflis.

¹ 'Excellent, my dear!'

² 'Simon has had good luck.'

Everybody—even the young aides-de-camp and officials who sat at the far ends of the table and who had been quietly laughing at something among themselves—became silent and listened.

‘And you, General, have you ever met this Hadji Murád?’ asked the princess of her neighbour, the carrotty general with the bristly moustaches, when the prince had finished speaking.

‘More than once, Princess.’

And the general went on to tell how Hadji Murád, after the mountaineers had captured Gergebel in 1843, had fallen upon General Pahlen’s detachment and killed Colonel Zolotúkhin almost before their very eyes.

Vorontsév listened to the general and smiled amiably, evidently pleased that the latter had joined in the conversation. But suddenly his face assumed an absent-minded and depressed expression.

The general, having started talking, had begun to tell of his second encounter with Hadji Murád.

‘Why, it was he, if your Excellency will please remember,’ said the general, ‘who arranged the ambush that attacked the rescue party in the “Biscuit” expedition.’

‘Where?’ asked Vorontsév, screwing up his eyes.

What the brave general spoke of as the ‘rescue’ was the affair in the unfortunate Dargo campaign in which a whole detachment, including Prince Vorontsév who commanded it, would certainly have perished had it not been rescued by the arrival of fresh troops. Every one knew that the whole Dargo campaign under Vorontsév’s command—in which the Russians lost many killed and wounded and several cannon—had been a shameful affair, and therefore if any one mentioned it in Vorontsév’s presence they did so only in the aspect in which Vorontsév had reported it to the Tsar—as a

brilliant achievement of the Russian army. But the word 'rescue' plainly indicated that it was not a brilliant victory but a blunder costing many lives. Everybody understood this and some pretended not to notice the meaning of the general's words, others nervously waited to see what would follow, while a few exchanged glances and smiled. Only the carrotty general with the bristly moustaches noticed nothing, and carried away by his narrative quietly replied:

'At the rescue, your Excellency.'

Having started on his favourite theme, the general recounted circumstantially how Hadji Murád had so cleverly cut the detachment in two that if the rescue party had not arrived (he seemed to be particularly fond of repeating the word 'rescue') not a man in the division would have escaped, because . . . He did not finish his story, for Manana Orbelyáni having understood what was happening, interrupted him by asking if he had found comfortable quarters in Tiflis. The general, surprised, glanced at everybody all round and saw his aides-de-camp from the end of the table looking fixedly and significantly at him, and he suddenly understood! Without replying to the princess's question, he frowned, became silent, and began hurriedly swallowing the delicacy that lay on his plate, the appearance and taste of which both completely mystified him.

Everybody felt uncomfortable, but the awkwardness of the situation was relieved by the Georgian prince—a very stupid man but an extraordinarily refined and artful flatterer and courtier—who sat on the other side of Princess Vorontsóva. Without seeming to have noticed anything he began to relate how Hadji Murád had carried off the widow of Akhmet Khan of Mekhtulí.

'He came into the village at night, seized what he wanted, and galloped off again with the whole party.'

'Why did he want that particular woman?' asked the princess.

'Oh, he was her husband's enemy, and pursued him but could never once succeed in meeting him right up to the time of his death, so he revenged himself on the widow.'

The princess translated this into French for her old friend Countess Choiseuil, who sat next to the Georgian prince.

'*Quelle horreur!*'¹ said the countess, closing her eyes and shaking her head.

'Oh no!' said Vorontsév, smiling. 'I have been told that he treated his captive with chivalrous respect and afterwards released her.'

'Yes, for a ransom!'

'Well, of course. But all the same he acted honourably.'

These words of Vorontsév's set the tone for the further conversation. The courtiers understood that the more importance was attributed to Hadji Murád the better the prince would be pleased.

'The man's audacity is amazing. A remarkable man!'

'Why, in 1849 he dashed into Temir Khan Shurá and plundered the shops in broad daylight.'

An Armenian sitting at the end of the table, who had been in Temir Khan Shurá at the time, related the particulars of that exploit of Hadji Murád's.

In fact, Hadji Murád was the sole topic of conversation during the whole dinner.

Everybody in succession praised his courage, his ability, and his magnanimity. Someone mentioned his having ordered twenty-six prisoners to be killed,

¹ 'How horrible!'

but that too was met by the usual rejoinder, 'What's to be done? *À la guerre, comme à la guerre!*'¹

'He is a great man.'

'Had he been born in Europe he might have been another Napoleon,' said the stupid Georgian prince with a gift of flattery.

He knew that every mention of Napoleon was pleasant to Vorontsév, who wore the White Cross at his neck as a reward for having defeated him.

'Well, not Napoleon perhaps, but a gallant cavalry general if you like,' said Vorontsév.

'If not Napoleon, then Murat.'

'And his name is Hadji *Murád!*'

'Hadji Murád has surrendered and now there'll be an end to Shamil too,' someone remarked.

'They feel that now' (this 'now' meant under Vorontsév) 'they can't hold out,' remarked another.

'*Tout cela est grâce à vous!*'² said Manana Orbelýáni.

Prince Vorontsév tried to moderate the waves of flattery which began to flow over him. Still, it was pleasant, and in the best of spirits he led his lady back into the drawing-room.

After dinner, when coffee was being served in the drawing-room, the prince was particularly amiable to everybody, and going up to the general with the red bristly moustaches he tried to appear not to have noticed his blunder.

Having made a round of the visitors he sat down to the card-table. He only played the old-fashioned game of ombre. His partners were the Georgian prince, an Armenian general (who had learnt the game of ombre from Prince Vorontsév's valet), and Doctor Andréevsky, a man remarkable for the great influence he exercised.

¹ 'War is war.'

² 'All this is thanks to you!'

Placing beside him his gold snuff-box with a portrait of Alexander I on the lid, the prince tore open a pack of highly glazed cards and was going to spread them out, when his Italian valet, Giovanni, brought him a letter on a silver tray.

'Another courier, your Excellency.'

Vorontsév laid down the cards, excused himself, opened the letter, and began to read.

The letter was from his son, who described Hadji Murád's surrender and his own encounter with Meller-Zakomélsky.

The princess came up and inquired what their son had written.

'It's all about the same matter. . . . *Il a eu quelques désagréments avec le commandant de la place. Simon a eu tort.*¹ . . . But "All's well that ends well",' he added in English, handing the letter to his wife; and turning to his respectfully waiting partners he asked them to draw cards.

When the first round had been dealt Vorontsév did what he was in the habit of doing when in a particularly pleasant mood: with his white, wrinkled old hand he took out a pinch of French snuff, carried it to his nose, and released it.

X

When Hadji Murád appeared at the prince's palace next day, the waiting-room was already full of people. Yesterday's general with the bristly moustaches was there in full uniform with all his decorations, having come to take leave. There was the commander of a regiment who was in danger of being court-martialled for misappropriating commissariat money, and there was a rich Armenian (patronized by Doctor Andréévsky) who wanted to

¹ 'He has had some unpleasantness with the commandant of the place. Simon was in the wrong.'

obtain from the Government a renewal of his monopoly for the sale of *vódka*. There, dressed in black, was the widow of an officer who had been killed in action. She had come to ask for a pension, or for free education for her children. There was a ruined Georgian prince in a magnificent Georgian costume who was trying to obtain for himself some confiscated Church property. There was an official with a large roll of paper containing a new plan for subjugating the Caucasus. There was also a Khan who had come solely to be able to tell his people at home that he had called on the prince.

They all waited their turn and were one by one shown into the prince's cabinet and out again by the aide-de-camp, a handsome, fair-haired youth.

When Hadji Murád entered the waiting-room with his brisk though limping step all eyes were turned towards him and he heard his name whispered from various parts of the room.

He was dressed in a long white Circassian coat over a brown *beshmét* trimmed round the collar with fine silver lace. He wore black leggings and soft shoes of the same colour which were stretched over his instep as tight as gloves. On his head he wore a high cap draped turban-fashion—that same turban for which, on the denunciation of Akhmet Khan, he had been arrested by General Klügenau and which had been the cause of his going over to Shamil.

He stepped briskly across the parquet floor of the waiting-room, his whole slender figure swaying slightly in consequence of his lameness in one leg which was shorter than the other. His eyes, set far apart, looked calmly before him and seemed to see no one.

The handsome aide-de-camp, having greeted him, asked him to take a seat while he went to announce him to the prince, but Hadji Murád

declined to sit down and, putting his hand on his dagger, stood with one foot advanced, looking round contemptuously at all those present.

The prince's interpreter, Prince Tarkhánov, approached Hadji Murád and spoke to him. Hadji Murád answered abruptly and unwillingly. A Kumýk prince, who was there to lodge a complaint against a police official, came out of the prince's room, and then the aide-de-camp called Hadji Murád, led him to the door of the cabinet, and showed him in.

The Commander-in-Chief received Hadji Murád standing beside his table, and his old white face did not wear yesterday's smile but was rather stern and solemn.

On entering the large room with its enormous table and great windows with green venetian blinds, Hadji Murád placed his small sunburnt hands on his chest just where the front of his white coat overlapped, and lowering his eyes began, without hurrying, to speak distinctly and respectfully, using the Kumýk dialect which he spoke well.

'I place myself under the powerful protection of the great Tsar and of yourself,' said he, 'and promise to serve the White Tsar in faith and truth to the last drop of my blood, and I hope to be useful to you in the war with Shamil who is my enemy and yours.'

Having heard the interpreter out, Vorontsév glanced at Hadji Murád and Hadji Murád glanced at Vorontsév.

The eyes of the two men met, and expressed to each other much that could not have been put into words and that was not at all what the interpreter said. Without words they told each other the whole truth. Vorontsév's eyes said that he did not believe a single word Hadji Murád was saying,

and that he knew he was and always would be an enemy to everything Russian and had surrendered only because he was obliged to. Hadji Murád understood this and yet continued to give assurances of his fidelity. His eyes said, 'That old man ought to be thinking of his death and not of war, but though he is old he is cunning, and I must be careful.' Vorontsév understood this also, but nevertheless spoke to Hadji Murád in the way he considered necessary for the success of the war.

'Tell him,' said Vorontsév, 'that our sovereign is as merciful as he is mighty and will probably at my request pardon him and take him into his service. . . . Have you told him?' he asked, looking at Hadji Murád. . . . 'Until I receive my master's gracious decision, tell him I take it on myself to receive him and make his sojourn among us pleasant.'

Hadji Murád again pressed his hands to the centre of his chest and began to say something with animation.

'He says,' the interpreter translated, 'that formerly, when he governed Avaria in 1839, he served the Russians faithfully and would never have deserted them had not his enemy, Akhmet Khan, wishing to ruin him, calumniated him to General Klügenau.'

'I know, I know,' said Vorontsév (though if he had ever known he had long forgotten it). 'I know,' he repeated, sitting down and motioning Hadji Murád to the divan that stood beside the wall. But Hadji Murád did not sit down. Shrugging his powerful shoulders as a sign that he could not bring himself to sit in the presence of so important a man, he went on, addressing the interpreter:

'Akhmet Khan and Shamil are both my enemies. Tell the prince that Akhmet Khan is dead and I

cannot revenge myself on him, but Shamil lives and I will not die without taking vengeance on him,' said he, knitting his brows and tightly closing his mouth.

'Yes, yes; but how does he want to revenge himself on Shamil?' said Vorontsév quietly to the interpreter. 'And tell him he may sit down.'

Hadji Murád again declined to sit down, and in answer to the question replied that his object in coming over to the Russians was to help them to destroy Shamil.

'Very well, very well,' said Vorontsév; 'but what exactly does he wish to do? . . . Sit down, sit down!'

Hadji Murád sat down, and said that if only they would send him to the Lesghian line and would give him an army, he would guarantee to raise the whole of Daghestan and Shamil would then be unable to hold out.

'That would be excellent. . . . I'll think it over,' said Vorontsév.

The interpreter translated Vorontsév's words to Hadji Murád.

Hadji Murád pondered.

'Tell the Sirdar one thing more,' Hadji Murád began again, 'that my family are in the hands of my enemy, and that as long as they are in the mountains I am bound and cannot serve him. Shamil would kill my wife and my mother and my children if I went openly against him. Let the prince first exchange my family for the prisoners he has, and then I will destroy Shamil or die!'

'All right, all right,' said Vorontsév. 'I will think it over. . . . Now let him go to the chief of the staff and explain to him in detail his position, intentions, and wishes.'

Thus ended the first interview between Hadji Murád and Vorontsév.

That evening an Italian opera was performed at

the new theatre, which was decorated in Oriental style. Vorontsév was in his box when the striking figure of the limping Hadji Murád wearing a turban appeared in the stalls. He came in with Lóris-Mélikov,¹ Vorontsév's aide-de-camp, in whose charge he was placed, and took a seat in the front row. Having sat through the first act with Oriental Mohammedan dignity, expressing no pleasure but only obvious indifference, he rose and looking calmly round at the audience went out, drawing to himself everybody's attention.

The next day was Monday and there was the usual evening party at the Vorontsév's. In the large brightly lighted hall a band was playing, hidden among trees. Young women and women not very young wearing dresses that displayed their bare necks, arms, and breasts, turned round and round in the embrace of men in bright uniforms. At the buffet, footmen in red swallow-tail coats and wearing shoes and knee-breeches, poured out champagne and served sweetmeats to the ladies. The 'Sirdar's' wife also, in spite of her age, went about half-dressed among the visitors smiling affably, and through the interpreter said a few amiable words to Hadji Murád who glanced at the visitors with the same indifference he had shown yesterday in the theatre. After the hostess, other half-naked women came up to him and all of them stood shamelessly before him and smilingly asked him the same question: How he liked what he saw? Vorontsév himself, wearing gold epaulets and gold shoulder-knots with his white cross and ribbon at his neck, came up and asked him the same ques-

¹ Count Michael Tariélovich Lóris-Mélikov, who afterwards became Minister of the Interior and framed the Liberal ukase which was signed by Alexander II the day that he was assassinated.—A. M.

tion, evidently feeling sure, like all the others, that Hadji Murád could not help being pleased at what he saw. Hadji Murád replied to Vorontsév as he had replied to them all, that among his people nothing of the kind was done, without expressing an opinion as to whether it was good or bad that it was so.

Here at the ball Hadji Murád tried to speak to Vorontsév about buying out his family, but Vorontsév, pretending that he had not heard him, walked away, and Lóris-Mélikov afterwards told Hadji Murád that this was not the place to talk about business.

When it struck eleven Hadji Murád, having made sure of the time by the watch the Vorontsév had given him, asked Lóris-Mélikov whether he might now leave. Lóris-Mélikov said he might, though it would be better to stay. In spite of this Hadji Murád did not stay, but drove in the phaeton placed at his disposal to the quarters that had been assigned to him.

XI

On the fifth day of Hadji Murád's stay in Tiflis Lóris-Mélikov, the Viceroy's aide-de-camp, came to see him at the latter's command.

'My head and my hands are glad to serve the Sirdar,' said Hadji Murád with his usual diplomatic expression, bowing his head and putting his hands to his chest. 'Command me!' said he, looking amiably into Lóris-Mélikov's face.

Lóris-Mélikov sat down in an arm-chair placed by the table and Hadji Murád sank onto a low divan opposite and, resting his hands on his knees, bowed his head and listened attentively to what the other said to him.

Lóris-Mélikov, who spoke Tartar fluently, told him that though the prince knew about his past

life, he yet wanted to hear the whole story from himself.

'Tell it me, and I will write it down and translate it into Russian and the prince will send it to the Emperor.'

Hadji Murád remained silent for a while (he never interrupted anyone but always waited to see whether his collocator had not something more to say), then he raised his head, shook back his cap, and smiled the peculiar childlike smile that had captivated Márya Vasílevna.

'I can do that,' said he, evidently flattered by the thought that his story would be read by the Emperor.

'Thou must tell me' (in Tartar nobody is addressed as 'you') 'everything, deliberately from the beginning,' said Lóris-Mélikov drawing a notebook from his pocket.

'I can do that, only there is much—very much—to tell! Many events have happened!' said Hadji Murád.

'If thou canst not do it all in one day thou wilt finish it another time,' said Lóris-Mélikov.

'Shall I begin at the beginning?'

'Yes, at the very beginning . . . where thou wast born and where thou didst live.'

Hadji Murád's head sank and he sat in that position for a long time. Then he took a stick that lay beside the divan, drew a little knife with an ivory gold-inlaid handle, sharp as a razor, from under his dagger, and started whittling the stick with it and speaking at the same time.

'Write: Born in Tselmész, a small *aoul*, "the size of an ass's head," as we in the mountains say,' he began. 'Not far from it, about two cannon-shots, lies Khunzákh where the Khans lived. Our family was closely connected with them.'

'My mother, when my eldest brother Osman was born, nursed the eldest Khan, Abu Nutsal Khan.'

Then she nursed the second son of the Khan, Umma Khan, and reared him; but Akhmet my second brother died, and when I was born and the Khansha¹ bore Bulách Khan, my mother would not go as wet-nurse again. My father ordered her to, but she would not. She said: "I should again kill my own son, and I will not go." Then my father, who was passionate, struck her with a dagger and would have killed her had they not rescued her from him. So she did not give me up, and later on she composed a song . . . but I need not tell that.'

'Yes, you must tell everything. It is necessary,' said Lóris-Mélikov.

Hadji Murád grew thoughtful. He remembered how his mother had laid him to sleep beside her under a fur coat on the roof of the *sáklya*, and he had asked her to show him the place in her side where the scar of her wound was still visible.

He repeated the song, which he remembered:

'My white bosom was pierced by the blade of bright steel,
But I laid my bright sun, my dear boy, close upon it
Till his body was bathed in the stream of my blood.
And the wound healed without aid of herbs or of grass.
As I feared not death, so my boy will ne'er fear it.'

'My mother is now in Shamil's hands,' he added, 'and she must be rescued.'

He remembered the fountain below the hill, when holding on to his mother's *sharováry* (loose Turkish trousers) he had gone with her for water. He remembered how she had shaved his head for the first time, and how the reflection of his round bluish head in the shining brass vessel that hung on the wall had astonished him. He remembered a lean dog that had licked his face. He remembered the strange smell of the *lepéshki* (a kind of flat cake) his mother had given him—a smell of smoke and of

¹ *Khansha*, Khan's wife.

sour milk. He remembered how his mother had carried him in a basket on her back to visit his grandfather at the farmstead. He remembered his wrinkled grandfather with his grey hairs, and how he had hammered silver with his sinewy hands.

'Well, so my mother did not go as nurse,' he said with a jerk of his head, 'and the Khansha took another nurse but still remained fond of my mother, and my mother used to take us children to the Khansha's palace, and we played with her children and she was fond of us.

'There were three young Khans: Abu Nutsal Khan my brother Osman's foster-brother; Umma Khan my own sworn brother; and Bulách Khan the youngest—whom Shamil threw over the precipice. But that happened later.

'I was about sixteen when *murids* began to visit the *aouls*. They beat the stones with wooden scimitars and cried, "Mussulmans, *Ghazavdt!*" The Chechens all went over to Muridism and the Avars began to go over too. I was then living in the palace like a brother of the Khans. I could do as I liked, and I became rich. I had horses and weapons and money. I lived for pleasure and had no care, and went on like that till the time when Kazi-Mulla, the Imám, was killed and Hamzád succeeded him. Hamzád sent envoys to the Khans to say that if they did not join the *Ghazavdt* he would destroy Khunzákh.

'This needed consideration. The Khans feared the Russians, but were also afraid to join in the Holy War. The old Khansha sent me with her second son, Umma Khan, to Tiflis to ask the Russian Commander-in-Chief for help against Hamzád. The Commander-in-Chief at Tiflis was Baron Rosen. He did not receive either me or Umma Khan. He sent word that he would help us, but did

nothing. Only his officers came riding to us and played cards with Umma Khan. They made him drunk with wine and took him to bad places, and he lost all he had to them at cards. His body was as strong as a bull's and he was as brave as a lion, but his soul was weak as water. He would have gambled away his last horses and weapons if I had not made him come away.

'After visiting Tiflis my ideas changed and I advised the old Khansha and the Khans to join the *Ghazavdt*. . . .'

'What made you change your mind?' asked Lóris-Mélikov. 'Were you not pleased with the Russians?'

Hadji Murád paused.

'No, I was not pleased,' he answered decidedly, closing his eyes. 'And there was also another reason why I wished to join the *Ghazavdt*.'

'What was that?'

'Why, near Tselméss the Khan and I encountered three *murids*, two of whom escaped but the third one I shot with my pistol.

'He was still alive when I approached to take his weapons. He looked up at me, and said, "Thou hast killed me . . . I am happy; but thou art a Mussulman, young and strong. Join the *Ghazavdt*! God wills it!"'

'And did you join it?'

'I did not, but it made me think,' said Hadji Murád, and he went on with his tale.

'When Hamzád approached Khunzákh we sent our Elders to him to say that we would agree to join the *Ghazavdt* if the Imám would send a learned man to explain it to us. Hamzád had our Elders' moustaches shaved off, their nostrils pierced, and cakes hung to their noses, and in that condition he sent them back to us.

'The Elders brought word that Hamzád was ready to send a sheik to teach us the *Ghazavát*, but only if the Khansha sent him her youngest son as a hostage. She took him at his word and sent her youngest son, Bulách Khan. Hamzád received him well and sent to invite the two elder brothers also. He sent word that he wished to serve the Khans as his father had served their father. . . . The Khansha was a weak, stupid, and conceited woman, as all women are when they are not under control. She was afraid to send away both sons and sent only Umma Khan. I went with him. We were met by *murids* about a mile before we arrived and they sang and shot and caracoled around us, and when we drew near, Hamzád came out of his tent and went up to Umma Khan's stirrup and received him as a Khan. He said, "I have not done any harm to thy family and do not wish to do any. Only do not kill me and do not prevent my bringing the people over to the *Ghazavát*, and I will serve you with my whole army as my father served your father! Let me live in your house and I will help you with my advice, and you shall do as you like!"

'Umma Khan was slow of speech. He did not know how to reply and remained silent. Then I said that if this was so, let Hamzád come to Khunzák and the Khansha and the Khans would receive him with honour. . . . But I was not allowed to finish—and here I first encountered Shamil, who was beside the Imám. He said to me, "Thou hast not been asked. . . . It was the Khan!"

'I was silent, and Hamzád led Umma Khan into his tent. Afterwards Hamzád called me and ordered me to go to Khunzák with his envoys. I went. The envoys began persuading the Khansha to send her eldest son also to Hamzád. I saw there was treachery and told her not to send him; but a

woman has as much sense in her head as an egg has hair. She ordered her son to go. Abu Nutsal Khan did not wish to. Then she said, "I see thou art afraid!" Like a bee she knew where to sting him most painfully. Abu Nutsal Khan flushed and did not speak to her any more, but ordered his horse to be saddled. I went with him.

'Hamzád met us with even greater honour than he had shown Umma Khan. He himself rode out two rifle-shot lengths down the hill to meet us. A large party of horsemen with their banners followed him, and they too sang, shot, and caracoled.

'When we reached the camp, Hamzád led the Khan into his tent and I remained with the horses. . . .

'I was some way down the hill when I heard shots fired in Hamzád's tent. I ran there and saw Umma Khan lying prone in a pool of blood, and Abu Nutsal was fighting the *murids*. One of his cheeks had been hacked off and hung down. He supported it with one hand and with the other stabbed with his dagger at all who came near him. I saw him strike down Hamzád's brother and aim a blow at another man, but then the *murids* fired at him and he fell.'

Hadji Murád stopped and his sunburnt face flushed a dark red and his eyes became bloodshot.

'I was seized with fear and ran away.'

'Really? . . . I thought thou never wast afraid,' said Lóris-Mélikov.

'Never after that. . . . Since then I have always remembered that shame, and when I recalled it I feared nothing!'

XII

'But enough! It is time for me to pray,' said Hadji Murád drawing from an inner breast-pocket of his Circassian coat Vorontsóf's repeater watch and

carefully pressing the spring. The repeater struck twelve and a quarter. Hadji Murád listened with his head on one side, repressing a childlike smile.

'*Kundák* Vorontsov's present,' he said, smiling.

'It is a good watch,' said Lóris-Mélikov. 'Well then, go thou and pray, and I will wait.'

'*Yakshé*. Very well,' said Hadji Murád and went to his bedroom.

Left by himself, Lóris-Mélikov wrote down in his notebook the chief things Hadji Murád had related, and then lighting a cigarette began to pace up and down the room. On reaching the door opposite the bedroom he heard animated voices speaking rapidly in Tartar. He guessed that the speakers were Hadji Murád's *murids*, and opening the door he went in to them.

The room was impregnated with that special leathery acid smell peculiar to the mountaineers. On a *búrka* spread out on the floor sat the one-eyed, red-haired Gamzálo, in a tattered greasy *beshmét*, plaiting a bridle. He was saying something excitedly, speaking in a hoarse voice, but when Lóris-Mélikov entered he immediately became silent and continued his work without paying any attention to him.

In front of Gamzálo stood the merry Khan Mahomá showing his white teeth, his black lashless eyes glittering, and saying something over and over again. The handsome Eldár, his sleeves turned up on his strong arms, was polishing the girths of a saddle suspended from a nail. Khanéfi, the principal worker and manager of the household, was not there, he was cooking their dinner in the kitchen.

'What were you disputing about?' asked Lóris-Mélikov after greeting them.

'Why, he keeps on praising Shamil,' said Khan Mahomá giving his hand to Lóris-Mélikov. 'He

says Shamil is a great man, learned, holy, and a *dzhigt*.'

'How is it that he has left him and still praises him?'

'He has left him and still praises him,' repeated Khan Mahomá, his teeth showing and his eyes glittering.

'And does he really consider him a saint?' asked Lóris-Mélikov.

'If he were not a saint the people would not listen to him,' said Gamzálo rapidly.

'Shamil is no saint, but Mansúr was!' replied Khan Mahomá. 'He was a real saint. When he was Imám the people were quite different. He used to ride through the *ouls* and the people used to come out and kiss the hem of his coat and confess their sins and vow to do no evil. Then all the people—so the old men say—lived like saints: not drinking, nor smoking, nor neglecting their prayers, and forgiving one another their sins even when blood had been spilt. If anyone then found money or anything, he tied it to a stake and set it up by the roadside. In those days God gave the people success in everything—not as now.'

'In the mountains they don't smoke or drink now,' said Gamzálo.

'Your Shamil is a *lamorey*,' said Khan Mahomá, winking at Lóris-Mélikov. (*Lamorey* was a contemptuous term for a mountaineer.)

'Yes, *lamorey* means mountaineer,' replied Gamzálo. 'It is in the mountains that the eagles dwell.'

'Smart fellow! Well hit!' said Khan Mahomá with a grin, pleased at his adversary's apt retort.

Seeing the silver cigarette-case in Lóris-Mélikov's hand, Khan Mahomá asked for a cigarette, and when Lóris-Mélikov remarked that they were forbidden to smoke, he winked with one eye and jerking his head in the direction of Hadji Murád's

bedroom replied that they could do it as long as they were not seen. He at once began smoking—not inhaling—and pouting his red lips awkwardly as he blew out the smoke.

‘That is wrong!’ said Gamzálo severely, and left the room. Khan Mahomá winked in his direction, and while smoking asked Lóris-Mélikov where he could best buy a silk *beshmét* and a white cap.

‘Why, hast thou so much money?’

‘I have enough,’ replied Khan Mahomá with a wink.

‘Ask him where he got the money,’ said Eldár, turning his handsome smiling face towards Lóris-Mélikov.

‘Oh, I won it!’ said Khan Mahomá quickly, and related how while walking in Tiflis the day before he had come upon a group of men—Russians and Armenians—playing at *orlydnka* (a kind of heads-and-tails). The stake was a large one: three gold pieces and much silver. Khan Mahomá at once saw what the game consisted in, and jingling the coppers he had in his pocket he went up to the players and said he would stake the whole amount.

‘How couldst thou do it? Hadst thou so much?’ asked Lóris-Mélikov.

‘I had only twelve kopeks,’ said Khan Mahomá, grinning.

‘But if thou hadst lost?’

‘Why, this!’ said Khan Mahomá pointing to his pistol.

‘Wouldst thou have given that?’

‘Give it indeed! I should have run away, and if anyone had tried to stop me I should have killed him—that’s all!’

‘Well, and didst thou win?’

‘Aye, I won it all and went away!’

Lóris-Mélikov quite understood what sort of men

Khan Mahomá and Eldár were. Khan Mahomá was a merry fellow, careless and ready for any spree. He did not know what to do with his superfluous vitality. He was always gay and reckless, and played with his own and other people's lives. For the sake of that sport with life he had now come over to the Russians, and for the same sport he might go back to Shamil to-morrow.

Eldár was also quite easy to understand. He was a man entirely devoted to his *murshíd*; calm, strong, and firm.

The red-haired Gamzálo was the only one Lóris-Mélikov did not understand. He saw that that man was not only loyal to Shamil but felt an insuperable aversion, contempt, repugnance, and hatred for all Russians, and Lóris-Mélikov could therefore not understand why he had come over to them. It occurred to him that, as some of the higher officials suspected, Hadji Murád's surrender and his tales of hatred of Shamil might be false, and that perhaps he had surrendered only to spy out the Russians' weak spots that, after escaping back to the mountains, he might be able to direct his forces accordingly. Gamzálo's whole person strengthened this suspicion.

'The others, and Hadji Murád himself, know how to hide their intentions, but this one betrays them by his open hatred,' thought he.

Lóris-Mélikov tried to speak to him. He asked whether he did not feel dull. 'No, I don't!' he growled hoarsely without stopping his work, and glancing at his questioner out of the corner of his one eye. He replied to all Lóris-Mélikov's other questions in a similar manner.

While Lóris-Mélikov was in the room Hadji Murád's fourth *muríd* came in, the Avar Khanéfi; a man with a hairy face and neck and an arched

chest as rough as if it were overgrown with moss. He was strong and a hard worker, always engrossed in his duties, and like Eldár unquestioningly obedient to his master.

When he entered the room to fetch some rice, Lóris-Mélikov stopped him and asked where he came from and how long he had been with Hadji Murád.

'Five years,' replied Khanéfi. 'I come from the same *aoul* as he. My father killed his uncle and they wished to kill me,' he said calmly, looking from under his joined eyebrows straight into Lóris-Mélikov's face. 'Then I asked them to adopt me as a brother.'

'What do you mean by "adopt as a brother"?'

'I did not shave my head nor cut my nails for two months, and then I came to them. They let me in to Patimát, his mother, and she gave me the breast and I became his brother.'

Hadji Murád's voice could be heard from the next room and Eldár, immediately answering his call, promptly wiped his hands and went with large strides into the drawing-room.

'He asks thee to come,' said he, coming back.

Lóris-Mélikov gave another cigarette to the merry Khan Mahomá and went into the drawing-room.

XIII

When Lóris-Mélikov entered the drawing-room Hadji Murád received him with a bright face.

'Well, shall I continue?' he asked, sitting down comfortably on the divan.

'Yes, certainly,' said Lóris-Mélikov. 'I have been in to have a talk with thy henchmen. . . . One is a jolly fellow!' he added.

'Yes, Khan Mahomá is a frivolous fellow,' said Hadji Murád.

'I liked the young handsome one.'

'Ah, that 's Eldár. He 's young but firm—made of iron!'

They were silent for a while.

'So I am to go on?'

'Yes, yes!'

'I told thee how the Khans were killed. . . . Well, having killed them Hamzád rode into Khunzákh and took up his quarters in their palace. The Khansha was the only one of the family left alive. Hamzád sent for her. She reproached him, so he winked to his *murid* Aseldár, who struck her from behind and killed her.'

'Why did he kill her?' asked Lóris-Mélikov.

'What could he do? . . . Where the forelegs have gone the hind legs must follow! He killed off the whole family. Shamil killed the youngest son—threw him over a precipice. . . .

'Then the whole of Avaria surrendered to Hamzád. But my brother and I would not surrender. We wanted his blood for the blood of the Khans. We pretended to yield, but our only thought was how to get his blood. We consulted our grandfather and decided to await the time when he would come out of his palace, and then to kill him from an ambush. Someone overheard us and told Hamzád, who sent for grandfather and said, "Mind, if it be true that thy grandsons are planning evil against me, thou and they shall hang from one rafter. I do God's work and cannot be hindered. . . . Go, and remember what I have said!"

'Our grandfather came home and told us.

'Then we decided not to wait but to do the deed on the first day of the feast in the mosque. Our comrades would not take part in it but my brother and I remained firm.

'We took two pistols each, put on our *bárkas*,

and went to the mosque. Hamzád entered the mosque with thirty *murids*. They all had drawn swords in their hands. Aseldár, his favourite *murid* (the one who had cut off Khansha's head), saw us, shouted to us to take off our *búrkas*, and came towards me. I had my dagger in my hand and I killed him with it and rushed at Hamzád; but my brother Osman had already shot him. He was still alive and rushed at my brother dagger in hand, but I gave him a finishing blow on the head. There were thirty *murids* and we were only two. They killed my brother Osman, but I kept them at bay, leapt through the window, and escaped.

'When it was known that Hamzád had been killed all the people rose. The *murids* fled and those of them who did not flee were killed.'

Hadji Murád paused, and breathed heavily.

'That was very good,' he continued, 'but afterwards everything was spoilt.

'Shamil succeeded Hamzád. He sent envoys to me to say that I should join him in attacking the Russians, and that if I refused he would destroy Khunzákh and kill me.

'I answered that I would not join him and would not let him come to me. . . .'

'Why didst thou not go with him?' asked Lóris-Mélikov.

Hadji Murád frowned and did not reply at once.

'I could not. The blood of my brother Osman and of Abu Nutsal Khan was on his hands. I did not go to him. General Rosen sent me an officer's commission and ordered me to govern Avaria. All this would have been well but that Rosen appointed as Khan of Kazi-Kumúkh, first Mahómet-Murza, and afterwards Akhmet Khan, who hated me. He had been trying to get the Khansha's daughter, Sultanetta, in marriage for his son, but she would not

give her to him, and he believed me to be the cause of this. . . . Yes, Akhmet Khan hated me and sent his henchmen to kill me, but I escaped from them. Then he spoke ill of me to General Klügenau. He said that I told the Avars not to supply wood to the Russian soldiers, and he also said that I had donned a turban—this one' (Hadji Murád touched his turban) 'and that this meant that I had gone over to Shamil. The general did not believe him and gave orders that I should not be touched. But when the general went to Tiflis, Akhmet Khan did as he pleased. He sent a company of soldiers to seize me, put me in chains, and tied me to a cannon.

'So they kept me six days,' he continued. 'On the seventh day they untied me and started to take me to Temir-Khan-Shurá. Forty soldiers with loaded guns had me in charge. My hands were tied and I knew that they had orders to kill me if I tried to escape.

'As we approached Mansokha the path became narrow, and on the right was an abyss about a hundred and twenty yards deep. I went to the right—to the very edge. A soldier wanted to stop me, but I jumped down and pulled him with me. He was killed outright but I, as you see, remained alive.

'Ribs, head, arms, and leg—all were broken! I tried to crawl but grew giddy and fell asleep. I awoke wet with blood. A shepherd saw me and called some people who carried me to an *aoul*. My ribs and head healed, and my leg too, only it has remained short,' and Hadji Murád stretched out his crooked leg. 'It still serves me, however, and that is well,' said he.

'The people heard the news and began coming to me. I recovered and went to Tselméss. The Avars again called on me to rule over them,' he

went on, with tranquil, confident pride, 'and I agreed.'

He rose quickly and taking a portfolio out of a saddle-bag, drew out two discoloured letters and handed one of them to Lóris-Mélikov. They were from General Klügenau. Lóris-Mélikov read the first letter, which was as follows:

'Lieutenant Hadji Murád, thou hast served under me and I was satisfied with thee and considered thee a good man.

'Recently Akhmet Khan informed me that thou art a traitor, that thou hast donned a turban and hast intercourse with Shamil, and that thou hast taught the people to disobey the Russian Government. I ordered thee to be arrested and brought before me but thou fledst. I do not know whether this is for thy good or not, as I do not know whether thou art guilty or not.

'Now hear me. If thy conscience is pure, if thou art not guilty in anything towards the great Tsar, come to me, fear no one. I am thy defender. The Khan can do nothing to thee, he is himself under my command, so thou hast nothing to fear.'

Klügenau added that he always kept his word and was just, and he again exhorted Hadji Murád to appear before him.

When Lóris-Mélikov had read this letter Hadji Murád, before handing him the second one, told him what he had written in reply to the first.

'I wrote that I wore a turban not for Shamil's sake but for my soul's salvation; that I neither wished nor could go over to Shamil, because he had caused the death of my father, my brothers, and my relations; but that I could not join the Russians because I had been dishonoured by them. (In Khunzákh, a scoundrel had spat on me while I was bound, and I could not join your people until that

man was killed.) But above all I feared that liar, Akhmet Khan.

'Then the general sent me this letter,' said Hadji Murád, handing Lóris-Mélikov the other discoloured paper.

'Thou hast answered my first letter and I thank thee,' read Lóris-Mélikov. 'Thou writest that thou art not afraid to return but that the insult done thee by a certain giaour prevents it, but I assure thee that the Russian law is just and that thou shalt see him who dared to offend thee punished before thine eyes. I have already given orders to investigate the matter.

'Hear me, Hadji Murád! I have a right to be displeased with thee for not trusting me and my honour, but I forgive thee, for I know how suspicious mountaineers are in general. If thy conscience is pure, if thou hast put on a turban only for thy soul's salvation, then thou art right and mayst look me and the Russian Government boldly in the eye. He who dishonoured thee shall, I assure thee, be punished and *thy property shall be restored to thee*, and thou shalt see and know what Russian law is. Moreover we Russians look at things differently, and thou hast not sunk in our eyes because some scoundrel has dishonoured thee.

'I myself have consented to the Chimrints wearing turbans, and I regard their actions in the right light, and therefore I repeat that thou hast nothing to fear. Come to me with the man by whom I am sending thee this letter. He is faithful to me and is not the slave of thy enemies, but is the friend of a man who enjoys the special favour of the Government.'

Further on Klügenau again tried to persuade Hadji Murád to come over to him.

'I did not believe him,' said Hadji Murád when

Lóris-Mélikov had finished reading, 'and did not go to Klügenau. The chief thing for me was to revenge myself on Akhmet Khan, and that I could not do through the Russians. Then Akhmet Khan surrounded Tselméss and wanted to take me or kill me. I had too few men and could not drive him off, and just then came an envoy with a letter from Shamil promising to help me to defeat and kill Akhmet Khan and making me ruler over the whole of Avaria. I considered the matter for a long time and then went over to Shamil, and from that time I have fought the Russians continually.'

Here Hadji Murád related all his military exploits, of which there were very many and some of which were already familiar to Lóris-Mélikov. All his campaigns and raids had been remarkable for the extraordinary rapidity of his movements and the boldness of his attacks, which were always crowned with success.

'There never was any friendship between me and Shamil,' said Hadji Murád at the end of his story, 'but he feared me and needed me. But it so happened that I was asked who should be Imám after Shamil, and I replied: "He will be Imám whose sword is sharpest!"'

'This was told to Shamil and he wanted to get rid of me. He sent me into Tabasarán. I went, and captured a thousand sheep and three hundred horses, but he said I had not done the right thing and dismissed me from being *Naïb*, and ordered me to send him all the money. I sent him a thousand gold pieces. He sent his *murids* and they took from me all my property. He demanded that I should go to him, but I knew he wanted to kill me and I did not go. Then he sent to take me. I resisted and went over to Vorontsów. Only I did not take my family. My mother, my wives, and my

son are in his hands. Tell the Sirdar that as long as my family is in Shamil's power I can do nothing.'

'I will tell him,' said Lóris-Mélikov.

'Take pains, try hard! . . . What is mine is thine, only help me with the Prince! I am tied up and the end of the rope is in Shamil's hands,' said Hadji Murád concluding his story.

XIV

On the 20th of December Vorontsów wrote to Chernyshów, the Minister of War. The letter was in French:

'I did not write to you by the last post, dear Prince, as I wished first to decide what we should do with Hadji Murád, and for the last two or three days I have not been feeling quite well.

'In my last letter I informed you of Hadji Murád's arrival here. He reached Tiflis on the 8th, and next day I made his acquaintance, and during the following seven or eight days have spoken to him and considered what use we can make of him in the future, and especially what we are to do with him at present, for he is much concerned about the fate of his family, and with every appearance of perfect frankness says that while they are in Shamil's hands he is paralysed and cannot render us any service or show his gratitude for the friendly reception and forgiveness we have extended to him.

'His uncertainty about those dear to him makes him restless, and the persons I have appointed to live with him assure me that he does not sleep at night, eats hardly anything, prays continually, and asks only to be allowed to ride out accompanied by several Cossacks—the sole recreation and exercise possible for him and made necessary to him by life-long habit. Every day he comes to me to know

whether I have any news of his family, and to ask me to have all the prisoners in our hands collected and offered to Shamil in exchange for them. He would also give a little money. There are people who would let him have some for the purpose. He keeps repeating to me: "Save my family and then give me a chance to serve thee" (preferably, in his opinion, on the Lesghian line), "and if within a month I do not render you great service, punish me as you think fit." I reply that to me all this appears very just, and that many among us would even not trust him so long as his family remain in the mountains and are not in our hands as hostages, and that I will do everything possible to collect the prisoners on our frontier, that I have no power under our laws to give him money for the ransom of his family in addition to the sum he may himself be able to raise, but that I may perhaps find some other means of helping him. After that I told him frankly that in my opinion Shamil would not in any case give up the family, and that Shamil might tell him so straight out and promise him a full pardon and his former posts, and might threaten if Hadji Murád did not return, to kill his mother, his wives, and his six children. I asked him whether he could say frankly what he would do if he received such an announcement from Shamil. He lifted his eyes and arms to heaven, and said that everything is in God's hands, but that he would never surrender to his foe, for he is certain Shamil would not forgive him and he would therefore not have long to live. As to the destruction of his family, he did not think Shamil would act so rashly: firstly, to avoid making him a yet more desperate and dangerous foe, and secondly, because there were many people, and even very influential people, in Daghestan, who would dissuade Shamil from such a course. Finally,

he repeated several times that whatever God might decree for him in the future, he was at present interested in nothing but his family's ransom, and he implored me in God's name to help him and allow him to return to the neighbourhood of the Chechnya, where he could, with the help and consent of our commanders, have some intercourse with his family and regular news of their condition and of the best means to liberate them. He said that many people, and even some *Naïbs* in that part of the enemy's territory, were more or less attached to him, and that among the whole of the population already subjugated by Russia or neutral it would be easy with our help to establish relations very useful for the attainment of the aim which gives him no peace day or night, and the attainment of which would set him at ease and make it possible for him to act for our good and win our confidence.

'He asks to be sent back to Grózný with a convoy of twenty or thirty picked Cossacks who would serve him as a protection against foes and us as a guarantee of his good faith.

'You will understand, dear Prince, that I have been much perplexed by all this, for do what I will a great responsibility rests on me. It would be in the highest degree rash to trust him entirely, yet in order to deprive him of all means of escape we should have to lock him up, and in my opinion that would be both unjust and impolitic. A measure of that kind, the news of which would soon spread over the whole of Daghestan, would do us great harm by keeping back those who are now inclined more or less openly to oppose Shamil (and there are many such), and who are keenly watching to see how we treat the Imám's bravest and most adventurous officer now that he has found himself obliged to place himself in our hands. If we treat

Hadji Murád as a prisoner all the good effect of the situation will be lost. Therefore I think that I could not act otherwise than as I have done, though at the same time I feel that I may be accused of having made a great mistake if Hadji Murád should take it into his head to escape again. In the service, and especially in a complicated situation such as this, it is difficult, not to say impossible, to follow any one straight path without risking mistakes and without accepting responsibility, but once a path seems to be the right one I must follow it, happen what may.

‘I beg of you, dear Prince, to submit this to his Majesty the Emperor for his consideration; and I shall be happy if it pleases our most august monarch to approve my action.

‘All that I have written above I have also written to Generals Zavodóvsky and Kozlóvsky, to guide the latter when communicating direct with Hadji Murád whom I have warned not to act or go anywhere without Kozlóvsky’s consent. I also told him that it would be all the better for us if he rode out with our convoy, as otherwise Shamil might spread a rumour that we were keeping him prisoner, but at the same time I made him promise never to go to Vozdvízhensk, because my son, to whom he first surrendered and whom he looks upon as his *kunák* (friend), is not the commander of that place and some unpleasant misunderstanding might easily arise. In any case Vozdvízhensk lies too near a thickly populated hostile settlement, while for the intercourse with his friends which he desires, Grózny is in all respects suitable.

‘Besides the twenty chosen Cossacks who at his own request are to keep close to him, I am also sending Captain Lóris-Mélikov—a worthy, excellent, and highly intelligent officer who speaks

Tartar, and knows Hadji Murád well and apparently enjoys his full confidence. During the ten days that Hadji Murád has spent here, he has, however, lived in the same house with Lieutenant-Colonel Prince Tarkhánov, who is in command of the Shoushín District and is here on business connected with the service. He is a truly worthy man whom I trust entirely. He also has won Hadji Murád's confidence, and through him alone—as he speaks Tartar perfectly—we have discussed the most delicate and secret matters. I have consulted Tarkhánov about Hadji Murád, and he fully agrees with me that it was necessary either to act as I have done, or to put Hadji Murád in prison and guard him in the strictest manner (for if we once treat him badly he will not be easy to hold), or else to remove him from the country altogether. But these two last measures would not only destroy all the advantage accruing to us from Hadji Murád's quarrel with Shamil, but would inevitably check any growth of the present insubordination, and possible future revolt, of the people against Shamil's power. Prince Tarkhánov tells me he himself has no doubt of Hadji Murád's truthfulness, and that Hadji Murád is convinced that Shamil will never forgive him but would have him executed in spite of any promise of forgiveness. The only thing Tarkhánov has noticed in his intercourse with Hadji Murád that might cause any anxiety, is his attachment to his religion. Tarkhánov does not deny that Shamil might influence Hadji Murád from that side. But as I have already said, he will never persuade Hadji Murád that he will not take his life sooner or later should the latter return to him.

'This, dear Prince, is all I have to tell you about this episode in our affairs here.'

XV

The report was dispatched from Tiflis on the 24th of December 1851, and on New Year's Eve a courier, having overdriven a dozen horses and beaten a dozen drivers till they bled, delivered it to Prince Chernyshóv who at that time was Minister of War; and on the 1st of January 1852 Chernyshóv took Vorontsów's report, among other papers, to the Emperor Nicholas.

Chernyshóv disliked Vorontsów because of the general respect in which the latter was held and because of his immense wealth, and also because Vorontsów was a real aristocrat while Chernyshóv, after all, was a *parvenu*, but especially because the Emperor was particularly well disposed towards Vorontsów. Therefore at every opportunity Chernyshóv tried to injure Vorontsów.

When he had last presented a report about Caucasian affairs he had succeeded in arousing Nicholas's displeasure against Vorontsów because—through the carelessness of those in command—almost the whole of a small Caucasian detachment had been destroyed by the mountaineers. He now intended to present the steps taken by Vorontsów in relation to Hadji Murád in an unfavourable light. He wished to suggest to the Emperor that Vorontsów always protected and even indulged the natives to the detriment of the Russians, and that he had acted unwisely in allowing Hadji Murád to remain in the Caucasus for there was every reason to suspect that he had only come over to spy on our means of defence, and that it would therefore be better to transport him to Central Russia and make use of him only after his family had been rescued from the mountaineers and it had become possible to convince ourselves of his loyalty.

Chernyshóv's plan did not succeed merely because on that New Year's Day Nicholas was in particularly bad spirits, and out of perversity would not have accepted any suggestion whatever from anyone, least of all from Chernyshóv whom he only tolerated—regarding him as indispensable for the time being but looking upon him as a black-guard, for Nicholas knew of his endeavours at the trial of the Decembrists¹ to secure the conviction of Zacháry Chernyshóv, and of his attempt to obtain Zacháry's property for himself. So thanks to Nicholas's ill temper Hadji Murád remained in the Caucasus, and his circumstances were not changed as they might have been had Chernyshóv presented his report at another time.

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It was half-past nine o'clock when through the mist of the cold morning (the thermometer showed 13 degrees below zero Fahrenheit) Chernyshóv's fat, bearded coachman, sitting on the box of a small sledge (like the one Nicholas drove about in) with a sharp-angled, cushion-shaped azure velvet cap on his head, drew up at the entrance of the Winter Palace and gave a friendly nod to his chum, Prince Dolgorúky's coachman—who having brought his master to the palace had himself long been waiting outside, in his big coat with the thickly wadded skirts, sitting on the reins and rubbing his numbed hands together. Chernyshóv had on a long cloak with a large cape and a fluffy collar of silver beaver, and a regulation three-cornered hat with cocks' feathers. He threw back the bearskin apron of the sledge and carefully disengaged his chilled feet, on which he had no over-shoes (he prided himself on

¹ The military conspirators who tried to secure a Constitution for Russia in 1825, on the accession of Nicholas I.—A. M.

never wearing any). Clanking his spurs with an air of bravado he ascended the carpeted steps and passed through the hall door which was respectfully opened for him by the porter, and entered the hall. Having thrown off his cloak which an old Court lackey hurried forward to take, he went to a mirror and carefully removed the hat from his curled wig. Looking at himself in the mirror, he arranged the hair on his temples and the tuft above his forehead with an accustomed movement of his old hands, and adjusted his cross, the shoulder-knots of his uniform, and his large-initialled epaulets, and then went up the gently ascending carpeted stairs, his not very reliable old legs feebly mounting the shallow steps. Passing the Court lackeys in gala livery who stood obsequiously bowing, Chernyshóv entered the waiting-room. He was respectfully met by a newly appointed aide-de-camp of the Emperor's in a shining new uniform with epaulets and shoulder-knots, whose face was still fresh and rosy and who had a small black moustache, and the hair on his temples brushed towards his eyes in the same way as the Emperor.

Prince Vasíli Dolgorúky, Assistant-Minister of War, with an expression of *ennui* on his dull face—which was ornamented with similar whiskers, moustaches, and temple tufts brushed forward like Nicholas's—greeted him.

'*L'empereur?*' said Chernyshóv, addressing the aide-de-camp and looking inquiringly towards the door leading to the cabinet.

'*Sa majesté vient de rentrer,*'¹ replied the aide-de-camp, evidently enjoying the sound of his own voice, and stepping so softly and steadily that had a tumbler of water been placed on his head none of it would have been spilt, he approached the door

¹ 'His Majesty has just returned.'

and disappeared, his whole body evincing reverence for the spot he was about to visit.

Dolgorúky meanwhile opened his portfolio to see that it contained the necessary papers, while Chernyshóv, frowning, paced up and down to restore the circulation in his numbed feet, and thought over what he was about to report to the Emperor. He was near the door of the cabinet when it opened again and the aide-de-camp, even more radiant and respectful than before, came out and with a gesture invited the minister and his assistant to enter.

The Winter Palace had been rebuilt after a fire some considerable time before this, but Nicholas was still occupying rooms in the upper story. The cabinet in which he received the reports of his ministers and other high officials was a very lofty apartment with four large windows. A big portrait of the Emperor Alexander I hung on the front side of the room. Two bureaux stood between the windows, and several chairs were ranged along the walls. In the middle of the room was an enormous writing-table, with an arm-chair before it for Nicholas, and other chairs for those to whom he gave audience.

Nicholas sat at the table in a black coat with shoulder-straps but no epaulets, his enormous body—with his overgrown stomach tightly laced in—was thrown back, and he gazed at the newcomers with fixed, lifeless eyes. His long pale face, with its enormous receding forehead between the tufts of hair which were brushed forward and skilfully joined to the wig that covered his bald patch, was specially cold and stony that day. His eyes, always dim, looked duller than usual, the compressed lips under his upturned moustaches, the high collar which supported his chin, and his fat freshly shaven

cheeks on which symmetrical sausage-shaped bits of whiskers had been left, gave his face a dissatisfied and even irate expression. His bad mood was caused by fatigue, due to the fact that he had been to a masquerade the night before, and while walking about as was his wont in his Horse Guards' uniform with a bird on the helmet, among the public which crowded round and timidly made way for his enormous, self-assured figure, he had again met the mask who at the previous masquerade had aroused his senile sensuality by her whiteness, her beautiful figure, and her tender voice. At that former masquerade she had disappeared after promising to meet him at the next one.

At yesterday's masquerade she had come up to him, and this time he had not let her go, but had led her to the box specially kept ready for that purpose, where he could be alone with her. Having arrived in silence at the door of the box Nicholas looked round to find the attendant, but he was not there. He frowned and pushed the door open himself, letting the lady enter first.

*'Il y a quelqu'un!'*¹ said the mask, stopping short.

And the box actually was occupied. On the small velvet-covered sofa, close together, sat an Uhlan officer and a pretty, fair curly-haired young woman in a domino, who had removed her mask. On catching sight of the angry figure of Nicholas drawn up to its full height, she quickly replaced her mask, but the Uhlan officer, rigid with fear, gazed at Nicholas with fixed eyes without rising from the sofa.

Used as he was to the terror he inspired in others, that terror always pleased Nicholas, and by way of contrast he sometimes liked to astound those plunged in terror by addressing kindly words to them. He did so on this occasion.

¹ 'There's someone there!'

'Well, friend!' said he to the officer, 'You are younger than I and might give up your place to me.'

The officer jumped to his feet, and growing first pale and then red and bending almost double, he followed his partner silently out of the box, leaving Nicholas alone with his lady.

She proved to be a pretty, twenty-year-old virgin, the daughter of a Swedish governess. She told Nicholas how when quite a child she had fallen in love with him from his portraits; how she adored him and had made up her mind to attract his attention at any cost. Now she had succeeded and wanted nothing more—so she said.

The girl was taken to the place where Nicholas usually had rendezvous with women, and there he spent more than an hour with her.

When he returned to his room that night and lay on the hard narrow bed about which he prided himself, and covered himself with the cloak which he considered to be (and spoke of as being) as famous as Napoleon's hat, it was a long time before he could fall asleep. He thought now of the frightened and elated expression on that girl's fair face, and now of the full, powerful shoulders of his established mistress, Nelídova, and he compared the two. That profligacy in a married man was a bad thing did not once enter his head, and he would have been greatly surprised had anyone censured him for it. Yet though convinced that he had acted rightly, some kind of unpleasant after-taste remained, and to stifle that feeling he dwelt on a thought that always tranquillized him—the thought of his own greatness.

Though he had fallen asleep so late, he rose before eight, and after attending to his toilet in the usual way—rubbing his big well-fed body all over

with ice—and saying his prayers (repeating those he had been used to from childhood—the prayer to the Virgin, the Apostles' Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, without attaching any kind of meaning to the words he uttered), he went out through the smaller portico of the palace onto the embankment in his military cloak and cap.

On the embankment he met a student in the uniform of the School of Jurisprudence, who was as enormous as himself. On recognizing the uniform of that school, which he disliked for its freedom of thought, Nicholas frowned, but the stature of the student and the painstaking manner in which he drew himself up and saluted, ostentatiously sticking out his elbow, mollified his displeasure.

'Your name?' said he.

'Polosátov, your Imperial Majesty.'

'... fine fellow!'

The student continued to stand with his hand lifted to his hat.

Nicholas stopped.

'Do you wish to enter the army?'

'Not at all, your Imperial Majesty.'

'Blockhead!' And Nicholas turned away and continued his walk, and began uttering aloud the first words that came into his head.

'Kopervine . . . Kopervine——' he repeated several times (it was the name of yesterday's girl). 'Horrid . . . horrid——' He did not think of what he was saying, but stifled his feelings by listening to the words.

'Yes, what would Russia be without me?' said he, feeling his former dissatisfaction returning. 'What would—not Russia alone but Europe be, without me?' and calling to mind the weakness and stupidity of his brother-in-law the King of Prussia, he shook his head.

As he was returning to the small portico, he saw the carriage of Helena Pávlovna,¹ with a red-liveried footman, approaching the Saltykóv entrance of the palace.

Helena Pávlovna was to him the personification of that futile class of people who discussed not merely science and poetry, but even the ways of governing men: imagining that they could govern themselves better than he, Nicholas, governed them! He knew that however much he crushed such people they reappeared again and again, and he recalled his brother, Michael Pávlovich, who had died not long before. A feeling of sadness and vexation came over him and with a dark frown he again began whispering the first words that came into his head, which he only ceased doing when he re-entered the palace.

On reaching his apartments he smoothed his whiskers and the hair on his temples and the wig on his bald patch, and twisted his moustaches upwards in front of the mirror, and then went straight to the cabinet in which he received reports.

He first received Chernyshóv, who at once saw by his face, and especially by his eyes, that Nicholas was in a particular bad humour that day, and knowing about the adventure of the night before he understood the cause. Having coldly greeted him and invited him to sit down, Nicholas fixed on him a lifeless gaze. The first matter Chernyshóv reported upon was a case of embezzlement by commissariat officials which had just been discovered; the next was the movement of troops on the Prussian frontier; then came a list of rewards to be given at the New Year to some people omitted from a

¹ Widow of Nicholas's brother Michael: a clever, well-educated woman, interested in science, art, and public affairs.
—A. M.

former list; then Vorontsov's report about Hadji Murád; and lastly some unpleasant business concerning an attempt by a student of the Academy of Medicine on the life of a professor.

Nicholas heard the report of the embezzlement silently with compressed lips, his large white hand—with one ring on the fourth finger—stroking some sheets of paper, and his eyes steadily fixed on Chernyshov's forehead and on the tuft of hair above it.

Nicholas was convinced that everybody stole. He knew he would have to punish the commissariat officials now, and decided to send them all to serve in the ranks, but he also knew that this would not prevent those who succeeded them from acting in the same way. It was a characteristic of officials to steal, but it was his duty to punish them for doing so, and tired as he was of that duty he conscientiously performed it.

'It seems there is only one honest man in Russia!' said he.

Chernyshov at once understood that this one honest man was Nicholas himself, and smiled approvingly.

'It looks like it, your Imperial Majesty,' said he.

'Leave it—I will give a decision,' said Nicholas, taking the document and putting it on the left side of the table.

Then Chernyshov reported about the rewards to be given and about moving the army on the Prussian frontier.

Nicholas looked over the list and struck out some names, and then briefly and firmly gave orders to move two divisions to the Prussian frontier. He could not forgive the King of Prussia for granting a Constitution to his people after the events of 1848, and therefore while expressing most friendly feel-

used troops to suppress the rising in Hungary a few years previously. They were also of use to give more weight and influence to such advice as he gave to the King of Prussia.

'Yes—what would Russia be like now if it were not for me?' he again thought.

'Well, what else is there?' said he.

'A courier from the Caucasus,' said Chernyshóv, and he reported what Vorontsów had written about Hadji Murád's surrender.

'Well, well!' said Nicholas. 'It's a good beginning!'

'Evidently the plan devised by your Majesty begins to bear fruit,' said Chernyshóv.

This approval of his strategic talents was particularly pleasant to Nicholas because, though he prided himself upon them, at the bottom of his heart he knew that they did not really exist, and he now desired to hear more detailed praise of himself.

'How do you mean?' he asked.

'I mean that if your Majesty's plans had been adopted before, and we had moved forward slowly and steadily, cutting down forests and destroying the supplies of food, the Caucasus would have been subjugated long ago. I attribute Hadji Murád's surrender entirely to his having come to the conclusion that they can hold out no longer.'

'True,' said Nicholas.

Although the plan of a gradual advance into the enemy's territory by means of felling forests and destroying the food supplies was Ermólov's and

Velyamínov's plan, and was quite contrary to Nicholas's own plan of seizing Shamil's place of residence and destroying that nest of robbers—which was the plan on which the Dargo expedition in 1845 (that cost so many lives) had been undertaken—Nicholas nevertheless attributed to himself also the plan of a slow advance and a systematic felling of forests and devastation of the country. It would seem that to believe the plan of a slow movement by felling forests and destroying food supplies to have been his own would have necessitated hiding the fact that he had insisted on quite contrary operations in 1845. But he did not hide it and was proud of the plan of the 1845 expedition as well as of the plan of a slow advance—though the two were obviously contrary to one another. Continual brazen flattery from everybody round him in the teeth of obvious facts had brought him to such a state that he no longer saw his own inconsistencies or measured his actions and words by reality, logic, or even simple common sense; but was quite convinced that all his orders, however senseless, unjust, and mutually contradictory they might be, became reasonable, just, and mutually accordant simply because he gave them. His decision in the case next reported to him—that of the student of the Academy of Medicine—was of that senseless kind.

The case was as follows: A young man who had twice failed in his examinations was being examined a third time, and when the examiner again would not pass him, the young man whose nerves were deranged, considering this to be an injustice, seized a pen-knife from the table in a paroxysm of fury, and rushing at the professor inflicted on him several trifling wounds.

· 'What's his name?' asked Nicholas.

'Bzhezóvski.'

'A Pole?'

'Of Polish descent and a Roman Catholic,' answered Chernyshóv.

Nicholas frowned. He had done much evil to the Poles. To justify that evil he had to feel certain that all Poles were rascals, and he considered them to be such and hated them in proportion to the evil he had done them.

'Wait a little,' he said, closing his eyes and bowing his head.

Chernyshóv, having more than once heard Nicholas say so, knew that when the Emperor had to take a decision it was only necessary for him to concentrate his attention for a few moments and the spirit moved him, and the best possible decision presented itself as though an inner voice had told him what to do. He was now thinking how most fully to satisfy the feeling of hatred against the Poles which this incident had stirred up within him, and the inner voice suggested the following decision. He took the report and in his large handwriting wrote on its margin with three orthographical mistakes:

'Deserves deth, but, thank God, we have no capittle punishment, and it is not for me to introduce it. Make him run the gauntlet of a thousand men twelve times.—Nicholas.'

He signed, adding his unnaturally huge flourish.

Nicholas knew that twelve thousand strokes with the regulation rods were not only certain death with torture, but were a superfluous cruelty, for five thousand strokes were sufficient to kill the strongest man. But it pleased him to be ruthlessly cruel and it also pleased him to think that we have abolished capital punishment in Russia.

Having written his decision about the student, he pushed it across to Chernyshóv.

'There,' he said, 'read it.'

Chernyshóv read it, and bowed his head as a sign of respectful amazement at the wisdom of the decision.

'Yes, and let all the students be present on the drill-ground at the punishment,' added Nicholas.

'It will do them good! I will abolish this revolutionary spirit and will tear it up by the roots!' he thought.

'It shall be done,' replied Chernyshóv; and after a short pause he straightened the tuft on his forehead and returned to the Caucasian report.

'What do you command me to write in reply to Prince Vorontsév's dispatch?'

'To keep firmly to my system of destroying the dwellings and food supplies in Chechnya and to harass them by raids,' answered Nicholas.

'And what are your Majesty's commands with reference to Hadji Murád?' asked Chernyshóv.

'Why, Vorontsév writes that he wants to make use of him in the Caucasus.'

'Is it not dangerous?' said Chernyshóv, avoiding Nicholas's gaze. 'Prince Vorontsév is too confiding, I am afraid.'

'And you—what do you think?' asked Nicholas sharply, detecting Chernyshóv's intention of presenting Vorontsév's decision in an unfavourable light.

'Well, I should have thought it would be safer to deport him to Central Russia.'

'You would have thought!' said Nicholas ironically. 'But I don't think so, and agree with Vorontsév. Write to him accordingly.'

'It shall be done,' said Chernyshóv, rising and bowing himself out.

Dolgorúky also bowed himself out, having during the whole audience only uttered a few words (in

reply to a question from Nicholas) about the movement of the army.

After Chernyshóv, Nicholas received Bíbikov, General-Governor of the Western Provinces. Having expressed his approval of the measures taken by Bíbikov against the mutinous peasants who did not wish to accept the Orthodox Faith, he ordered him to have all those who did not submit tried by court-martial. That was equivalent to sentencing them to run the gauntlet. He also ordered the editor of a newspaper to be sent to serve in the ranks of the army for publishing information about the transfer of several thousand State peasants to the Imperial estates.

'I do this because I consider it necessary,' said Nicholas, 'and I will not allow it to be discussed.'

Bíbikov saw the cruelty of the order concerning the Uniate¹ peasants and the injustice of transferring State peasants (the only free peasants in Russia in those days) to the Crown, which meant making them serfs of the Imperial family. But it was impossible to express dissent. Not to agree with Nicholas's decisions would have meant the loss of that brilliant position which it had cost Bíbikov forty years to attain and which he now enjoyed; and he therefore submissively bowed his dark head (already touched with grey) to indicate his submission and his readiness to fulfil the cruel, insensate, and dishonest supreme will.

Having dismissed Bíbikov, Nicholas stretched himself, with a sense of duty well fulfilled, glanced at the clock, and went to get ready to go out. Having put on a uniform with epaulets, orders, and a ribbon, he went out into the reception hall

¹ The Uniates acknowledge the Pope of Rome, though in other respects they are in accord with the Orthodox Russo-Greek Church.—A. M.

where more than a hundred persons—men in uniforms and women in elegant low-necked dresses, all standing in the places assigned to them—awaited his arrival with agitation.

He came out to them with a lifeless look in his eyes, his chest expanded, his stomach bulging out above and below its bandages, and feeling everybody's gaze tremulously and obsequiously fixed upon him he assumed an even more triumphant air. When his eyes met those of people he knew, remembering who was who, he stopped and addressed a few words to them sometimes in Russian and sometimes in French, and transfixing them with his cold glassy eye listened to what they said.

Having received all the New Year congratulations he passed on to church, where God, through His servants the priests, greeted and praised Nicholas just as worldly people did; and weary as he was of these greetings and praises Nicholas duly accepted them. All this was as it should be, because the welfare and happiness of the whole world depended on him, and wearied though he was he would still not refuse the universe his assistance.

When at the end of the service the magnificently arrayed deacon, his long hair crimped and carefully combed, began the chant *Many Years*, which was heartily caught up by the splendid choir, Nicholas looked round and noticed Nelídova, with her fine shoulders, standing by a window, and he decided the comparison with yesterday's girl in her favour.

After Mass he went to the Empress and spent a few minutes in the bosom of his family, joking with the children and his wife. Then passing through the Hermitage,¹ he visited the Minister of the Court,

¹ A celebrated museum and picture gallery in St. Petersburg, adjoining the Winter Palace.—A. M.

Volkónski, and among other things ordered him to pay out of a special fund a yearly pension to the mother of yesterday's girl. From there he went for his customary drive.

Dinner that day was served in the Pompeian Hall. Besides the younger sons of Nicholas and Michael there were also invited Baron Lieven, Count Rzhévski, Dolgorúky, the Prussian Ambassador, and the King of Prussia's aide-de-camp.

While waiting for the appearance of the Emperor and Empress an interesting conversation took place between Baron Lieven and the Prussian Ambassador concerning the disquieting news from Poland.

*'La Pologne et le Caucase, ce sont les deux cautères de la Russie,'*¹ said Lieven. *'Il nous faut cent mille hommes à peu près, dans chacun de ces deux pays.'*

The Ambassador expressed a fictitious surprise that it should be so.

*'Vous dites, la Pologne—'*² began the Ambassador.

'Oh, oui, c'était un coup de maître de Metternich de nous en avoir laissé l'embarras. . . .'

At this point the Empress, with her trembling head and fixed smile, entered followed by Nicholas.

At dinner Nicholas spoke of Hadji Murád's surrender and said that the war in the Caucasus must now soon come to an end in consequence of the measures he was taking to limit the scope of the mountaineers by felling their forests and by his system of erecting a series of small forts.

The Ambassador, having exchanged a rapid glance with the aide-de-camp—to whom he had only that morning spoken about Nicholas's unfortunate weakness for considering himself a great

¹ 'Poland and the Caucasus are Russia's two sores. We need about 100,000 men in each of those two countries.'

² 'You say that Poland—' 'Oh yes, it was a masterstroke of Metternich's to leave us the bother of it. . . .'

CONTENTS

PREFACE. <i>By</i> AYLMER MAUDE	.	.	.	vii
THE DEATH OF IVÁN ILÝCH. 1886	.	.	.	1
MASTER AND MAN. 1893	.	.	.	74
A TALK AMONG LEISURED PEOPLE. 1893	.	.	.	138
WALK IN THE LIGHT WHILE THERE IS LIGHT. 1893	.	.	.	143
MEMOIRS OF A MADMAN. <i>ca.</i> 1884	.	.	.	210
LIST OF TARTAR WORDS IN HADJI MURÁD	.	.	.	226
HADJI MURÁD. <i>ca.</i> 1896/8 and 1901/4	.	.	.	227
FĚDOR KUZMÍCH. 1905	.	.	.	385

PREFACE

THE Death of Iván Ilých is one of Tolstóy's best stories. After the completion of *Anna Karénina* he was so preoccupied with religious problems for about nine years that he wrote no fiction except some of the short stories that appear in *Twenty-Three Tales*. A report spread that he had 'abandoned art', but when, in 1886, *The Death of Iván Ilých* appeared the critics promptly exclaimed: 'At last his train has come out of its tunnel.'

The Death of Iván Ilých was written about the same time as his philosophical work *On Life*, which treats of the fact that life inevitably leads on to corporeal death, and indicates that we cannot look to the flow of matter that constitutes our body to furnish any rational hope of permanent survival. Neither the Egyptian practice of mummification, nor assertions of belief in a resurrection of the body, nor any grafting with monkey-gland, can conceal the inevitable end that awaits our bodies. Tolstóy was firmly convinced that there is something more permanent in our personalities than in our corporeal encasement, that man's true life dwells in his spirit and that the fear of death ceases when he experiences the awakening to real life which comes when we mingle souls with one another.

In *What is Art?* he says that: 'The destiny of art in our time is to transmit from the realm of reason to the realm of feeling the truth that well-being for men consists in their being united together', and the philosophic truth stated in *On Life* is presented in fictional form in *The Death of Iván Ilých* for readers whose feelings may be reached by art more easily than by argument.

Master and Man, which comes second in this

volume, is a story of peasant life written on the same theme as *The Death of Iván Il'ych*. More than one of Tolstóy's later stories treats of scenes with which he had dealt when he was a young man. *Master and Man*, for instance, is strongly reminiscent of *The Snow Storm*. That earlier effort consisted, however, entirely of closely observed incidents and characters, while what is essential in *Master and Man* are the feelings arising from the author's mature understanding of life and death. In it, again, we have a man who, when near physical death, ceases to be afraid and finds true life by coming into brotherly contact with his fellow man.

A Talk Among Leisured People, like many of Tolstóy's writings, is evidently closely drawn from personal experience. We can almost hear in it the opposition expressed by his wife and other members of his family to such changes of the external conditions of life as he aimed at and they made so difficult for him.

Walk in the Light While There is Light is, for him, a poor story, and almost the only one in which he subordinates artistic veracity to tendentious teaching. I met members of the so-called Tolstóyan Colony at Purleigh in Essex, who told me that they had been influenced by this story. It is curious that it should have been so, for, as the reader may see, the Christian Commune to which Pamphilus belonged is hardly described at all, and the whole emphasis is laid, not on the conditions in which people ought to live, but on their reluctance to abandon customary ways even when they felt them to be unreasonable and wrong.

At the time the story was written many people were feeling dissatisfied with the conventional ways and aims of life—a dissatisfaction expressed in Morris's *News from Nowhere* as well as in other

books. Some few dozen so-called 'Tolstóyan' Colonists hoped to solve their doubts and salve their consciences by changing their environment and settling in the country, but neither Tolstóy nor his personal friends joined any such Colony or incited others to do so. There was indeed little that was really 'Tolstóyan' in the Colonies I saw.

When I asked Tolstóy what he thought of the tale, he said: 'I never hear it mentioned without feeling ashamed of myself. It is so thoroughly in-artistic.' On my asking how that was shown, he said: 'In the story the Christians and pagans are sharply contrasted. The Christians are all good and the pagans all bad, whereas in real life we know that they would have shaded off into one another as is the case with our own sectarians and Orthodox peasants.'

The year before he died I asked Tolstóy what unpublished works he had that he considered of value, and he said there were only *Hadji Murda* and *The Live Corpse*.

Memoirs of a Madman, which he neither completed nor published and to which he attached no importance, is one of the many fragments of his work published after his death.

It was written in 1884, and to those acquainted with the facts of Tolstóy's life it is evidently an expression of his conviction that the aims of men living the kind of life he was then deliberately abandoning were irrational and fit only for madmen. As was usual with him when writing fiction, he drew on his personal experiences and even used the names of places and incidents that are mentioned in his diaries and correspondence.

In *Hadji Murád* Tolstóy returns to memories of his early days in the Caucasus. He had himself met Hadji Murád in Tiflis in 1851 when he went there to pass his examination for a commission in the army. In a letter to his brother Sergéy he wrote:

'If you wish to show off with news from the Caucasus, you may mention that a certain Hadji Murád (second in importance to Shamil himself) surrendered a few days ago to the Russian Government. He was the leading dare-devil and "brave" of all Circassia, but has been led to commit a mean action.'

Russia was then slowly subduing the Caucasus. The internecine feuds of the native tribes often hindered their offering a united resistance to Russian aggression, but the dense forests of Chechnya and the exceedingly mountainous character of Daghestan rendered their subjugation a matter of great difficulty, and a strong religious revival that sprang up among the Mohammedan population went far towards uniting them in a Holy War against the Russian infidels.

Like many other religious movements this revival had roots in the distant past. To begin with, there was a Murid movement almost identical with Suf'ism, which dated back to the third century of the Mohammedan era. Going beyond the Shariat (the written law) it inculcated the Tarikat (the Path) leading to a higher life. It also proclaimed the equality of all Mussulmen, rich and poor alike, and enjoined temperance, abstinence, self-denial, and the renunciation of the good things of both worlds, that man may make himself 'free to receive worthily the love towards God'. In Muridism a teacher was called a Murshid ('one who shows' the way), while a Murid was a disciple or follower ('one who desires' to find the way).

Such was Muridism for several centuries—a peace-

ful religious movement of highly spiritual character—but within the last few generations the struggle against Russia had given it a new quality, and from being spiritual it had become strongly political.

As early as 1785, Mansur, a leader of unknown origin, appeared in the Caucasus preaching the Ghazavat or Holy War against the infidels, and from 1830 onwards when Kazi-Mulla, the first Imam (uniting in himself supreme spiritual and temporal power), took the field, Muridism became identified with the fierce struggle for independence carried on by the native tribes against the Russian invaders. Shamil, who succeeded Hamzad and was the greatest of the Imams, figures in the present story.

Comparing the Caucasian tales Tolstóy wrote between the ages of 23 and 34 with this one finished when he was 74, we notice that the earlier stories contain a character closely representing Tolstóy himself, through whose eyes all the events are seen. *Hadji Murad*, on the contrary, is written quite objectively. Tolstóy feels that he has only to tell the story and his judgement of men and actions will be felt without any explicit statement of his own point of view.

Let it be noted in passing that Prince Vorontsév senior, who appears in the story, had a sister Catherine who married George, Earl of Pembroke.

Tolstóy wrote the tale at intervals over a period of eight years, largely for recreation when not feeling up to more strenuous work, and though he thought favourably of it he did not publish it, for each work of fiction he published during the last thirty years of his life brought him into sharp conflict with his wife, who could not reconcile herself to his renunciation of copyright and fully appreciated the monetary value of any work of fiction from his pen. That was a main reason why Tolstóy,

despite his love of artistic work, did not publish more of it and left many unfinished and unrevised stories in a state he considered unfit for publication.

Alone among the great writers of his time he declined to accept money for his work or claim any legal protection for it. His determination to give and not to take, even after his family's means had dwindled to very small proportions, deserves respect, but it is permissible to doubt whether the refusal to retain control of the publication of his works did in fact prove of benefit to his readers. It has at any rate resulted in English readers still, nearly a quarter of a century after his death, having no well-arranged and reliable collected edition of his works available; though the completion of the Centenary Edition for libraries, and of the cheap 'World's Classics' pocket edition for the general public, should now soon supply that deficiency.

Some queer results have ensued from lack of control over the publication of Tolstóy's works. For instance, Mr. Chertkóv when resident in this country undertook the publication of a number of cheap Tolstóyan booklets, among which were three compilations of fragments, one of which he entitled *The Relation of the Sexes*. A French review availed itself of this publication to launch a scornful denunciation of Tolstóy and his opinions. Though he usually paid little attention to such attacks, when I was visiting him in 1906 Tolstóy spoke of this one and dictated a letter for me for publication. It said:

'Dear Aylmer Maude,

La Revue Blanche of last March contained a brief statement of views attributed to me on the sex-question, followed by the opinions of a number of French authors concerning those views.

The opinions there attributed to me are grotesquely absurd, and are a careless, second-hand, and incorrect

summary of a collection of articles and undated extracts put together and published by my friend Vladimir Chertkóv.

The curious thing is that of all the authors who express themselves on the subject not one suspected that he was being hoaxed. They all took the summary put before them as though it were a statement of my real opinions.

I am glad therefore to see in your preface to a "revised edition" of *Resurrection*, a re-statement of my views on the sex-question which is as reasonable as the summary in *La Revue Blanche* is absurd.

Leo Tolstóy.'

He was emphatic on the point that he ought not to be held responsible for selections and compilations which (however well-intentioned) were not revised by him and did not state when, or in what context, the different opinions quoted had been expressed, and which therefore fail to give a satisfactory view of his actual opinions.

In justice to the author of that compilation it should, however, be mentioned that he stated in a Preface that it consisted of 'fragmentary and isolated thoughts in most cases not intended for publication' but that had been taken from private letters and diaries. The published compilation bore, however, the endorsement 'No rights reserved', which Mr. Chertkóv used as a kind of trade-mark, and Professor Wiener, who at that time, in 1905, was engaged on the publication of a 24-volume edition of the 'Complete Works' of Tolstóy to be all issued within twelve months, accepted that implied invitation, and incorporated, as part and parcel of his works, the collection to which Tolstóy objected, while omitting the warning that it was neither made nor approved by Tolstóy.

The Posthumous Memoirs of the Stárets Fédor Kuzmích is an unfinished story based on the report that the

Emperor Alexander I did not die in 1825, as the history books say, but lived as a hermit in Siberia till he was over ninety. Tolstóy never committed himself to full acceptance of that report, but was much attracted by the idea of the most powerful potentate of his time, who had entered Paris with his victorious army after the defeat of Napoleon; had created that precursor of the League of Nations, the Holy Alliance; granted a constitution to Poland, and had allowed Russia more religious liberty than it ever enjoyed before or since—voluntarily abandoning pomp, power, and wealth, and retiring to live in poverty, simplicity, and solitude for nearly forty years.

Since the story was written, several things have occurred that strengthen the probability of that report being true. In 1927 the Soviet Government had the Imperial tombs opened, and that of Alexander I was found to contain nothing but a bar of lead. On May 29th, 1929, *The Times* published further information pointing in the same direction. Basilévski, formerly a rich mine-owner in Siberia, had then recently died at the age of ninety, and his diary revealed the fact that he had been told by a merchant named Khrómov (who had leased an estate from him in Siberia more than fifty years before Basilévski's death) that a certain *Stdrets* Fëdor Kuzmích had lived on the estate and when dying had informed Khrómov that he was the Tsar Alexander I.

The matter is still in dispute, but the balance of evidence now seems to incline in favour of the theory that Fëdor Kuzmích really was Alexander I. Be that as it may, Tolstóy's story, though only a posthumous fragment, is too interesting to omit from this collection.

AYLMER MAUDE.

May, 1935.

THE DEATH OF IVÁN ILÝCH

I

DURING an interval in the Melvínski trial in the large building of the Law Courts the members and public prosecutor met in Iván Egórovich Shé-bek's private room, where the conversation turned on the celebrated Krasóvski case. Fëdor Vasílievich warmly maintained that it was not subject to their jurisdiction, Iván Egórovich maintained the contrary, while Peter Ivánovich, not having entered into the discussion at the start, took no part in it but looked through the *Gazette* which had just been handed in.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'Iván Ilých has died!'

'You don't say so!'

'Here, read it yourself,' replied Peter Ivánovich, handing Fëdor Vasílievich the paper still damp from the press. Surrounded by a black border were the words: 'Praskóvya Fëdorovna Goloviná, with profound sorrow, informs relatives and friends of the demise of her beloved husband Iván Ilých Golovín, Member of the Court of Justice, which occurred on February the 4th of this year 1882. The funeral will take place on Friday at one o'clock in the afternoon.'

Iván Ilých had been a colleague of the gentlemen present and was liked by them all. He had been ill for some weeks with an illness said to be incurable. His post had been kept open for him, but there had been conjectures that in case of his death Alexéev might receive his appointment, and that either Vinnikov or Shtábel would succeed Alexéev. So on receiving the news of Iván Ilých's death the first thought of each of the gentlemen in that private room was of the changes and promotions it might occasion among themselves or their acquaintances.

'I shall be sure to get Shtábel's place or Vínnikov's,' thought Fëdor Vasílievich. 'I was promised that long ago, and the promotion means an extra eight hundred rubles a year for me besides the allowance.'

'Now I must apply for my brother-in-law's transfer from Kalúga,' thought Peter Ivánovich. 'My wife will be very glad, and then she won't be able to say that I never do anything for her relations.'

'I thought he would never leave his bed again,' said Peter Ivánovich aloud. 'It's very sad.'

'But what really was the matter with him?'

'The doctors couldn't say—at least they could, but each of them said something different. When last I saw him I thought he was getting better.'

'And I haven't been to see him since the holidays. I always meant to go.'

'Had he any property?'

'I think his wife had a little—but something quite trifling.'

'We shall have to go to see her, but they live so terribly far away.'

'Far away from you, you mean. Everything's far away from your place.'

'You see, he never can forgive my living on the other side of the river,' said Peter Ivánovich, smiling at Shébek. Then, still talking of the distances between different parts of the city, they returned to the Court.

Besides considerations as to the possible transfers and promotions likely to result from Iván Ilých's death, the mere fact of the death of a near acquaintance aroused, as usual, in all who heard of it the complacent feeling that, 'it is he who is dead and not I'.

Each one thought or felt, 'Well, he's dead but I'm alive!' But the more intimate of Iván Ilých's

acquaintances, his so-called friends, could not help thinking also that they would now have to fulfil the very tiresome demands of propriety by attending the funeral service and paying a visit of condolence to the widow.

Fëdor Vasilievich and Peter Ivánovich had been his nearest acquaintances. Peter Ivánovich had studied law with Iván Ilých and had considered himself to be under obligations to him.

Having told his wife at dinner-time of Iván Ilých's death, and of his conjecture that it might be possible to get her brother transferred to their circuit, Peter Ivánovich sacrificed his usual nap, put on his evening clothes, and drove to Iván Ilých's house.

At the entrance stood a carriage and two cabs. Leaning against the wall in the hall downstairs near the cloak-stand was a coffin-lid covered with cloth of gold, ornamented with gold cord and tassels, that had been polished up with metal powder. Two ladies in black were taking off their fur cloaks. Peter Ivánovich recognized one of them as Iván Ilých's sister, but the other was a stranger to him. His colleague Schwartz was just coming downstairs, but on seeing Peter Ivánovich enter he stopped and winked at him, as if to say: 'Iván Ilých has made a mess of things—not like you and me.'

Schwartz's face with his Piccadilly whiskers, and his slim figure in evening dress, had as usual an air of elegant solemnity which contrasted with the playfulness of his character and had a special piquancy here, or so it seemed to Peter Ivánovich.

Peter Ivánovich allowed the ladies to precede him and slowly followed them upstairs. Schwartz did not come down but remained where he was, and Peter Ivánovich understood that he wanted to arrange where they should play bridge that evening.

The ladies went upstairs to the widow's room, and Schwartz with seriously compressed lips but a playful look in his eyes, indicated by a twist of his eyebrows the room to the right where the body lay.

Peter Ivánovich, like everyone else on such occasions, entered feeling uncertain what he would have to do. All he knew was that at such times it is always safe to cross oneself. But he was not quite sure whether one should make obeisances while doing so. He therefore adopted a middle course. On entering the room he began crossing himself and made a slight movement resembling a bow. At the same time, as far as the motion of his head and arm allowed, he surveyed the room. Two young men—apparently nephews, one of whom was a high-school pupil—were leaving the room, crossing themselves as they did so. An old woman was standing motionless, and a lady with strangely arched eyebrows was saying something to her in a whisper. A vigorous, resolute Church Reader, in a frock-coat, was reading something in a loud voice with an expression that precluded any contradiction. The butler's assistant, Gerásim, stepping lightly in front of Peter Ivánovich, was strewing something on the floor. Noticing this, Peter Ivánovich was immediately aware of a faint odour of a decomposing body.

The last time he had called on Iván Ilých, Peter Ivánovich had seen Gerásim in the study. Iván Ilých had been particularly fond of him and he was performing the duty of a sick nurse.

Peter Ivánovich continued to make the sign of the cross slightly inclining his head in an intermediate direction between the coffin, the Reader, and the icons on the table in a corner of the room. Afterwards, when it seemed to him that this movement of his arm in crossing himself had gone on too long, he stopped and began to look at the corpse.

The dead man lay, as dead men always lie, in a specially heavy way, his rigid limbs sunk in the soft cushions of the coffin, with the head forever bowed on the pillow. His yellow waxen brow with bald patches over his sunken temples was thrust up in the way peculiar to the dead, the protruding nose seeming to press on the upper lip. He was much changed and had grown even thinner since Peter Ivánovich had last seen him, but, as is always the case with the dead, his face was handsomer and above all more dignified than when he was alive. The expression on the face said that what was necessary had been accomplished, and accomplished rightly. Besides this there was in that expression a reproach and a warning to the living. This warning seemed to Peter Ivánovich out of place, or at least not applicable to him. He felt a certain discomfort and so he hurriedly crossed himself once more and turned and went out of the door—too hurriedly and too regardless of propriety, as he himself was aware.

Schwartz was waiting for him in the adjoining room with legs spread wide apart and both hands toying with his top-hat behind his back. The mere sight of that playful, well-groomed, and elegant figure refreshed Peter Ivánovich. He felt that Schwartz was above all these happenings and would not surrender to any depressing influences. His very look said that this incident of a church service for Iván Ilych could not be a sufficient reason for infringing the order of the session—in other words, that it would certainly not prevent his unwrapping a new pack of cards and shuffling them that evening while a footman placed four fresh candles on the table: in fact, that there was no reason for supposing that this incident would hinder their spending the evening agreeably. Indeed he said this in a whisper as Peter Ivánovich passed him, proposing that they

should meet for a game at Fëdor Vasilievich's. But apparently Peter Ivánovich was not destined to play bridge that evening. Praskóvya Fëdorovna (a short, fat woman who despite all efforts to the contrary had continued to broaden steadily from her shoulders downwards and who had the same extraordinarily arched eyebrows as the lady who had been standing by the coffin), dressed all in black, her head covered with lace, came out of her own room with some other ladies, conducted them to the room where the dead body lay, and said: 'The service will begin immediately. Please go in.'

Schwartz, making an indefinite bow, stood still, evidently neither accepting nor declining this invitation. Praskóvya Fëdorovna recognizing Peter Ivánovich, sighed, went close up to him, took his hand, and said: 'I know you were a true friend to Iván Ilých . . .' and looked at him awaiting some suitable response. And Peter Ivánovich knew that, just as it had been the right thing to cross himself in that room, so what he had to do here was to press her hand, sigh, and say, 'Believe me . . .'. So he did all this and as he did it felt that the desired result had been achieved: that both he and she were touched.

'Come with me. I want to speak to you before it begins,' said the widow. 'Give me your arm.'

Peter Ivánovich gave her his arm and they went to the inner rooms, passing Schwartz who winked at Peter Ivánovich compassionately.

'That does for our bridge! Don't object if we find another player. Perhaps you can cut in when you do escape,' said his playful look.

Peter Ivánovich sighed still more deeply and despondently, and Praskóvya Fëdorovna pressed his arm gratefully. When they reached the drawing-room, upholstered in pink cretonne and lighted by a dim lamp, they sat down at the table—she on a

sofa and Peter Ivánovich on a low pouffe, the springs of which yielded spasmodically under his weight. Praskóvya Fëdorovna had been on the point of warning him to take another seat, but felt that such a warning was out of keeping with her present condition and so changed her mind. As he sat down on the pouffe Peter Ivánovich recalled how Iván Ilých had arranged this room and had consulted him regarding this pink cretonne with green leaves. The whole room was full of furniture and knick-knacks, and on her way to the sofa the lace of the widow's black shawl caught on the carved edge of the table. Peter Ivánovich rose to detach it, and the springs of the pouffe, relieved of his weight, rose also and gave him a push. The widow began detaching her shawl herself, and Peter Ivánovich again sat down, suppressing the rebellious springs of the pouffe under him. But the widow had not quite freed herself and Peter Ivánovich got up again, and again the pouffe rebelled and even creaked. When this was all over she took out a clean cambric handkerchief and began to weep. The episode with the shawl and the struggle with the pouffe had cooled Peter Ivánovich's emotions and he sat there with a sullen look on his face. This awkward situation was interrupted by Sokolév, Iván Ilých's butler, who came to report that the plot in the cemetery that Praskóvya Fëdorovna had chosen would cost two hundred rubles. She stopped weeping and, looking at Peter Ivánovich with the air of a victim, remarked in French that it was very hard for her. Peter Ivánovich made a silent gesture signifying his full conviction that it must indeed be so.

'Please smoke,' she said in a magnanimous yet crushed voice, and turned to discuss with Sokolév the price of the plot for the grave.

Peter Ivánovich while lighting his cigarette heard her inquiring very circumstantially into the prices of different plots in the cemetery and finally decide which she would take. When that was done she gave instructions about engaging the choir. Sokolov then left the room.

'I look after everything myself,' she told Peter Ivánovich, shifting the albums that lay on the table; and noticing that the table was endangered by his cigarette-ash, she immediately passed him an ash-tray, saying as she did so: 'I consider it an affectation to say that my grief prevents my attending to practical affairs. On the contrary, if anything can—I won't say console me, but—distract me, it is seeing to everything concerning him.' She again took out her handkerchief as if preparing to cry, but suddenly, as if mastering her feeling, she shook herself and began to speak calmly. 'But there is something I want to talk to you about.'

Peter Ivánovich bowed, keeping control of the springs of the pouffe, which immediately began quivering under him.

'He suffered terribly the last few days.'

'Did he?' said Peter Ivánovich.

'Oh, terribly! He screamed unceasingly, not for minutes but for hours. For the last three days he screamed incessantly. It was unendurable. I cannot understand how I bore it; you could hear him three rooms off. Oh, what I have suffered!'

'Is it possible that he was conscious all that time?' asked Peter Ivánovich.

'Yes,' she whispered. 'To the last moment. He took leave of us a quarter of an hour before he died, and asked us to take Volódya away.'

The thought of the sufferings of this man he had known so intimately, first as a merry little boy, then as a school-mate, and later as a grown-up colleague,

suddenly struck Peter Ivánovich with horror, despite an unpleasant consciousness of his own and this woman's dissimulation. He again saw that brow, and that nose pressing down on the lip, and felt afraid for himself.

'Three days of frightful suffering and then death! Why, that might suddenly, at any time, happen to me,' he thought, and for a moment felt terrified. But—he did not himself know how—the customary reflection at once occurred to him that this had happened to Iván Ilých and not to him, and that it should not and could not happen to him, and that to think that it could would be yielding to depression which he ought not to do, as Schwartz's expression plainly showed. After which reflection Peter Ivánovich felt reassured, and began to ask with interest about the details of Iván Ilých's death, as though death was an accident natural to Iván Ilých but certainly not to himself.

After many details of the really dreadful physical sufferings Iván Ilých had endured (which details he learnt only from the effect those sufferings had produced on Praskóvya Fëdorovna's nerves) the widow apparently found it necessary to get to business.

'Oh, Peter Ivánovich, how hard it is! How terribly, terribly hard!' and she again began to weep.

Peter Ivánovich sighed and waited for her to finish blowing her nose. When she had done so he said, 'Believe me . . .', and she again began talking and brought out what was evidently her chief concern with him—namely, to question him as to how she could obtain a grant of money from the government on the occasion of her husband's death. She made it appear that she was asking Peter Ivánovich's advice about her pension, but he soon saw that she already knew about that to the minutest detail, more even than he did himself. She knew

how much could be got out of the government in consequence of her husband's death, but wanted to find out whether she could not possibly extract something more. Peter Ivánovich tried to think of some means of doing so, but after reflecting for a while and, out of propriety, condemning the government for its niggardliness, he said he thought that nothing more could be got. Then she sighed and evidently began to devise means of getting rid of her visitor. Noticing this, he put out his cigarette, rose, pressed her hand, and went out into the ante-room.

In the dining-room where the clock stood that Iván Ilých had liked so much and had bought at an antique shop, Peter Ivánovich met a priest and a few acquaintances who had come to attend the service, and he recognized Iván Ilých's daughter, a handsome young woman. She was in black and her slim figure appeared slimmer than ever. She had a gloomy, determined, almost angry expression, and bowed to Peter Ivánovich as though he were in some way to blame. Behind her, with the same offended look, stood a wealthy young man, an examining magistrate, whom Peter Ivánovich also knew and who was her fiancé, as he had heard. He bowed mournfully to them and was about to pass into the death-chamber, when from under the stairs appeared the figure of Iván Ilých's schoolboy son, who was extremely like his father. He seemed a little Iván Ilých, such as Peter Ivánovich remembered when they studied law together. His tear-stained eyes had in them the look that is seen in the eyes of boys of thirteen or fourteen who are not pure-minded. When he saw Peter Ivánovich he scowled morosely and shamefacedly. Peter Ivánovich nodded to him and entered the death-chamber. The service began: candles, groans, incense, tears,

and sobs. Peter Ivánovich stood looking gloomily down at his feet. He did not look once at the dead man, did not yield to any depressing influence, and was one of the first to leave the room. There was no one in the anteroom, but Gerásim darted out of the dead man's room, rummaged with his strong hands among the fur coats to find Peter Ivánovich's and helped him on with it.

'Well, friend Gerásim,' said Peter Ivánovich, so as to say something. 'It's a sad affair, isn't it?'

'It's God's will. We shall all come to it some day,' said Gerásim, displaying his teeth—the even, white teeth of a healthy peasant—and, like a man in the thick of urgent work, he briskly opened the front door, called the coachman, helped Peter Ivánovich into the sledge, and sprang back to the porch as if in readiness for what he had to do next.

Peter Ivánovich found the fresh air particularly pleasant after the smell of incense, the dead body, and carbolic acid.

'Where to, sir?' asked the coachman.

'It's not too late even now. . . . I'll call round on Fëdor Vasilievich.'

He accordingly drove there and found them just finishing the first rubber, so that it was quite convenient for him to cut in.

II

Iván Ilých's life had been most simple and most ordinary and therefore most terrible.

He had been a member of the Court of Justice, and died at the age of forty-five. His father had been an official who after serving in various ministries and departments in Petersburg had made the sort of career which brings men to positions from which by reason of their long service they cannot be dismissed, though they are obviously unfit to

hold any responsible position, and for whom therefore posts are specially created, which though fictitious carry salaries of from six to ten thousand rubles that are not fictitious, and in receipt of which they live on to a great age.

Such was the Privy Councillor and superfluous member of various superfluous institutions, Ilyá Epímovich Golovín.

He had three sons, of whom Iván Ilých was the second. The eldest son was following in his father's footsteps only in another department, and was already approaching that stage in the service at which a similar sinecure would be reached. The third son was a failure. He had ruined his prospects in a number of positions and was now serving in the railway department. His father and brothers, and still more their wives, not merely disliked meeting him, but avoided remembering his existence unless compelled to do so. His sister had married Baron Greff, a Petersburg official of her father's type. Iván Ilých was *le phénix de la famille* as people said. He was neither as cold and formal as his elder brother nor as wild as the younger, but was a happy mean between them—an intelligent, polished, lively and agreeable man. He had studied with his younger brother at the School of Law, but the latter had failed to complete the course and was expelled when he was in the fifth class. Iván Ilých finished the course well. Even when he was at the School of Law he was just what he remained for the rest of his life: a capable, cheerful, good-natured, and sociable man, though strict in the fulfilment of what he considered to be his duty: and he considered his duty to be what was so considered by those in authority. Neither as a boy nor as a man was he a toady, but from early youth was by nature attracted to people of high station as a fly is drawn to the

light, assimilating their ways and views of life and establishing friendly relations with them. All the enthusiasms of childhood and youth passed without leaving much trace on him; he succumbed to sensuality, to vanity, and latterly among the highest classes to liberalism, but always within limits which his instinct unfailingly indicated to him as correct.

At school he had done things which had formerly seemed to him very horrid and made him feel disgusted with himself when he did them; but when later on he saw that such actions were done by people of good position and that they did not regard them as wrong, he was able not exactly to regard them as right, but to forget about them entirely or not be at all troubled at remembering them.

Having graduated from the School of Law and qualified for the tenth rank of the civil service, and having received money from his father for his equipment, Iván Ilých ordered himself clothes at Scharmer's, the fashionable tailor, hung a medallion inscribed *respice finem* on his watch-chain, took leave of his professor and the prince who was patron of the school, had a farewell dinner with his comrades at Donon's first-class restaurant, and with his new and fashionable portmanteau, linen, clothes, shaving and other toilet appliances, and a travelling rug, all purchased at the best shops, he set off for one of the provinces where, through his father's influence, he had been attached to the Governor as an official for special service.

In the province Iván Ilých soon arranged as easy and agreeable a position for himself as he had had at the School of Law. He performed his official tasks, made his career, and at the same time amused himself pleasantly and decorously. Occasionally he paid official visits to country districts, where he behaved with dignity both to his superiors and

inferiors, and performed the duties entrusted to him, which related chiefly to the sectarians, with an exactness and incorruptible honesty of which he could not but feel proud.

In official matters, despite his youth and taste for frivolous gaiety, he was exceedingly reserved, punctilious, and even severe; but in society he was often amusing and witty, and always good-natured, correct in his manner, and *bon enfant*, as the governor and his wife—with whom he was like one of the family—used to say of him.

In the province he had an affair with a lady who made advances to the elegant young lawyer, and there was also a milliner; and there were carousals with aides-de-camp who visited the district, and after-supper visits to a certain outlying street of doubtful reputation; and there was too some obsequiousness to his chief and even to his chief's wife, but all this was done with such a tone of good breeding that no hard names could be applied to it. It all came under the heading of the French saying: '*Il faut que jeunesse se passe.*'¹ It was all done with clean hands, in clean linen, with French phrases, and above all among people of the best society and consequently with the approval of people of rank.

So Iván Ilých served for five years and then came a change in his official life. The new and reformed judicial institutions were introduced, and new men were needed. Iván Ilých became such a new man. He was offered the post of Examining Magistrate, and he accepted it though the post was in another province and obliged him to give up the connexions he had formed and to make new ones. His friends met to give him a send-off; they had a group-photograph taken and presented him with a silver cigarette-case, and he set off to his new post.

¹ Youth must have its fling.

As examining magistrate Iván Ilých was just as *comme il faut* and decorous a man, inspiring general respect and capable of separating his official duties from his private life, as he had been when acting as an official on special service. His duties now as examining magistrate were far more interesting and attractive than before. In his former position it had been pleasant to wear an undress uniform made by Scharmer, and to pass through the crowd of petitioners and officials who were timorously awaiting an audience with the governor, and who envied him as with free and easy gait he went straight into his chief's private room to have a cup of tea and a cigarette with him. But not many people had then been directly dependent on him—only police officials and the sectarians when he went on special missions—and he liked to treat them politely, almost as comrades, as if he were letting them feel that he who had the power to crush them was treating them in this simple, friendly way. There were then but few such people. But now, as an examining magistrate, Iván Ilých felt that everyone without exception, even the most important and self-satisfied, was in his power, and that he need only write a few words on a sheet of paper with a certain heading, and this or that important, self-satisfied person would be brought before him in the role of an accused person or a witness, and if he did not choose to allow him to sit down, would have to stand before him and answer his questions. Iván Ilých never abused his power; he tried on the contrary to soften its expression, but the consciousness of it and of the possibility of softening its effect, supplied the chief interest and attraction of his office. In his work itself, especially in his examinations, he very soon acquired a method of eliminating all considerations irrelevant to the legal aspect

of the case, and reducing even the most complicated case to a form in which it would be presented on paper only in its externals, completely excluding his personal opinion of the matter, while above all observing every prescribed formality. The work was new and Iván Ilých was one of the first men to apply the new Code of 1864.¹

On taking up the post of examining magistrate in a new town, he made new acquaintances and connexions, placed himself on a new footing, and assumed a somewhat different tone. He took up an attitude of rather dignified aloofness towards the provincial authorities, but picked out the best circle of legal gentlemen and wealthy gentry living in the town and assumed a tone of slight dissatisfaction with the government, of moderate liberalism, and of enlightened citizenship. At the same time, without at all altering the elegance of his toilet, he ceased shaving his chin and allowed his beard to grow as it pleased.

Iván Ilých settled down very pleasantly in this new town. The society there, which inclined towards opposition to the Governor, was friendly, his salary was larger, and he began to play *vint* [a form of bridge], which he found added not a little to the pleasure of life, for he had a capacity for cards, played good-humouredly, and calculated rapidly and astutely, so that he usually won.

After living there for two years he met his future wife, Praskóvya Fëdorovna Mikhel, who was the most attractive, clever, and brilliant girl of the set in which he moved, and among other amusements and relaxations from his labours as examining magistrate, Iván Ilých established light and playful relations with her.

¹ The emancipation of the serfs in 1861 was followed by a thorough all-round reform of judicial proceedings.—A. M.

While he had been an official on special service he had been accustomed to dance, but now as an examining magistrate it was exceptional for him to do so. If he danced now, he did it as if to show that though he served under the reformed order of things, and had reached the fifth official rank, yet when it came to dancing he could do it better than most people. So at the end of an evening he sometimes danced with Praskóvya Fëdorovna, and it was chiefly during these dances that he captivated her. She fell in love with him. Iván Ilých had at first no definite intention of marrying, but when the girl fell in love with him he said to himself: 'Really, why shouldn't I marry?'

Praskóvya Fëdorovna came of a good family, was not bad looking, and had some little property. Iván Ilých might have aspired to a more brilliant match, but even this was good. He had his salary, and she, he hoped, would have an equal income. She was well connected, and was a sweet, pretty, and thoroughly correct young woman. To say that Iván Ilých married because he fell in love with Praskóvya Fëdorovna and found that she sympathized with his views of life would be as incorrect as to say that he married because his social circle approved of the match. He was swayed by both these considerations: the marriage gave him personal satisfaction, and at the same time it was considered the right thing by the most highly placed of his associates.

So Iván Ilých got married.

The preparations for marriage and the beginning of married life, with its conjugal caresses, the new furniture, new crockery, and new linen, were very pleasant until his wife became pregnant—so that Iván Ilých had begun to think that marriage would not impair the easy, agreeable, gay and always decorous character of his life, approved of by society

and regarded by himself as natural, but would even improve it. But from the first months of his wife's pregnancy, something new, unpleasant, depressing, and unseemly, and from which there was no way of escape, unexpectedly showed itself.

His wife, without any reason—*de gaieté de cœur* as Iván Ilých expressed it to himself—began to disturb the pleasure and propriety of their life. She began to be jealous without any cause, expected him to devote his whole attention to her, found fault with everything, and made coarse and ill-mannered scenes.

At first Iván Ilých hoped to escape from the unpleasantness of this state of affairs by the same easy and decorous relation to life that had served him heretofore: he tried to ignore his wife's disagreeable moods, continued to live in his usual easy and pleasant way, invited friends to his house for a game of cards, and also tried going out to his club or spending his evenings with friends. But one day his wife began upbraiding him so vigorously, using such coarse words, and continued to abuse him every time he did not fulfil her demands, so resolutely and with such evident determination not to give way till he submitted—that is, till he stayed at home and was bored just as she was—that he became alarmed. He now realized that matrimony—at any rate with Praskóvya Fëdorovna—was not always conducive to the pleasures and amenities of life, but on the contrary often infringed both comfort and propriety, and that he must therefore entrench himself against such infringement. And Iván Ilých began to seek for means of doing so. His official duties were the one thing that imposed upon Praskóvya Fëdorovna, and by means of his official work and the duties attached to it he began struggling with his wife to secure his own independence.

With the birth of their child, the attempts to feed it and the various failures in doing so, and with the real and imaginary illnesses of mother and child, in which Iván Ilých's sympathy was demanded but about which he understood nothing, the need of securing for himself an existence outside his family life became still more imperative.

As his wife grew more irritable and exacting and Iván Ilých transferred the centre of gravity of his life more and more to his official work, so did he grow to like his work better and became more ambitious than before.

Very soon, within a year of his wedding, Iván Ilých had realized that marriage, though it may *add some comforts to life, is in fact a very intricate and difficult affair* towards which in order to perform one's duty, that is, to lead a decorous life approved of by society, one must adopt a definite attitude just as towards one's official duties.

And Iván Ilých evolved such an attitude towards married life. He only required of it those conveniences—dinner at home, housewife, and bed—which it could give him, and above all that propriety of external forms required by public opinion. For the rest he looked for light-hearted pleasure and propriety, and was very thankful when he found them, but if he met with antagonism and querulousness he at once retired into his separate fenced-off world of official duties, where he found satisfaction.

Iván Ilých was esteemed a good official, and after three years was made Assistant Public Prosecutor. His new duties, their importance, the possibility of indicting and imprisoning anyone he chose, the publicity his speeches received, and the success he had in all these things, made his work still more attractive.

More children came. His wife became more and

more querulous and ill-tempered, but the attitude Iván Ilých had adopted towards his home life rendered him almost impervious to her grumbling.

After seven years' service in that town he was transferred to another province as Public Prosecutor. They moved, but were short of money and his wife did not like the place they moved to. Though the salary was higher the cost of living was greater, besides which two of their children died and family life became still more unpleasant for him.

Praskóvya Fëdorovna blamed her husband for every inconvenience they encountered in their new home. Most of the conversations between husband and wife, especially as to the children's education, led to topics which recalled former disputes, and those disputes were apt to flare up again at any moment. There remained only those rare periods of amorousness which still came to them at times but did not last long. These were islets at which they anchored for a while and then again set out upon that ocean of veiled hostility which showed itself in their aloofness from one another. This aloofness might have grieved Iván Ilých had he considered that it ought not to exist, but he now regarded the position as normal, and even made it the goal at which he aimed in family life. His aim was to free himself more and more from those unpleasantnesses and to give them a semblance of harmlessness and propriety. He attained this by spending less and less time with his family, and when obliged to be at home he tried to safeguard his position by the presence of outsiders. The chief thing however was that he had his official duties. The whole interest of his life now centred in the official world and that interest absorbed him. The consciousness of his power, being able to ruin any-

body he wished to ruin, the importance, even the external dignity of his entry into court, or meetings with his subordinates, his success with superiors and inferiors, and above all his masterly handling of cases, of which he was conscious—all this gave him pleasure and filled his life, together with chats with his colleagues, dinners, and bridge. So that on the whole Iván Ilých's life continued to flow as he considered it should do—pleasantly and properly.

So things continued for another seven years. His eldest daughter was already sixteen, another child had died, and only one son was left, a schoolboy and a subject of dissension. Iván Ilých wanted to put him in the School of Law, but to spite him Praskóvya Fëdorovna entered him at the High School. The daughter had been educated at home and had turned out well: the boy did not learn badly either.

III

So Iván Ilých lived for seventeen years after his marriage. He was already a Public Prosecutor of long standing, and had declined several proposed transfers while awaiting a more desirable post, when an unanticipated and unpleasant occurrence quite upset the peaceful course of his life. He was expecting to be offered the post of presiding judge in a University town, but Happe somehow came to the front and obtained the appointment instead. Iván Ilých became irritable, reproached Happe, and quarrelled both with him and with his immediate superiors—who became colder to him and again passed him over when other appointments were made.

This was in 1880, the hardest year of Iván Ilých's life. It was then that it became evident on the one hand that his salary was insufficient for them to live

on, and on the other that he had been forgotten, and not only this, but that what was for him the greatest and most cruel injustice appeared to others a quite ordinary occurrence. Even his father did not consider it his duty to help him. Iván Ilých felt himself abandoned by everyone, and that they regarded his position with a salary of 3,500 rubles [about £350] as quite normal and even fortunate. He alone knew that with the consciousness of the injustices done him, with his wife's incessant nagging, and with the debts he had contracted by living beyond his means, his position was far from normal.

In order to save money that summer he obtained leave of absence and went with his wife to live in the country at her brother's place.

In the country, without his work, he experienced *ennui* for the first time in his life, and not only *ennui* but intolerable depression, and he decided that it was impossible to go on living like that, and that it was necessary to take energetic measures.

Having passed a sleepless night pacing up and down the veranda, he decided to go to Petersburg and bestir himself, in order to punish those who had failed to appreciate him and to get transferred to another ministry.

Next day, despite many protests from his wife and her brother, he started for Petersburg with the sole object of obtaining a post with a salary of five thousand rubles a year. He was no longer bent on any particular department, or tendency, or kind of activity. All he now wanted was an appointment to another post with a salary of five thousand rubles, either in the administration, in the banks, with the railways, in one of the Empress Márya's Institutions, or even in the customs—but it had to carry with it a salary of five thousand rubles and be in

a ministry other than that in which they had failed to appreciate him.

And this quest of Iván Ilých's was crowned with remarkable and unexpected success. At Kursk an acquaintance of his, F. I. Ilyín, got into the first-class carriage, sat down beside Iván Ilých, and told him of a telegram just received by the Governor of Kursk announcing that a change was about to take place in the ministry: Peter Ivánovich was to be superseded by Iván Semënovich.

The proposed change, apart from its significance for Russia, had a special significance for Iván Ilých, because by bringing forward a new man, Peter Petróvich, and consequently his friend Zachár Ivánovich, it was highly favourable for Iván Ilých, since Zachár Ivánovich was a friend and colleague of his.

In Moscow this news was confirmed, and on reaching Petersburg Iván Ilých found Zachár Ivánovich and received a definite promise of an appointment in his former department of Justice.

A week later he telegraphed to his wife: 'Zachár in Miller's place. I shall receive appointment on presentation of report.'

Thanks to this change of personnel, Iván Ilých had unexpectedly obtained an appointment in his former ministry which placed him two stages above his former colleagues besides giving him five thousand rubles salary and three thousand five hundred rubles for expenses connected with his removal. All his ill humour towards his former enemies and the whole department vanished, and Iván Ilých was completely happy.

He returned to the country more cheerful and contented than he had been for a long time. Praskóvya Fëdorovna also cheered up and a truce was arranged between them. Iván Ilých told of how he

had been fêted by everybody in Petersburg, how all those who had been his enemies were put to shame and now fawned on him, how envious they were of his appointment, and how much everybody in Petersburg had liked him.

Praskóvya Fëdorovna listened to all this and appeared to believe it. She did not contradict anything, but only made plans for their life in the town to which they were going. Iván Ilých saw with delight that these plans were his plans, that he and his wife agreed, and that, after a stumble, his life was regaining its due and natural character of pleasant lightheartedness and decorum.

Iván Ilých had come back for a short time only, for he had to take up his new duties on the 10th of September. Moreover, he needed time to settle into the new place, to move all his belongings from the province, and to buy and order many additional things: in a word, to make such arrangements as he had resolved on, which were almost exactly what Praskóvya Fëdorovna too had decided on.

Now that everything had happened so fortunately, and that he and his wife were at one in their aims and moreover saw so little of one another, they got on together better than they had done since the first years of marriage. Iván Ilých had thought of taking his family away with him at once, but the insistence of his wife's brother and her sister-in-law, who had suddenly become particularly amiable and friendly to him and his family, induced him to depart alone.

So he departed, and the cheerful state of mind induced by his success and by the harmony between his wife and himself, the one intensifying the other, did not leave him. He found a delightful house, just the thing both he and his wife had dreamt of. Spacious, lofty reception rooms in the old style, a

convenient and dignified study, rooms for his wife and daughter, a study for his son—it might have been specially built for them. Iván Ilých himself superintended the arrangements, chose the wall-papers, supplemented the furniture (preferably with antiques which he considered particularly *comme il faut*), and supervised the upholstering. Everything progressed and progressed and approached the ideal he had set himself: even when things were only half completed they exceeded his expectations. He saw what a refined and elegant character, free from vulgarity, it would all have when it was ready. On falling asleep he pictured to himself how the reception-room would look. Looking at the yet unfinished drawing-room he could see the fireplace, the screen, the what-not, the little chairs dotted here and there, the dishes and plates on the walls, and the bronzes, as they would be when everything was in place. He was pleased by the thought of how his wife and daughter, who shared his taste in this matter, would be impressed by it. They were certainly not expecting as much. He had been particularly successful in finding, and buying cheaply, antiques which gave a particularly aristocratic character to the whole place. But in his letters he intentionally understated everything in order to be able to surprise them. All this so absorbed him that his new duties—though he liked his official work—interested him less than he had expected. Sometimes he even had moments of absent-mindedness during the Court Sessions, and would consider whether he should have straight or curved cornices for his curtains. He was so interested in it all that he often did things himself, rearranging the furniture, or rehangng the curtains. Once when mounting a step-ladder to show the upholsterer, who did not understand, how he wanted the hangings

draped, he made a false step and slipped, but being a strong and agile man he clung on and only knocked his side against the knob of the window frame. The bruised place was painful but the pain soon passed, and he felt particularly bright and well just then. He wrote: 'I feel fifteen years younger.' He thought he would have everything ready by September, but it dragged on till mid-October. But the result was charming not only in his eyes but to everyone who saw it.

In reality it was just what is usually seen in the houses of people of moderate means who want to appear rich, and therefore succeed only in resembling others like themselves: there were damasks, dark wood, plants, rugs, and dull and polished bronzes—all the things people of a certain class have in order to resemble other people of that class. His house was so like the others that it would never have been noticed, but to him it all seemed to be quite exceptional. He was very happy when he met his family at the station and brought them to the newly furnished house all lit up, where a footman in a white tie opened the door into the hall decorated with plants, and when they went on into the drawing-room and the study uttering exclamations of delight. He conducted them everywhere, drank in their praises eagerly, and beamed with pleasure. At tea that evening, when Praskóvya Fëdorovna among other things asked him about his fall, he laughed, and showed them how he had gone flying and had frightened the upholsterer.

'It's a good thing I'm a bit of an athlete. Another man might have been killed, but I merely knocked myself, just here; it hurts when it's touched, but it's passing off already—it's only a bruise.'

So they began living in their new home—in which, as always happens, when they got thoroughly

settled in they found they were just one room short—and with the increased income, which as always was just a little (some five hundred rubles) too little, but it was all very nice.

Things went particularly well at first, before everything was finally arranged and while something had still to be done: this thing bought, that thing ordered, another thing moved, and something else adjusted. Though there were some disputes between husband and wife, they were both so well satisfied and had so much to do that it all passed off without any serious quarrels. When nothing was left to arrange it became rather dull and something seemed to be lacking, but they were then making acquaintances, forming habits, and life was growing fuller.

Iván Ilých spent his mornings at the law court and came home to dinner, and at first he was generally in a good humour, though he occasionally became irritable just on account of his house. (Every spot on the tablecloth or the upholstery, and every broken window-blind string, irritated him. He had devoted so much trouble to arranging it all that every disturbance of it distressed him.) But on the whole his life ran its course as he believed life should do: easily, pleasantly, and decorously.

He got up at nine, drank his coffee, read the paper, and then put on his undress uniform and went to the law courts. There the harness in which he worked had already been stretched to fit him and he donned it without a hitch: petitioners, inquiries at the chancery, the chancery itself, and the sittings public and administrative. In all this the thing was to exclude everything fresh and vital, which always disturbs the regular course of official business, and to admit only official relations with people, and then only on official grounds. A man

would come, for instance, wanting some information. Iván Ilých, as one in whose sphere the matter did not lie, would have nothing to do with him: but if the man had some business with him in his official capacity, something that could be expressed on officially stamped paper, he would do everything, positively everything he could within the limits of such relations, and in doing so would maintain the semblance of friendly human relations, that is, would observe the courtesies of life. As soon as the official relations ended, so did everything else. Iván Ilých possessed this capacity to separate his real life from the official side of affairs and not mix the two, in the highest degree, and by long practice and natural aptitude had brought it to such a pitch that sometimes, in the manner of a virtuoso, he would even allow himself to let the human and official relations mingle. He let himself do this just because he felt that he could at any time he chose resume the strictly official attitude again and drop the human relation. And he did it all easily, pleasantly, correctly, and even artistically. In the intervals between the sessions he smoked, drank tea, chatted a little about politics, a little about general topics, a little about cards, but most of all about official appointments. Tired, but with the feelings of a virtuoso—one of the first violins who has played his part in an orchestra with precision—he would return home to find that his wife and daughter had been out paying calls, or had a visitor, and that his son had been to school, had done his homework with his tutor, and was duly learning what is taught at High Schools. Everything was as it should be. After dinner, if they had no visitors, Iván Ilých sometimes read a book that was being much discussed at the time, and in the evening settled down to work, that is, read official papers, compared the

depositions of witnesses, and noted paragraphs of the Code applying to them. This was neither dull nor amusing. It was dull when he might have been playing bridge, but if no bridge was available it was at any rate better than doing nothing or sitting with his wife. Iván Ilých's chief pleasure was giving little dinners to which he invited men and women of good social position, and just as his drawing-room resembled all other drawing-rooms so did his enjoyable little parties resemble all other such parties.

Once they even gave a dance. Iván Ilých enjoyed it and everything went off well, except that it led to a violent quarrel with his wife about the cakes and sweets. Praskóvya Fëdorovna had made her own plans, but Iván Ilých insisted on getting everything from an expensive confectioner and ordered too many cakes, and the quarrel occurred because some of those cakes were left over and the confectioner's bill came to forty-five rubles. It was a great and disagreeable quarrel. Praskóvya Fëdorovna called him 'a fool and an imbecile', and he clutched at his head and made angry allusions to divorce.

But the dance itself had been enjoyable. The best people were there, and Iván Ilých had danced with Princess Trúfonova, a sister of the distinguished founder of the Society 'Bear my Burden'.

The pleasures connected with his work were pleasures of ambition; his social pleasures were those of vanity; but Iván Ilých's greatest pleasure was playing bridge. He acknowledged that whatever disagreeable incident happened in his life, the pleasure that beamed like a ray of light above everything else was to sit down to bridge with good players, not noisy partners, and of course to four-handed bridge (with five players it was annoying to have to stand out, though one pretended not to mind), to play a clever and serious game (when the

cards allowed it) and then to have supper and drink a glass of wine. After a game of bridge, especially if he had won a little (to win a large sum was unpleasant), Iván Ilých went to bed in specially good humour.

So they lived. They formed a circle of acquaintances among the best people and were visited by people of importance and by young folk. In their views as to their acquaintances, husband, wife and daughter were entirely agreed, and tacitly and unanimously kept at arm's length and shook off the various shabby friends and relations who, with much show of affection, gushed into the drawing-room with its Japanese plates on the walls. Soon these shabby friends ceased to obtrude themselves and only the best people remained in the Golovins' set.

Young men made up to Lisa, and Petríschhev, an examining magistrate and Dmítri Ivánovich Petríschhev's son and sole heir, began to be so attentive to her that Iván Ilých had already spoken to Praskóvya Fëdorovna about it, and considered whether they should not arrange a party for them, or get up some private theatricals.

So they lived, and all went well, without change, and life flowed pleasantly.

IV

They were all in good health. It could not be called ill health if Iván Ilých sometimes said that he had a queer taste in his mouth and felt some discomfort in his left side.

But this discomfort increased and, though not exactly painful, grew into a sense of pressure in his side accompanied by ill humour. And his irritability became worse and worse and began to mar the agreeable, easy, and correct life that had estab-

lished itself in the Golovín family. Quarrels between husband and wife became more and more frequent, and soon the ease and amenity disappeared and even the decorum was barely maintained. Scenes again became frequent, and very few of those islets remained on which husband and wife could meet without an explosion. Praskóvya Fëdorovna now had good reason to say that her husband's temper was trying. With characteristic exaggeration she said he had always had a dreadful temper, and that it had needed all her good nature to put up with it for twenty years. It was true that now the quarrels were started by him. His bursts of temper always came just before dinner, often just as he began to eat his soup. Sometimes he noticed that a plate or dish was chipped, or the food was not right, or his son put his elbow on the table, or his daughter's hair was not done as he liked it, and for all this he blamed Praskóvya Fëdorovna. At first she retorted and said disagreeable things to him, but once or twice he fell into such a rage at the beginning of dinner that she realized it was due to some physical derangement brought on by taking food, and so she restrained herself and did not answer, but only hurried to get the dinner over. She regarded this self-restraint as highly praiseworthy. Having come to the conclusion that her husband had a dreadful temper and made her life miserable, she began to feel sorry for herself, and the more she pitied herself the more she hated her husband. She began to wish he would die; yet she did not want him to die because then his salary would cease. And this irritated her against him still more. She considered herself dreadfully unhappy just because not even his death could save her, and though she concealed her exasperation, that hidden exasperation of hers increased his irritation also.

After one scene in which Iván Ilých had been particularly unfair and after which he had said in explanation that he certainly was irritable but that it was due to his not being well, she said that if he was ill it should be attended to, and insisted on his going to see a celebrated doctor.

He went. Everything took place as he had expected and as it always does. There was the usual waiting and the important air assumed by the doctor, with which he was so familiar (resembling that which he himself assumed in court), and the sounding and listening, and the questions which called for answers that were foregone conclusions and were evidently unnecessary, and the look of importance which implied that 'if only you put yourself in our hands we will arrange everything—we know indubitably how it has to be done, always in the same way for everybody alike.' It was all just as it was in the law courts. The doctor put on just the same air towards him as he himself put on towards an accused person.

The doctor said that so-and-so indicated that there was so-and-so inside the patient, but if the investigation of so-and-so did not confirm this, then he must assume that and that. If he assumed that and that, then . . . and so on. To Iván Ilých only one question was important: was his case serious or not? But the doctor ignored that inappropriate question. From his point of view it was not the one under consideration, the real question was to decide between a floating kidney, chronic catarrh, or appendicitis. It was not a question of Iván Ilých's life or death, but one between a floating kidney and appendicitis. And that question the doctor solved brilliantly, as it seemed to Iván Ilých, in favour of the appendix, with the reservation that should an examination of the urine give fresh indications the

matter would be reconsidered. All this was just what Iván Ilých had himself brilliantly accomplished a thousand times in dealing with men on trial. The doctor summed up just as brilliantly, looking over his spectacles triumphantly and even gaily at the accused. From the doctor's summing up Iván Ilých concluded that things were bad, but that for the doctor, and perhaps for everybody else, it was a matter of indifference, though for him it was bad. And this conclusion struck him painfully, arousing in him a great feeling of pity for himself and of bitterness towards the doctor's indifference to a matter of such importance.

He said nothing of this, but rose, placed the doctor's fee on the table, and remarked with a sigh: 'We sick people probably often put inappropriate questions. But tell me, in general, is this complaint dangerous, or not? . . .'

The doctor looked at him sternly over his spectacles with one eye, as if to say: 'Prisoner, if you will not keep to the questions put to you, I shall be obliged to have you removed from the court.'

'I have already told you what I consider necessary and proper. The analysis may show something more.' And the doctor bowed.

Iván Ilých went out slowly, seated himself disconsolately in his sledge, and drove home. All the way home he was going over what the doctor had said, trying to translate those complicated, obscure, scientific phrases into plain language and find in them an answer to the question: 'Is my condition bad? Is it very bad? Or is there as yet nothing much wrong?' And it seemed to him that the meaning of what the doctor had said was that it was very bad. Everything in the streets seemed depressing. The cabmen, the houses, the passers-by, and the shops, were dismal. His ache, this dull gnawing

ache that never ceased for a moment, seemed to have acquired a new and more serious significance from the doctor's dubious remarks. Iván Ilých now watched it with a new and oppressive feeling.

He reached home and began to tell his wife about it. She listened, but in the middle of his account his daughter came in with her hat on, ready to go out with her mother. She sat down reluctantly to listen to this tedious story, but could not stand it long, and her mother too did not hear him to the end.

'Well, I am very glad,' she said. 'Mind now to take your medicine regularly. Give me the prescription and I'll send Gerásim to the chemist's.' And she went to get ready to go out.

While she was in the room Iván Ilých had hardly taken time to breathe, but he sighed deeply when she left it.

'Well,' he thought, 'perhaps it isn't so bad after all.'

He began taking his medicine and following the doctor's directions, which had been altered after the examination of the urine. But then it happened that there was a contradiction between the indications drawn from the examination of the urine and the symptoms that showed themselves. It turned out that what was happening differed from what the doctor had told him, and that he had either forgotten, or blundered, or hidden something from him. He could not, however, be blamed for that, and Iván Ilých still obeyed his orders implicitly and at first derived some comfort from doing so.

From the time of his visit to the doctor, Iván Ilých's chief occupation was the exact fulfilment of the doctor's instructions regarding hygiene and the taking of medicine, and the observation of his pain and his excretions. His chief interests came to be people's ailments and people's health. When sick-

ness, deaths, or recoveries were mentioned in his presence, especially when the illness resembled his own, he listened with agitation which he tried to hide, asked questions, and applied what he heard to his own case.

The pain did not grow less, but Iván Ilých made efforts to force himself to think that he was better. And he could do this so long as nothing agitated him. But as soon as he had any unpleasantness with his wife, any lack of success in his official work, or held bad cards at bridge, he was at once acutely sensible of his disease. He had formerly borne such mischances, hoping soon to adjust what was wrong, to master it and attain success, or make a grand slam. But now every mischance upset him and plunged him into despair. He would say to himself: 'There now, just as I was beginning to get better and the medicine had begun to take effect, comes this accursed misfortune, or unpleasantness . . .' And he was furious with the mishap, or with the people who were causing the unpleasantness and killing him, for he felt that this fury was killing him but could not restrain it. One would have thought that it should have been clear to him that this exasperation with circumstances and people aggravated his illness, and that he ought therefore to ignore unpleasant occurrences. But he drew the very opposite conclusion: he said that he needed peace, and he watched for everything that might disturb it and became irritable at the slightest infringement of it. His condition was rendered worse by the fact that he read medical books and consulted doctors. The progress of his disease was so gradual that he could deceive himself when comparing one day with another—the difference was so slight. But when he consulted the doctors it seemed to him that he was getting worse, and even very

rapidly. Yet despite this he was continually consulting them.

That month he went to see another celebrity, who told him almost the same as the first had done but put his questions rather differently, and the interview with this celebrity only increased Iván Ilých's doubts and fears. A friend of a friend of his, a very good doctor, diagnosed his illness again quite differently from the others, and though he predicted recovery, his questions and suppositions bewildered Iván Ilých still more and increased his doubts. A homoeopathist diagnosed the disease in yet another way, and prescribed medicine which Iván Ilých took secretly for a week. But after a week, not feeling any improvement and having lost confidence both in the former doctor's treatment and in this one's, he became still more despondent. One day a lady acquaintance mentioned a cure effected by a wonder-working icon. Iván Ilých caught himself listening attentively and beginning to believe that it had occurred. This incident alarmed him. 'Has my mind really weakened to such an extent?' he asked himself. 'Nonsense! It's all rubbish. I mustn't give way to nervous fears but having chosen a doctor must keep strictly to his treatment. That is what I will do. Now it's all settled. I won't think about it, but will follow the treatment seriously till summer, and then we shall see. From now there must be no more of this wavering!' This was easy to say but impossible to carry out. The pain in his side oppressed him and seemed to grow worse and more incessant, while the taste in his mouth grew stranger and stranger. It seemed to him that his breath had a disgusting smell, and he was conscious of a loss of appetite and strength. There was no deceiving himself: something terrible, new, and more important than anything before in his life,

was taking place within him of which he alone was aware. Those about him did not understand or would not understand it, but thought everything in the world was going on as usual. That tormented Iván Ilých more than anything. He saw that his household, especially his wife and daughter who were in a perfect whirl of visiting, did not understand anything of it and were annoyed that he was so depressed and so exacting, as if he were to blame for it. Though they tried to disguise it he saw that he was an obstacle in their path, and that his wife had adopted a definite line in regard to his illness and kept to it regardless of anything he said or did. Her attitude was this: 'You know,' she would say to her friends, 'Iván Ilých can't do as other people do, and keep to the treatment prescribed for him. One day he'll take his drops and keep strictly to his diet and go to bed in good time, but the next day unless I watch him he'll suddenly forget his medicine, eat sturgeon—which is forbidden—and sit up playing cards till one o'clock in the morning.'

'Oh, come, when was that?' Iván Ilých would ask in vexation. 'Only once at Peter Ivánovich's.'

'And yesterday with Shébek.'

'Well, even if I hadn't stayed up, this pain would have kept me awake.'

'Be that as it may you'll never get well like that, but will always make us wretched.'

Praskóvya Fëdorovna's attitude to Iván Ilých's illness, as she expressed it both to others and to him, was that it was his own fault and was another of the annoyances he caused her. Iván Ilých felt that this opinion escaped her involuntarily—but that did not make it easier for him.

At the law courts too, Iván Ilých noticed, or thought he noticed, a strange attitude towards himself. It sometimes seemed to him that people were

watching him inquisitively as a man whose place might soon be vacant. Then again, his friends would suddenly begin to chaff him in a friendly way about his low spirits, as if the awful, horrible, and unheard-of thing that was going on within him, incessantly gnawing at him and irresistibly drawing him away, was a very agreeable subject for jests. Schwartz in particular irritated him by his jocularity, vivacity, and *savoir-faire*, which reminded him of what he himself had been ten years ago.

Friends came to make up a set and they sat down to cards. They dealt, bending the new cards to soften them, and he sorted the diamonds in his hand and found he had seven. His partner said 'No trumps' and supported him with two diamonds. What more could be wished for? It ought to be jolly and lively. They would make a grand slam. But suddenly Iván Ilých was conscious of that gnawing pain, that taste in his mouth, and it seemed ridiculous that in such circumstances he should be pleased to make a grand slam.

He looked at his partner Mikháil Mikháylovich, who rapped the table with his strong hand and instead of snatching up the tricks pushed the cards courteously and indulgently towards Iván Ilých that he might have the pleasure of gathering them up without the trouble of stretching out his hand for them. 'Does he think I am too weak to stretch out my arm?' thought Iván Ilých, and forgetting what he was doing he over-trumped his partner, missing the grand slam by three tricks. And what was most awful of all was that he saw how upset Mikháil Mikháylovich was about it but did not himself care. And it was dreadful to realize why he did not care.

They all saw that he was suffering, and said: 'We can stop if you are tired. Take a rest.' Lie down?

No, he was not at all tired, and he finished the rubber. All were gloomy and silent. Iván Ilých felt that he had diffused this gloom over them and could not dispel it. They had supper and went away, and Iván Ilých was left alone with the consciousness that his life was poisoned and was poisoning the lives of others, and that this poison did not weaken but penetrated more and more deeply into his whole being.

With this consciousness, and with physical pain besides the terror, he must go to bed, often to lie awake the greater part of the night. Next morning he had to get up again, dress, go to the law courts, speak, and write; or if he did not go out, spend at home those twenty-four hours a day each of which was a torture. And he had to live thus all alone on the brink of an abyss, with no one who understood or pitied him.

V

So one month passed and then another. Just before the New Year his brother-in-law came to town and stayed at their house. Iván Ilých was at the law courts and Praskóvya Fëdorovna had gone shopping. When Iván Ilých came home and entered his study he found his brother-in-law there—a healthy, florid man—unpacking his portmanteau himself. He raised his head on hearing Iván Ilých's footsteps and looked up at him for a moment without a word. That stare told Iván Ilých everything. His brother-in-law opened his mouth to utter an exclamation of surprise but checked himself, and that action confirmed it all.

'I have changed, eh?'

'Yes, there is a change.'

And after that, try as he would to get his brother-in-law to return to the subject of his looks, the latter

would say nothing about it. Praskóvya Fëdorovna came home and her brother went out to her. Iván Ilých locked the door and began to examine himself in the glass, first full face, then in profile. He took up a portrait of himself taken with his wife, and compared it with what he saw in the glass. The change in him was immense. Then he bared his arms to the elbow, looked at them, drew the sleeves down again, sat down on an ottoman, and grew blacker than night.

'No, no, this won't do!' he said to himself, and jumped up, went to the table, took up some law papers and began to read them, but could not continue. He unlocked the door and went into the reception-room. The door leading to the drawing-room was shut. He approached it on tiptoe and listened.

'No, you are exaggerating!' Praskóvya Fëdorovna was saying.

'Exaggerating! Don't you see it? Why, he's a dead man! Look at his eyes—there's no light in them. But what is it that is wrong with him?'

'No one knows. Nikoláevich [that was another doctor] said something, but I don't know what. And Leshchetitsky [this was the celebrated specialist] said quite the contrary . . .'

Iván Ilých walked away, went to his own room, lay down, and began musing: 'The kidney, a floating kidney.' He recalled all the doctors had told him of how it detached itself and swayed about. And by an effort of imagination he tried to catch that kidney and arrest it and support it. So little was needed for this, it seemed to him. 'No, I'll go to see Peter Ivánovich again.' [That was the friend whose friend was a doctor.] He rang, ordered the carriage, and got ready to go.

'Where are you going, Jean?' asked his wife, with a specially sad and exceptionally kind look.

This exceptionally kind look irritated him. He looked morosely at her.

'I must go to see Peter Ivánovich.'

He went to see Peter Ivánovich, and together they went to see his friend, the doctor. He was in, and Iván Ilých had a long talk with him.

Reviewing the anatomical and physiological details of what in the doctor's opinion was going on inside him, he understood it all.

There was something, a small thing, in the vermiform appendix. It might all come right. Only stimulate the energy of one organ and check the activity of another, then absorption would take place and everything would come right. He got home rather late for dinner, ate his dinner, and conversed cheerfully, but could not for a long time bring himself to go back to work in his room. At last, however, he went to his study and did what was necessary, but the consciousness that he had put something aside—an important, intimate matter which he would revert to when his work was done—never left him. When he had finished his work he remembered that this intimate matter was the thought of his vermiform appendix. But he did not give himself up to it, and went to the drawing-room for tea. There were callers there, including the examining magistrate who was a desirable match for his daughter, and they were conversing, playing the piano, and singing. Iván Ilých, as Praskóvya Fëdorovna remarked, spent that evening more cheerfully than usual, but he never for a moment forgot that he had postponed the important matter of the appendix. At eleven o'clock he said good-night and went to his bedroom. Since his illness he had slept alone in a small room next to his study. He undressed and took up a novel by Zola, but instead of reading it he fell into thought, and in his

imagination that desired improvement in the vermiform appendix occurred. There was the absorption and evacuation and the re-establishment of normal activity. 'Yes, that's it!' he said to himself. 'One need only assist nature, that's all.' He remembered his medicine, rose, took it, and lay down on his back watching for the beneficent action of the medicine and for it to lessen the pain. 'I need only take it regularly and avoid all injurious influences. I am already feeling better, much better.' He began touching his side: it was not painful to the touch. 'There, I really don't feel it. It's much better already.' He put out the light and turned on his side . . . 'The appendix is getting better, absorption is occurring.' Suddenly he felt the old, familiar, dull, gnawing pain, stubborn and serious. There was the same familiar loathsome taste in his mouth. His heart sank and he felt dazed. 'My God! My God!' he muttered. 'Again, again! And it will never cease.' And suddenly the matter presented itself in a quite different aspect. 'Vermiform appendix! Kidney!' he said to himself. 'It's not a question of appendix or kidney, but of life and . . . death. Yes, life was there and now it is going, going and I cannot stop it. Yes. Why deceive myself? Isn't it obvious to everyone but me that I'm dying, and that it's only a question of weeks, days . . . it may happen this moment. There was light and now there is darkness. I was here and now I'm going there! Where?' A chill came over him, his breathing ceased, and he felt only the throbbing of his heart. 'When I am not, what will there be? There will be nothing. Then where shall I be when I am no more? Can this be dying? No, I don't want to!' He jumped up and tried to light the candle, felt for it with trembling hands, dropped candle and candlestick on the floor, and fell back on his pillow.

'What's the use? It makes no difference,' he said to himself, staring with wide-open eyes into the darkness. 'Death. Yes, death. And none of them know or wish to know it, and they have no pity for me. Now they are playing.' (He heard through the door the distant sound of a song and its accompaniment.) 'It's all the same to them, but they will die too! Fools! I first, and they later, but it will be the same for them. And now they are merry . . . the beasts!'

Anger choked him and he was agonizingly, unbearably miserable. 'It is impossible that all men have been doomed to suffer this awful horror!' He raised himself.

'Something must be wrong. I must calm myself—must think it all over from the beginning.' And he again began thinking. 'Yes, the beginning of my illness: I knocked my side, but I was still quite well that day and the next. It hurt a little, then rather more. I saw the doctors, then followed despondency and anguish, more doctors, and I drew nearer to the abyss. My strength grew less and I kept coming nearer and nearer, and now I have wasted away and there is no light in my eyes. I think of the appendix—but this is death! I think of mending the appendix, and all the while here is death! Can it really be death?' Again terror seized him and he gasped for breath. He leant down and began feeling for the matches, pressing with his elbow on the stand beside the bed. It was in his way and hurt him, he grew furious with it, pressed on it still harder, and upset it. Breathless and in despair he fell on his back, expecting death to come immediately.

Meanwhile the visitors were leaving. Praskóvya Fëdorovna was seeing them off. She heard something fall and came in.

'What has happened?'

'Nothing. I knocked it over accidentally.'

She went out and returned with a candle. He lay there panting heavily, like a man who has run a thousand yards, and stared upwards at her with a fixed look.

'What is it, Jean?'

'No . . . o . . . thing. I upset it.' ('Why speak of it? She won't understand,' he thought.)

And in truth she did not understand. She picked up the stand, lit his candle, and hurried away to see another visitor off. When she came back he still lay on his back, looking upwards.

'What is it? Do you feel worse?'

'Yes.'

She shook her head and sat down.

'Do you know, Jean, I think we must ask Leshchetitsky to come and see you here.'

This meant calling in the famous specialist, regardless of expense. He smiled malignantly and said 'No'. She remained a little longer and then went up to him and kissed his forehead.

While she was kissing him he hated her from the bottom of his soul and with difficulty refrained from pushing her away.

'Good-night. Please God you'll sleep.'

'Yes.'

VI

Iván Ilých saw that he was dying, and he was in continual despair.

In the depth of his heart he knew he was dying, but not only was he not accustomed to the thought, he simply did not and could not grasp it.

The syllogism he had learnt from Kiezwetter's Logic: 'Caius is a man, men are mortal, therefore Caius is mortal', had always seemed to him correct as applied to Caius, but certainly not as applied to

himself. That Caius—man in the abstract—was mortal, was perfectly correct, but he was not Caius, not an abstract man, but a creature quite, quite separate from all others. He had been little Ványa, with a mamma and a papa, with Mitya and Volódya, with the toys, a coachman and a nurse, afterwards with Kátenka and with all the joys, griefs, and delights of childhood, boyhood, and youth. What did Caius know of the smell of that striped leather ball Ványa had been so fond of? Had Caius kissed his mother's hand like that, and did the silk of her dress rustle so for Caius? Had he rioted like that at school when the pastry was bad? Had Caius been in love like that? Could Caius preside at a session as he did? 'Caius really was mortal, and it was right for him to die; but for me, little Ványa, Iván Ilých, with all my thoughts and emotions, it's altogether a different matter. It cannot be that I ought to die. That would be too terrible.'

Such was his feeling.

'If I had to die like Caius I should have known it was so. An inner voice would have told me so, but there was nothing of the sort in me and I and all my friends felt that our case was quite different from that of Caius. And now here it is!' he said to himself. 'It can't be. It's impossible! But here it is. How is this? How is one to understand it?'

He could not understand it, and tried to drive this false, incorrect, morbid thought away and to replace it by other proper and healthy thoughts. But that thought, and not the thought only but the reality itself, seemed to come and confront him.

And to replace that thought he called up a succession of others, hoping to find in them some support. He tried to get back into the former current of thoughts that had once screened the thought of death from him. But strange to say, all that had

formerly shut off, hidden, and destroyed, his consciousness of death, no longer had that effect. Iván Ilých now spent most of his time in attempting to re-establish that old current. He would say to himself: 'I will take up my duties again—after all I used to live by them.' And banishing all doubts he would go to the law courts, enter into conversation with his colleagues, and sit carelessly as was his wont, scanning the crowd with a thoughtful look and leaning both his emaciated arms on the arms of his oak chair; bending over as usual to a colleague and drawing his papers nearer he would interchange whispers with him, and then suddenly raising his eyes and sitting erect would pronounce certain words and open the proceedings. But suddenly in the midst of those proceedings the pain in his side, regardless of the stage the proceedings had reached, would begin its own gnawing work. Iván Ilých would turn his attention to it and try to drive the thought of it away, but without success. *It* would come and stand before him and look at him, and he would be petrified and the light would die out of his eyes, and he would again begin asking himself whether *It* alone was true. And his colleagues and subordinates would see with surprise and distress that he, the brilliant and subtle judge, was becoming confused and making mistakes. He would shake himself, try to pull himself together, manage somehow to bring the sitting to a close, and return home with the sorrowful consciousness that his judicial labours could not as formerly hide from him what he wanted them to hide, and could not deliver him from *It*. And what was worst of all was that *It* drew his attention to itself not in order to make him take some action but only that he should look at *It*, look it straight in the face: look at it and without doing anything, suffer inexpressibly.

And to save himself from this condition Iván Ilých looked for consolations—new screens—and new screens were found and for a while seemed to save him, but then they immediately fell to pieces or rather became transparent, as if *It* penetrated them and nothing could veil *It*.

In these latter days he would go into the drawing-room he had arranged—that drawing-room where he had fallen and for the sake of which (how bitterly ridiculous it seemed) he had sacrificed his life—for he knew that his illness originated with that knock. He would enter and see that something had scratched the polished table. He would look for the cause of this and find that it was the bronze ornamentation of an album, that had got bent. He would take up the expensive album which he had lovingly arranged, and feel vexed with his daughter and her friends for their untidiness—for the album was torn here and there and some of the photographs turned upside down. He would put it carefully in order and bend the ornamentation back into position. Then it would occur to him to place all those things in another corner of the room, near the plants. He would call the footman, but his daughter or wife would come to help him. They would not agree, and his wife would contradict him, and he would dispute and grow angry. But that was all right, for then he did not think about *It*. *It* was invisible.

But then, when he was moving something himself, his wife would say: 'Let the servants do it. You will hurt yourself again.' And suddenly *It* would flash through the screen and he would see it. It was just a flash, and he hoped it would disappear, but he would involuntarily pay attention to his side. 'It sits there as before, gnawing just the same!' And he could no longer forget *It*, but could distinctly see it

looking at him from behind the flowers. 'What is it all for?'

'It really is so! I lost my life over that curtain as I might have done when storming a fort. Is that possible? How terrible and how stupid. It can't be true! It can't, but it is.'

He would go to his study, lie down, and again be alone with *It*: face to face with *It*. And nothing could be done with *It* except to look at it and shudder.

VII

How it happened it is impossible to say because it came about step by step, unnoticed, but in the third month of Iván Ilych's illness, his wife, his daughter, his son, his acquaintances, the doctors, the servants, and above all he himself, were aware that the whole interest he had for other people was whether he would soon vacate his place, and at last release the living from the discomfort caused by his presence and be himself released from his sufferings.

He slept less and less. He was given opium and hypodermic injections of morphine, but this did not relieve him. The dull depression he experienced in a somnolent condition at first gave him a little relief, but only as something new, afterwards it became as distressing as the pain itself or even more so.

Special foods were prepared for him by the doctors' orders, but all those foods became increasingly distasteful and disgusting to him.

For his excretions also special arrangements had to be made, and this was a torment to him every time—a torment from the uncleanness, the unseemliness, and the smell, and from knowing that another person had to take part in it.

But just through this most unpleasant matter, Iván Ilych obtained comfort. Gerásim, the butler's

young assistant, always came in to carry the things out. Gerásim was a clean, fresh peasant lad, grown stout on town food and always cheerful and bright. At first the sight of him, in his clean Russian peasant costume, engaged on that disgusting task embarrassed Iván Ilych.

Once when he got up from the commode too weak to draw up his trousers, he dropped into a soft armchair and looked with horror at his bare, enfeebled thighs with the muscles so sharply marked on them.

Gerásim with a firm light tread, his heavy boots emitting a pleasant smell of tar and fresh winter air, came in wearing a clean Hessian apron, the sleeves of his print shirt tucked up over his strong bare young arms; and refraining from looking at his sick master out of consideration for his feelings, and restraining the joy of life that beamed from his face, he went up to the commode.

‘Gerásim!’ said Iván Ilych in a weak voice.

Gerásim started, evidently afraid he might have committed some blunder, and with a rapid movement turned his fresh, kind, simple young face which just showed the first downy signs of a beard.

‘Yes, sir?’

‘That must be very unpleasant for you. You must forgive me. I am helpless.’

‘Oh, why, sir,’ and Gerásim’s eyes beamed and he showed his glistening white teeth, ‘what’s a little trouble? It’s a case of illness with you, sir.’

And his deft strong hands did their accustomed task, and he went out of the room stepping lightly. Five minutes later he as lightly returned.

Iván Ilych was still sitting in the same position in the armchair.

‘Gerásim,’ he said when the latter had replaced the freshly-washed utensil. ‘Please come here and help me.’ Gerásim went up to him. ‘Lift me up. It

is hard for me to get up, and I have sent Dmítri away.'

Gerásim went up to him, grasped his master with his strong arms deftly but gently, in the same way that he stepped—lifted him, supported him with one hand, and with the other drew up his trousers and would have set him down again, but Iván Ilých asked to be led to the sofa. Gerásim, without an effort and without apparent pressure, led him, almost lifting him, to the sofa and placed him on it.

'Thank you. How easily and well you do it all!'

Gerásim smiled again and turned to leave the room. But Iván Ilých felt his presence such a comfort that he did not want to let him go.

'One thing more, please move up that chair. No, the other one—under my feet. It is easier for me when my feet are raised.'

Gerásim brought the chair, set it down gently in place, and raised Iván Ilých's legs on to it. It seemed to Iván Ilých that he felt better while Gerásim was holding up his legs.

'It's better when my legs are higher,' he said. 'Place that cushion under them.'

Gerásim did so. He again lifted the legs and placed them, and again Iván Ilých felt better while Gerásim held his legs. When he set them down Iván Ilých fancied he felt worse.

'Gerásim,' he said. 'Are you busy now?'

'Not at all, sir,' said Gerásim, who had learnt from the townsfolk how to speak to gentlefolk.

'What have you still to do?'

'What have I to do? I've done everything except chopping the logs for to-morrow.'

'Then hold my legs up a bit higher, can you?'

'Of course I can. Why not?' And Gerásim raised his master's legs higher and Iván Ilých thought that in that position he did not feel any pain at all.

'And how about the logs?'

'Don't trouble about that, sir. There's plenty of time.'

Iván Ilých told Gerásim to sit down and hold his legs, and began to talk to him. And strange to say it seemed to him that he felt better while Gerásim held his legs up.

After that Iván Ilých would sometimes call Gerásim and get him to hold his legs on his shoulders, and he liked talking to him. Gerásim did it all easily, willingly, simply, and with a good nature that touched Iván Ilých. Health, strength, and vitality in other people were offensive to him, but Gerásim's strength and vitality did not mortify but soothed him.

What tormented Iván Ilých most was the deception, the lie, which for some reason they all accepted, that he was not dying but was simply ill, and that he only need keep quiet and undergo a treatment and then something very good would result. He however knew that do what they would nothing would come of it, only still more agonizing suffering and death. This deception tortured him—their not wishing to admit what they all knew and what he knew, but wanting to lie to him concerning his terrible condition, and wishing and forcing him to participate in that lie. Those lies—lies enacted over him on the eve of his death and destined to degrade this awful, solemn act to the level of their visitings, their curtains, their sturgeon for dinner—were a terrible agony for Iván Ilých. And strangely enough, many times when they were going through their antics over him he had been within a hairbreadth of calling out to them: 'Stop lying! You know and I know that I am dying. Then at least stop lying about it!' But he had never had the spirit to do it. The awful, terrible act of his dying was, he could see, reduced

by those about him to the level of a casual, unpleasant, and almost indecorous incident (as if someone entered a drawing-room diffusing an unpleasant odour) and this was done by that very decorum which he had served all his life long. He saw that no one felt for him, because no one even wished to grasp his position. Only Gerásim recognized it and pitied him. And so Iván Ilých felt at ease only with him. He felt comforted when Gerásim supported his legs (sometimes all night long) and refused to go to bed, saying: 'Don't you worry, Iván Ilých. I'll get sleep enough later on,' or when he suddenly became familiar and exclaimed: 'If you weren't sick it would be another matter, but as it is, why should I grudge a little trouble?' Gerásim alone did not lie; everything showed that he alone understood the facts of the case and did not consider it necessary to disguise them, but simply felt sorry for his emaciated and enfeebled master. Once when Iván Ilých was sending him away he even said straight out: 'We shall all of us die, so why should I grudge a little trouble?'—expressing the fact that he did not think his work burdensome, because he was doing it for a dying man and hoped someone would do the same for him when his time came.

Apart from this lying, or because of it, what most tormented Iván Ilých was that no one pitied him as he wished to be pitied. At certain moments after prolonged suffering he wished most of all (though he would have been ashamed to confess it) for someone to pity him as a sick child is pitied. He longed to be petted and comforted. He knew he was an important functionary, that he had a beard turning grey, and that therefore what he longed for was impossible, but still he longed for it. And in Gerásim's attitude towards him there was something

akin to what he wished for, and so that attitude comforted him. Iván Ilých wanted to weep, wanted to be petted and cried over, and then his colleague Shébek would come, and instead of weeping and being petted, Iván Ilých would assume a serious, severe, and profound air, and by force of habit would express his opinion on a decision of the Court of Cassation and would stubbornly insist on that view. This falsity around him and within him did more than anything else to poison his last days.

VIII

It was morning. He knew it was morning because Gerásim had gone, and Peter the footman had come and put out the candles, drawn back one of the curtains, and begun quietly to tidy up. Whether it was morning or evening, Friday or Sunday, made no difference, it was all just the same: the gnawing, unmitigated, agonizing pain, never ceasing for an instant, the consciousness of life inexorably waning but not yet extinguished, the approach of that ever dreaded and hateful Death which was the only reality, and always the same falsity. What were days, weeks, hours, in such a case?

‘Will you have some tea, sir?’

‘He wants things to be regular, and wishes the gentlefolk to drink tea in the morning,’ thought Iván Ilých, and only said ‘No’.

‘Wouldn’t you like to move onto the sofa, sir?’

‘He wants to tidy up the room, and I’m in the way. I am uncleanness and disorder,’ he thought, and said only:

‘No, leave me alone.’

The man went on bustling about. Iván Ilých stretched out his hand. Peter came up, ready to help.

‘What is it, sir?’

'My watch.'

Peter took the watch which was close at hand and gave it to his master.

'Half-past eight. Are they up?'

'No sir, except Vladímir Ivánich' (the son) 'who has gone to school. Praskóvya Fëdorovna ordered me to wake her if you asked for her. Shall I do so?'

'No, there's no need to.' 'Perhaps I'd better have some tea,' he thought, and added aloud: 'Yes, bring me some tea.'

Peter went to the door, but Iván Ilých dreaded being left alone. 'How can I keep him here? Oh yes, my medicine.' 'Peter, give me my medicine.' 'Why not? Perhaps it may still do me some good.' He took a spoonful and swallowed it. 'No, it won't help. It's all tomfoolery, all deception,' he decided as soon as he became aware of the familiar, sickly, hopeless taste. 'No, I can't believe in it any longer. But the pain, why this pain? If it would only cease just for a moment!' And he moaned. Peter turned towards him. 'It's all right. Go and fetch me some tea.'

Peter went out. Left alone Iván Ilých groaned not so much with pain, terrible though that was, as from mental anguish. Always and for ever the same, always these endless days and nights. If only it would come quicker! If only *what* would come quicker? Death, darkness? . . . No, no! Anything rather than death!

When Peter returned with the tea on a tray, Iván Ilých stared at him for a time in perplexity, not realizing who and what he was. Peter was disconcerted by that look and his embarrassment brought Iván Ilých to himself.

'Oh, tea! All right, put it down. Only help me to wash and put on a clean shirt.'

And Iván Ilých began to wash. With pauses for

rest, he washed his hands and then his face, cleaned his teeth, brushed his hair, and looked in the glass. He was terrified by what he saw, especially by the limp way in which his hair clung to his pallid forehead.

While his shirt was being changed he knew that he would be still more frightened at the sight of his body, so he avoided looking at it. Finally he was ready. He drew on a dressing-gown, wrapped himself in a plaid, and sat down in the armchair to take his tea. For a moment he felt refreshed, but as soon as he began to drink the tea he was again aware of the same taste, and the pain also returned. He finished it with an effort, and then lay down stretching out his legs, and dismissed Peter.

Always the same. Now a spark of hope flashes up, then a sea of despair rages, and always pain; always pain, always despair, and always the same. When alone he had a dreadful and distressing desire to call someone, but he knew beforehand that with others present it would be still worse. 'Another dose of morphine—to lose consciousness. I will tell him, the doctor, that he must think of something else. It's impossible, impossible, to go on like this.'

An hour and another pass like that. But now there is a ring at the door bell. Perhaps it's the doctor? It is. He comes in fresh, hearty, plump, and cheerful, with that look on his face that seems to say: 'There now, you're in a panic about something, but we'll arrange it all for you directly!' The doctor knows this expression is out of place here, but he has put it on once for all and can't take it off—like a man who has put on a frock-coat in the morning to pay a round of calls.

The doctor rubs his hands vigorously and reassuringly.

'Brr! How cold it is! There's such a sharp frost;

just let me warm myself!' he says, as if it were only a matter of waiting till he was warm, and then he would put everything right.

'Well now, how are you?'

Iván Ilých feels that the doctor would like to say: 'Well, how are our affairs?' but that even he feels that this would not do, and says instead: 'What sort of a night have you had?'

Iván Ilých looks at him as much as to say: 'Are you really never ashamed of lying?' But the doctor does not wish to understand this question, and Iván Ilých says: 'Just as terrible as ever. The pain never leaves me and never subsides. If only something . . .'

'Yes, you sick people are always like that. . . . There, now I think I am warm enough. Even Praskóvya Fëdorovna, who is so particular, could find no fault with my temperature. Well, now I can say good-morning,' and the doctor presses his patient's hand.

Then, dropping his former playfulness, he begins with a most serious face to examine the patient, feeling his pulse and taking his temperature, and then begins the sounding and auscultation.

Iván Ilých knows quite well and definitely that all this is nonsense and pure deception, but when the doctor, getting down on his knee, leans over him, putting his ear first higher then lower, and performs various gymnastic movements over him with a significant expression on his face, Iván Ilých submits to it all as he used to submit to the speeches of the lawyers, though he knew very well that they were all lying and why they were lying.

The doctor, kneeling on the sofa, is still sounding him when Praskóvya Fëdorovna's silk dress rustles at the door and she is heard scolding Peter for not having let her know of the doctor's arrival.

She comes in, kisses her husband, and at once

proceeds to prove that she has been up a long time already, and only owing to a misunderstanding failed to be there when the doctor arrived.

Iván Ilých looks at her, scans her all over, sets against her the whiteness and plumpness and cleanliness of her hands and neck, the gloss of her hair, and the sparkle of her vivacious eyes. He hates her with his whole soul. And the thrill of hatred he feels for her makes him suffer from her touch.

Her attitude towards him and his disease is still the same. Just as the doctor had adopted a certain relation to his patient which he could not abandon, so had she formed one towards him--that he was not doing something he ought to do and was himself to blame, and that she reproached him lovingly for this--and she could not now change that attitude.

'You see he doesn't listen to me and doesn't take his medicine at the proper time. And above all he lies in a position that is no doubt bad for him--with his legs up.'

She described how he made Gerásim hold his legs up.

The doctor smiled with a contemptuous affability that said: 'What's to be done? These sick people do have foolish fancies of that kind, but we must forgive them.'

When the examination was over the doctor looked at his watch, and then Praskóvya Fëdorovna announced to Iván Ilých that it was of course as he pleased, but she had sent to-day for a celebrated specialist who would examine him and have a consultation with Michael Danílovich (their regular doctor).

'Please don't raise any objections. I am doing this for my own sake,' she said ironically, letting it be felt that she was doing it all for his sake and only

said this to leave him no right to refuse. He remained silent, knitting his brows. He felt that he was so surrounded and involved in a mesh of falsity that it was hard to unravel anything.

Everything she did for him was entirely for her own sake, and she told him she was doing for herself what she actually was doing for herself, as if that was so incredible that he must understand the opposite.

At half-past eleven the celebrated specialist arrived. Again the sounding began and the significant conversations in his presence and in another room, about the kidneys and the appendix, and the questions and answers, with such an air of importance that again, instead of the real question of life and death which now alone confronted him, the question arose of the kidney and appendix which were not behaving as they ought to and would now be attacked by Michael Danílovich and the specialist and forced to amend their ways.

The celebrated specialist took leave of him with a serious though not hopeless look, and in reply to the timid question Iván Ilých, with eyes glistening with fear and hope, put to him as to whether there was a chance of recovery, said that he could not vouch for it but there was a possibility. The look of hope with which Iván Ilých watched the doctor out was so pathetic that Praskóvya Fëdorovna, seeing it, even wept as she left the room to hand the doctor his fee.

The gleam of hope kindled by the doctor's encouragement did not last long. The same room, the same pictures, curtains, wall-paper, medicine bottles, were all there, and the same aching suffering body, and Iván Ilých began to moan. They gave him a subcutaneous injection and he sank into oblivion.

It was twilight when he came to. They brought him his dinner and he swallowed some beef tea with difficulty, and then everything was the same again and night was coming on.

After dinner, at seven o'clock, Praskóvya Fëdorovna came into the room in evening dress, her full bosom pushed up by her corset, and with traces of powder on her face. She had reminded him in the morning that they were going to the theatre. Sarah Bernhardt was visiting the town and they had a box, which he had insisted on their taking. Now he had forgotten about it and her toilet offended him, but he concealed his vexation when he remembered that he had himself insisted on their securing a box and going because it would be an instructive and aesthetic pleasure for the children.

Praskóvya Fëdorovna came in, self-satisfied but yet with a rather guilty air. She sat down and asked how he was, but, as he saw, only for the sake of asking and not in order to learn about it, knowing that there was nothing to learn—and then went on to what she really wanted to say: that she would not on any account have gone but that the box had been taken and Helen and their daughter were going, as well as Petrishchev (the examining magistrate, their daughter's fiancé) and that it was out of the question to let them go alone; but that she would have much preferred to sit with him for a while; and he must be sure to follow the doctor's orders while she was away.

'Oh, and Fëdor Petróvich' (the fiancé) 'would like to come in. May he? And Lisa?'

'All right.'

Their daughter came in in full evening dress, her fresh young flesh exposed (making a show of that very flesh which in his own case caused so much suffering), strong, healthy, evidently in love, and

impatient with illness, suffering, and death, because they interfered with her happiness.

Fëdor Petróvich came in too, in evening dress, his hair curled *à la Capoul*, a tight stiff collar round his long sinewy neck, an enormous white shirt-front and narrow black trousers tightly stretched over his strong thighs. He had one white glove tightly drawn on, and was holding his opera hat in his hand.

Following him the schoolboy crept in unnoticed, in a new uniform, poor little fellow, and wearing gloves. Terribly dark shadows showed under his eyes, the meaning of which Iván Ilých knew well.

His son had always seemed pathetic to him, and now it was dreadful to see the boy's frightened look of pity. It seemed to Iván Ilých that Vása was the only one besides Gerásim who understood and pitied him.

They all sat down and again asked how he was. A silence followed. Lisa asked her mother about the opera-glasses, and there was an altercation between mother and daughter as to who had taken them and where they had been put. This occasioned some unpleasantness.

Fëdor Petróvich inquired of Iván Ilých whether he had ever seen Sarah Bernhardt. Iván Ilých did not at first catch the question, but then replied: 'No, have you seen her before?'

'Yes, in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*.'

Praskóvya Fëdorovna mentioned some rôles in which Sarah Bernhardt was particularly good. Her daughter disagreed. Conversation sprang up as to the elegance and realism of her acting—the sort of conversation that is always repeated and is always the same.

In the midst of the conversation Fëdor Petróvich glanced at Iván Ilých and became silent. The others also looked at him and grew silent. Iván

Ilých was staring with glittering eyes straight before him, evidently indignant with them. This had to be rectified, but it was impossible to do so. The silence had to be broken, but for a time no one dared to break it and they all became afraid that the conventional deception would suddenly become obvious and the truth become plain to all. Lisa was the first to pluck up courage and break that silence, but by trying to hide what everybody was feeling, she betrayed it.

'Well, if we are going it's time to start,' she said, looking at her watch, a present from her father, and with a faint and significant smile at Fëdor Petróvich relating to something known only to them. She got up with a rustle of her dress.

'They all rose, said good-night, and went away.

When they had gone it seemed to Iván Ilých that he felt better; the falsity had gone with them. But the pain remained—that same pain and that same fear that made everything monotonously alike, nothing harder and nothing easier. Everything was worse.

Again minute followed minute and hour followed hour. Everything remained the same and there was no cessation. And the inevitable end of it all became more and more terrible.

'Yes, send Gerásim here,' he replied to a question Peter asked.

IX

His wife returned late at night. She came in on tiptoe, but he heard her, opened his eyes, and made haste to close them again. She wished to send Gerásim away and to sit with him herself, but he opened his eyes and said: 'No, go away.'

'Are you in great pain?'

'Always the same.'

'Take some opium.'

He agreed and took some. She went away.

Till about three in the morning he was in a state of stupefied misery. It seemed to him that he and his pain were being thrust into a narrow, deep black sack, but though they were pushed further and further in they could not be pushed to the bottom. And this, terrible enough in itself, was accompanied by suffering. He was frightened yet wanted to fall through the sack, he struggled but yet co-operated. And suddenly he broke through, fell, and regained consciousness. Gerásim was sitting at the foot of the bed dozing quietly and patiently, while he himself lay with his emaciated stockinged legs resting on Gerásim's shoulders; the same shaded candle was there and the same unceasing pain.

'Go away, Gerásim,' he whispered.

'It's all right, sir. I'll stay a while.'

'No. Go away.'

He removed his legs from Gerásim's shoulders, turned sideways onto his arm, and felt sorry for himself. He only waited till Gerásim had gone into the next room and then restrained himself no longer but wept like a child. He wept on account of his helplessness, his terrible loneliness, the cruelty of man, the cruelty of God, and the absence of God.

'Why hast Thou done all this? Why hast Thou brought me here? Why, why dost Thou torment me so terribly?'

He did not expect an answer and yet wept because there was no answer and could be none. The pain again grew more acute, but he did not stir and did not call. He said to himself: 'Go on! Strike me! But what is it for? What have I done to Thee? What is it for?'

Then he grew quiet and not only ceased weeping but even held his breath and became all attention. It was as though he were listening not to an audible

voice but to the voice of his soul, to the current of thoughts arising within him.

'What is it you want?' was the first clear conception capable of expression in words, that he heard.

'What do you want? What do you want?' he repeated to himself.

'What do I want? To live and not to suffer,' he answered.

And again he listened with such concentrated attention that even his pain did not distract him.

'To live? How?' asked his inner voice.

'Why, to live as I used to—well and pleasantly.'

'As you lived before, well and pleasantly?' the voice repeated.

And in imagination he began to recall the best moments of his pleasant life. But strange to say none of those best moments of his pleasant life now seemed at all what they had then seemed—none of them except the first recollections of childhood. There, in childhood, there had been something really pleasant with which it would be possible to live if it could return. But the child who had experienced that happiness existed no longer, it was like a reminiscence of somebody else.

As soon as the period began which had produced the present Iván Ilých, all that had then seemed joys now melted before his sight and turned into something trivial and often nasty.

And the further he departed from childhood and the nearer he came to the present the more worthless and doubtful were the joys. This began with the School of Law. A little that was really good was still found there—there was light-heartedness, friendship, and hope. But in the upper classes there had already been fewer of such good moments. Then during the first years of his official career,

when he was in the service of the Governor, some pleasant moments again occurred: they were the memories of love for a woman. Then all became confused and there was still less of what was good; later on again there was still less that was good, and the further he went the less there was. His marriage, a mere accident, then the disenchantment that followed it, his wife's bad breath and the sensuality and hypocrisy: then that deadly official life and those preoccupations about money, a year of it, and two, and ten, and twenty, and always the same thing. And the longer it lasted the more deadly it became. 'It is as if I had been going downhill while I imagined I was going up. And that is really what it was. I was going up in public opinion, but to the same extent life was ebbing away from me. And now it is all done and there is only death.'

'Then what does it mean? Why? It can't be that life is so senseless and horrible. But if it really has been so horrible and senseless, why must I die and die in agony? There is something wrong!'

'Maybe I did not live as I ought to have done,' it suddenly occurred to him. 'But how could that be, when I did everything properly?' he replied, and immediately dismissed from his mind this, the sole solution of all the riddles of life and death, as something quite impossible.

'Then what do you want now? To live? Live how? Live as you lived in the law courts when the usher proclaimed "The judge is coming!" The judge is coming, the judge!' he repeated to himself. 'Here he is, the judge. But I am not guilty!' he exclaimed angrily. 'What is it for?' And he ceased crying, but turning his face to the wall continued to ponder on the same question: Why, and for what purpose, is there all this horror? But however much

he pondered he found no answer. And whenever the thought occurred to him, as it often did, that it all resulted from his not having lived as he ought to have done, he at once recalled the correctness of his whole life and dismissed so strange an idea.

X

Another fortnight passed. Iván Ilých now no longer left his sofa. He would not lie in bed but lay on the sofa, facing the wall nearly all the time. He suffered ever the same unceasing agonies and in his loneliness pondered always on the same insoluble question: 'What is this? Can it be that it is Death?' And the inner voice answered: 'Yes, it is Death.'

'Why these sufferings?' And the voice answered, 'For no reason—they just are so.' Beyond and besides this there was nothing.

From the very beginning of his illness, ever since he had first been to see the doctor, Iván Ilých's life had been divided between two contrary and alternating moods: now it was despair and the expectation of this uncomprehended and terrible death, and now hope and an intently interested observation of the functioning of his organs. Now before his eyes there was only a kidney or an intestine that temporarily evaded its duty, and now only that incomprehensible and dreadful death from which it was impossible to escape.

These two states of mind had alternated from the very beginning of his illness, but the further it progressed the more doubtful and fantastic became the conception of the kidney, and the more real the sense of impending death.

He had but to call to mind what he had been three months before and what he was now, to call to mind with what regularity he had been going

downhill, for every possibility of hope to be shattered.

Latterly during that loneliness in which he found himself as he lay facing the back of the sofa, a loneliness in the midst of a populous town and surrounded by numerous acquaintances and relations but that yet could not have been more complete anywhere—either at the bottom of the sea or under the earth—during that terrible loneliness Iván Ilých had lived only in memories of the past. Pictures of his past rose before him one after another. They always began with what was nearest in time and then went back to what was most remote—to his childhood—and rested there. If he thought of the stewed prunes that had been offered him that day, his mind went back to the raw shrivelled French plums of his childhood, their peculiar flavour and the flow of saliva when he sucked their stones, and along with the memory of that taste came a whole series of memories of those days: his nurse, his brother, and their toys. 'No, I mustn't think of that. . . . It is too painful,' Iván Ilých said to himself, and brought himself back to the present—to the button on the back of the sofa and the creases in its morocco. 'Morocco is expensive, but it does not wear well: there had been a quarrel about it. It was a different kind of quarrel and a different kind of morocco that time when we tore father's portfolio and were punished, and mamma brought us some tarts. . . .' And again his thoughts dwelt on his childhood, and again it was painful and he tried to banish them and fix his mind on something else.

Then again together with that chain of memories another series passed through his mind—of how his illness had progressed and grown worse. There also the further back he looked the more life there had

been. There had been more of what was good in life and more of life itself. The two merged together. 'Just as the pain went on getting worse and worse, so my life grew worse and worse,' he thought. 'There is one bright spot there at the back, at the beginning of life, and afterwards all becomes blacker and blacker and proceeds more and more rapidly—in inverse ratio to the square of the distance from death,' thought Iván Ilych. And the example of a stone falling downwards with increasing velocity entered his mind. Life, a series of increasing sufferings, flies further and further towards its end—the most terrible suffering. 'I am flying. . . .' He shuddered, shifted himself, and tried to resist, but was already aware that resistance was impossible, and again with eyes weary of gazing but unable to cease seeing what was before them, he stared at the back of the sofa and waited—awaiting that dreadful fall and shock and destruction.

'Resistance is impossible!' he said to himself. 'If I could only understand what it is all for! But that too is impossible. An explanation would be possible if it could be said that I have not lived as I ought to. But it is impossible to say that,' and he remembered all the legality, correctitude, and propriety of his life. 'That at any rate can certainly not be admitted,' he thought, and his lips smiled ironically as if someone could see that smile and be taken in by it. 'There is no explanation! Agony, death. . . . What for?'

XI

Another two weeks went by in this way and during that fortnight an event occurred that Iván Ilych and his wife had desired. Petríshchev formally proposed. It happened in the evening. The next

day Praskóvya Fëdorovna came into her husband's room considering how best to inform him of it, but that very night there had been a fresh change for the worse in his condition. She found him still lying on the sofa but in a different position. He lay on his back, groaning and staring fixedly straight in front of him.

She began to remind him of his medicines, but he turned his eyes towards her with such a look that she did not finish what she was saying; so great an animosity, to her in particular, did that look express.

'For Christ's sake let me die in peace!' he said.

She would have gone away, but just then their daughter came in and went up to say good morning. He looked at her as he had done at his wife, and in reply to her inquiry about his health said dryly that he would soon free them all of himself. They were both silent and after sitting with him for a while went away.

'Is it our fault?' Lisa said to her mother. 'It's as if we were to blame! I am sorry for papa, but why should we be tortured?'

The doctor came at his usual time. Iván Ilých answered 'Yes' and 'No', never taking his angry eyes from him, and at last said: 'You know you can do nothing for me, so leave me alone.'

'We can ease your sufferings.'

'You can't even do that. Let me be.'

The doctor went into the drawing-room and told Praskóvya Fedorovna that the case was very serious and that the only resource left was opium to allay her husband's sufferings, which must be terrible.

It was true, as the doctor said, that Iván Ilých's physical sufferings were terrible, but worse than the physical sufferings were his mental sufferings which were his chief torture.

His mental sufferings were due to the fact that

that night, as he looked at Gerásim's sleepy, good-natured face with its prominent cheek-bones, the question suddenly occurred to him: 'What if my whole life has really been wrong?'

It occurred to him that what had appeared perfectly impossible before, namely that he had not spent his life as he should have done, might after all be true. It occurred to him that his scarcely perceptible attempts to struggle against what was considered good by the most highly placed people, those scarcely noticeable impulses which he had immediately suppressed, might have been the real thing, and all the rest false. And his professional duties and the whole arrangement of his life and of his family, and all his social and official interests, might all have been false. He tried to defend all those things to himself and suddenly felt the weakness of what he was defending. There was nothing to defend.

'But if that is so,' he said to himself, 'and I am leaving this life with the consciousness that I have lost all that was given me and it is impossible to rectify it—what then?'

He lay on his back and began to pass his life in review in quite a new way. In the morning when he saw first his footman, then his wife, then his daughter, and then the doctor, their every word and movement confirmed to him the awful truth that had been revealed to him during the night. In them he saw himself—all that for which he had lived—and saw clearly that it was not real at all, but a terrible and huge deception which had hidden both life and death. This consciousness intensified his physical suffering tenfold. He groaned and tossed about, and pulled at his clothing which choked and stifled him. And he hated them on that account.

He was given a large dose of opium and became unconscious, but at noon his sufferings began again. He drove everybody away and tossed from side to side.

His wife came to him and said:

'Jean, my dear, do this for me. It can't do any harm and often helps. Healthy people often do it.'

He opened his eyes wide.

'What? Take communion? Why? It's unnecessary! However. . . '

She began to cry.

'Yes, do, my dear. I'll send for our priest. He is such a nice man.'

'All right. Very well,' he muttered.

When the priest came and heard his confession, Iván Ilých was softened and seemed to feel a relief from his doubts and consequently from his sufferings, and for a moment there came a ray of hope. He again began to think of the vermiform appendix and the possibility of correcting it. He received the sacrament with tears in his eyes.

When they laid him down again afterwards he felt a moment's ease, and the hope that he might live awoke in him again. He began to think of the operation that had been suggested to him. 'To live! I want to live!' he said to himself.

His wife came in to congratulate him after his communion, and when uttering the usual conventional words she added:

'You feel better, don't you?'

Without looking at her he said 'Yes'.

Her dress, her figure, the expression of her face, the tone of her voice, all revealed the same thing. 'This is wrong, it is not as it should be. All you have lived for and still live for is falsehood and deception, hiding life and death from you.' And as soon as he admitted that thought, his hatred and his agonizing physical suffering again sprang up,

and with that suffering a consciousness of the unavoidable, approaching end. And to this was added a new sensation of grinding shooting pain and a feeling of suffocation.

The expression of his face when he uttered that 'yes' was dreadful. Having uttered it, he looked her straight in the eyes, turned on his face with a rapidity extraordinary in his weak state and shouted:

'Go away! Go away and leave me alone!'

XII

From that moment the screaming began that continued for three days, and was so terrible that one could not hear it through two closed doors without horror. At the moment he answered his wife he realized that he was lost, that there was no return, that the end had come, the very end, and his doubts were still unsolved and remained doubts.

'Oh! Oh! Oh!' he cried in various intonations. He had begun by screaming 'I won't!' and continued screaming on the letter 'o'.

For three whole days, during which time did not exist for him, he struggled in that black sack into which he was being thrust by an invisible, resistless force. He struggled as a man condemned to death struggles in the hands of the executioner, knowing that he cannot save himself. And every moment he felt that despite all his efforts he was drawing nearer and nearer to what terrified him. He felt that his agony was due to his being thrust into that black hole and still more to his not being able to get right into it. He was hindered from getting into it by his conviction that his life had been a good one. That very justification of his life held him fast and prevented his moving forward, and it caused him most torment of all.

Suddenly some force struck him in the chest and side, making it still harder to breathe, and he fell through the hole and there at the bottom was a light. What had happened to him was like the sensation one sometimes experiences in a railway carriage when one thinks one is going backwards while one is really going forwards and suddenly becomes aware of the real direction.

'Yes, it was all not the right thing,' he said to himself, 'but that's no matter. It can be done. But what *is* the right thing?' he asked himself, and suddenly grew quiet.

This occurred at the end of the third day, two hours before his death. Just then his schoolboy son had crept softly in and gone up to the bedside. The dying man was still screaming desperately and waving his arms. His hand fell on the boy's head, and the boy caught it, pressed it to his lips, and began to cry.

At that very moment Iván Ilých fell through and caught sight of the light, and it was revealed to him that though his life had not been what it should have been, this could still be rectified. He asked himself, 'What *is* the right thing?' and grew still, listening. Then he felt that someone was kissing his hand. He opened his eyes, looked at his son, and felt sorry for him. His wife came up to him and he glanced at her. She was gazing at him open-mouthed, with undried tears on her nose and cheek and a despairing look on her face. He felt sorry for her too.

'Yes, I am making them wretched,' he thought. 'They are sorry, but it will be better for them when I die.' He wished to say this but had not the strength to utter it. 'Besides, why speak? I must act,' he thought. With a look at his wife he indicated his son and said: 'Take him away . . . sorry

for him . . . sorry for you too. . . .' He tried to add, 'forgive me', but said 'forego' and waved his hand, knowing that He whose understanding mattered would understand.

And suddenly it grew clear to him that what had been oppressing him and would not leave him was all dropping away at once from two sides, from ten sides, and from all sides. He was sorry for them, he must act so as not to hurt them: release them and free himself from these sufferings. 'How good and how simple!' he thought. 'And the pain?' he asked himself. 'What has become of it? Where are you, pain?'

He turned his attention to it.

'Yes, here it is. Well, what of it? Let the pain be.'

'And death . . . where is it?'

He sought his former accustomed fear of death and did not find it. 'Where is it? What death?' There was no fear because there was no death.

In place of death there was light.

'So that's what it is!' he suddenly exclaimed aloud. 'What joy!'

To him all this happened in a single instant, and the meaning of that instant did not change. For those present his agony continued for another two hours. Something rattled in his throat, his emaciated body twitched, then the gasping and rattle became less and less frequent.

'It is finished!' said someone near him.

He heard these words and repeated them in his soul.

'Death is finished,' he said to himself. 'It is no more!'

He drew in a breath, stopped in the midst of a sigh, stretched out, and died.

[25th March 1886.]

MASTER AND MAN

I

IT happened in the 'seventies in winter, on the day after St. Nicholas's Day. There was a fête in the parish and the innkeeper, Vasíli Andréévich Brekhunóv, a Second Guild merchant, being a church elder had to go to church, and had also to entertain his relatives and friends at home.

But when the last of them had gone he at once began to prepare to drive over to see a neighbouring proprietor about a grove which he had been bargaining over for a long time. He was now in a hurry to start, lest buyers from the town might forestall him in making a profitable purchase.

The youthful landowner was asking ten thousand rubles for the grove simply because Vasíli Andréévich was offering seven thousand. Seven thousand was, however, only a third of its real value. Vasíli Andréévich might perhaps have got it down to his own price, for the woods were in his district and he had a long-standing agreement with the other village dealers that no one should run up the price in another's district, but he had now learnt that some timber-dealers from town meant to bid for the Goryáchkin grove, and he resolved to go at once and get the matter settled. So as soon as the feast was over, he took seven hundred rubles from his strong box, added to them two thousand three hundred rubles of church money he had in his keeping, so as to make up the sum to three thousand; carefully counted the notes, and having put them into his pocket-book made haste to start.

Nikíta, the only one of Vasíli Andréévich's labourers who was not drunk that day, ran to

harness the horse. Nikíta, though an habitual drunkard, was not drunk that day because since the last day before the fast, when he had drunk his coat and leather boots, he had sworn off drink and had kept his vow for two months, and was still keeping it despite the temptation of the vodka that had been drunk everywhere during the first two days of the feast.

Nikíta was a peasant of about fifty from a neighbouring village, 'not a manager' as the peasants said of him, meaning that he was not the thrifty head of a household but lived most of his time away from home as a labourer. He was valued everywhere for his industry, dexterity, and strength at work, and still more for his kindly and pleasant temper. But he never settled down anywhere for long because about twice a year, or even oftener, he had a drinking bout, and then besides spending all his clothes on drink he became turbulent and quarrelsome. Vasíli Andréévich himself had turned him away several times, but had afterwards taken him back again—valuing his honesty, his kindness to animals, and especially his cheapness. Vasíli Andréévich did not pay Nikíta the eighty rubles a year such a man was worth, but only about forty, which he gave him haphazard, in small sums, and even that mostly not in cash but in goods from his own shop and at high prices.

Nikíta's wife Martha, who had once been a handsome vigorous woman, managed the homestead with the help of her son and two daughters, and did not urge Nikíta to live at home: first because she had been living for some twenty years already with a cooper, a peasant from another village who lodged in their house; and secondly because though she managed her husband as she pleased when he was sober, she feared him like fire when he was

drunk. Once when he had got drunk at home, Nikíta, probably to make up for his submissiveness when sober, broke open her box, took out her best clothes, snatched up an axe, and chopped all her under-garments and dresses to bits. All the wages Nikíta earned went to his wife, and he raised no objection to that. So now, two days before the holiday, Martha had been twice to see Vasíli Andréevich and had got from him wheat flour, tea, sugar, and a quart of vodka, the lot costing three rubles, and also five rubles in cash, for which she thanked him as for a special favour, though he owed Nikíta at least twenty rubles.

‘What agreement did we ever draw up with you?’ said Vasíli Andréevich to Nikíta. ‘If you need anything, take it; you will work it off. I’m not like others to keep you waiting, and making up accounts and reckoning fines. We deal straightforwardly. You serve me and I don’t neglect you.’

And when saying this Vasíli Andréevich was honestly convinced that he was Nikíta’s benefactor, and he knew how to put it so plausibly that all those who depended on him for their money, beginning with Nikíta, confirmed him in the conviction that he was their benefactor and did not overreach them.

‘Yes, I understand, Vasíli Andréevich. You know that I serve you and take as much pains as I would for my own father. I understand very well!’ Nikíta would reply. He was quite aware that Vasíli Andréevich was cheating him, but at the same time he felt that it was useless to try to clear up his accounts with him or explain his side of the matter, and that as long as he had nowhere else to go he must accept what he could get.

Now, having heard his master’s order to harness, he went as usual cheerfully and willingly to the shed, stepping briskly and easily on his rather

turned-in feet; took down from a nail the heavy tasselled leather bridle, and jingling the rings of the bit went to the closed stable where the horse he was to harness was standing by himself.

'What, feeling lonely, feeling lonely, little silly?' said Nikíta in answer to the low whinny with which he was greeted by the good-tempered, medium-sized bay stallion, with a rather slanting crupper, who stood alone in the shed. 'Now then, now then, there's time enough. Let me water you first,' he went on, speaking to the horse just as to someone who understood the words he was using, and having whisked the dusty grooved back of the well-fed young stallion with the skirt of his coat, he put a bridle on his handsome head, straightened his ears and forelock, and having taken off his halter led him out to water.

Picking his way out of the dung-strewn stable, Mukhórty frisked, and making play with his hind leg pretended that he meant to kick Nikíta, who was running at a trot beside him to the pump.

'Now then, now then, you rascal!' Nikíta called out, well knowing how carefully Mukhórty threw out his hind leg just to touch his greasy sheepskin coat but not to strike him—a trick Nikíta much appreciated.

After a drink of the cold water the horse sighed, moving his strong wet lips, from the hairs of which transparent drops fell into the trough; then standing still as if in thought, he suddenly gave a loud snort.

'If you don't want any more, you needn't. But don't go asking for any later,' said Nikíta quite seriously and fully explaining his conduct to Mukhórty. Then he ran back to the shed pulling the playful young horse, who wanted to gambol all over the yard, by the rein.

There was no one else in the yard except a

stranger, the cook's husband, who had come for the holiday.

'Go and ask which sledge is to be harnessed—the wide one or the small one—there's a good fellow!'

The cook's husband went into the house, which stood on an iron foundation and was iron-roofed, and soon returned saying that the little one was to be harnessed. By that time Nikíta had put the collar and brass-studded belly-band on Mukhórtý and, carrying a light, painted shaft-bow in one hand, was leading the horse with the other up to two sledges that stood in the shed.

'All right, let it be the little one!' he said, backing the intelligent horse, which all the time kept pretending to bite him, into the shafts, and with the aid of the cook's husband he proceeded to harness. When everything was nearly ready and only the reins had to be adjusted, Nikíta sent the other man to the shed for some straw and to the barn for a drugget.

'There, that's all right! Now, now, don't bristle up!' said Nikíta, pressing down into the sledge the freshly threshed oat straw the cook's husband had brought. 'And now let's spread the sacking like this, and the drugget over it. There, like that it will be comfortable sitting,' he went on, suiting the action to the words and tucking the drugget all round over the straw to make a seat.

'Thank you, dear man. Things always go quicker with two working at it!' he added. And gathering up the leather reins fastened together by a brass ring, Nikíta took the driver's seat and started the impatient horse over the frozen manure which lay in the yard, towards the gate.

'Uncle Nikíta! I say, Uncle, Uncle!' a high-pitched voice shouted, and a seven-year-old boy in

a black sheepskin coat, new white felt boots, and a warm cap, ran hurriedly out of the house into the yard. 'Take me with you!' he cried, fastening up his coat as he ran.

'All right, come along, darling!' said Nikíta, and stopping the sledge he picked up the master's pale thin little son, radiant with joy, and drove out into the road.

It was past two o'clock and the day was windy, dull, and cold, with more than twenty degrees Fahrenheit of frost. Half the sky was hidden by a lowering dark cloud. In the yard it was quiet, but in the street the wind was felt more keenly. The snow swept down from a neighbouring shed and whirled about in the corner near the bath-house.

Hardly had Nikíta driven out of the yard and turned the horse's head to the house, before Vasíli Andréévich emerged from the high porch in front of the house with a cigarette in his mouth and wearing a cloth-covered sheepskin coat tightly girdled low at his waist, and stepped onto the hard-trodden snow which squeaked under the leather soles of his felt boots, and stopped. Taking a last whiff of his cigarette he threw it down, stepped on it, and letting the smoke escape through his moustache and looking askance at the horse that was coming up, began to tuck in his sheepskin collar on both sides of his ruddy face, clean-shaven except for the moustache, so that his breath should not moisten the collar.

'See now! The young scamp is there already!' he exclaimed when he saw his little son in the sledge. Vasíli Andréévich was excited by the vodka he had drunk with his visitors, and so he was even more pleased than usual with everything that was his and all that he did. The sight of his son, whom he always thought of as his heir, now gave him

great satisfaction. He looked at him, screwing up his eyes and showing his long teeth.

His wife—pregnant, thin and pale, with her head and shoulders wrapped in a shawl so that nothing of her face could be seen but her eyes—stood behind him in the vestibule to see him off.

‘Now really, you ought to take Nikíta with you,’ she said timidly, stepping out from the doorway.

Vasíli Andréévich did not answer. Her words evidently annoyed him and he frowned angrily and spat.

‘You have money on you,’ she continued in the same plaintive voice. ‘What if the weather gets worse! Do take him, for goodness’ sake!’

‘Why? Don’t I know the road that I must needs take a guide?’ exclaimed Vasíli Andréévich, uttering every word very distinctly and compressing his lips unnaturally, as he usually did when speaking to buyers and sellers.

‘Really you ought to take him. I beg you in God’s name!’ his wife repeated, wrapping her shawl more closely round her head.

‘There, she sticks to it like a leech! . . . Where am I to take him?’

‘I’m quite ready to go with you, Vasíli Andréévich,’ said Nikíta cheerfully. ‘But they must feed the horses while I am away,’ he added, turning to his master’s wife.

‘I’ll look after them, Nikíta dear. I’ll tell Simon,’ replied the mistress.

‘Well, Vasíli Andréévich, am I to come with you?’ said Nikíta, awaiting a decision.

‘It seems I must humour my old woman. But if you’re coming you’d better put on a warmer cloak,’ said Vasíli Andréévich, smiling again as he winked at Nikíta’s short sheepskin coat, which was torn under the arms and at the back, was greasy and

out of shape, frayed to a fringe round the skirt, and had endured many things in its lifetime.

'Hey, dear man, come and hold the horse!' shouted Nikita to the cook's husband, who was still in the yard.

'No, I will myself, I will myself!' shrieked the little boy, pulling his hands, red with cold, out of his pockets, and seizing the cold leather reins.

'Only don't be too long dressing yourself up. Look alive!' shouted Vasili Andréevich, grinning at Nikita.

'Only a moment, father, Vasili Andréevich!' replied Nikita, and running quickly with his in-turned toes in his felt boots with their soles patched with felt, he hurried across the yard and into the workmen's hut.

'Arinushka! Get my coat down from the stove. I'm going with the master,' he said, as he ran into the hut and took down his girdle from the nail on which it hung.

The workmen's cook, who had had a sleep after dinner and was now getting the samovar ready for her husband, turned cheerfully to Nikita, and infected by his hurry began to move as quickly as he did, got down his miserable worn-out cloth coat from the stove where it was drying, and began hurriedly shaking it out and smoothing it down.

'There now, you'll have a chance of a holiday with your goodman,' said Nikita, who from kind-hearted politeness always said something to anyone he was alone with.

Then, drawing his worn narrow girdle round him, he drew in his breath, pulling in his lean stomach still more, and girdled himself as tightly as he could over his sheepskin.

'There now,' he said, addressing himself no longer to the cook but the girdle, as he tucked the ends

in at the waist, 'now you won't come undone!' And working his shoulders up and down to free his arms, he put the coat over his sheepskin, arched his back more strongly to ease his arms, poked himself under the armpits, and took down his leather-covered mittens from the shelf. 'Now we're all right!'

'You ought to wrap your feet up, Nikíta. Your boots are very bad.'

Nikíta stopped as if he had suddenly realized this.

'Yes, I ought to. . . . But they'll do like this. It isn't far!' and he ran out into the yard.

'Won't you be cold, Nikíta?' said the mistress as he came up to the sledge.

'Cold? No, I'm quite warm,' answered Nikíta as he pushed some straw up to the forepart of the sledge so that it should cover his feet, and stowed away the whip, which the good horse would not need, at the bottom of the sledge.

Vasíli Andréévich, who was wearing two fur-lined coats one over the other, was already in the sledge, his broad back filling nearly its whole rounded width, and taking the reins he immediately touched the horse. Nikíta jumped in just as the sledge started, and seated himself in front on the left side, with one leg hanging over the edge.

II

The good stallion took the sledge along at a brisk pace over the smooth-frozen road through the village, the runners squeaking slightly as they went.

'Look at him hanging on there! Hand me the whip, Nikíta!' shouted Vasíli Andréévich, evidently enjoying the sight of his 'heir', who standing on the runners was hanging on at the back of the sledge. 'I'll give it you! Be off to mamma, you dog!'

The boy jumped down. The horse increased his

amble and, suddenly changing foot, broke into a fast trot.

The Crosses, the village where Vasíli Andréévich lived, consisted of six houses. As soon as they had passed the blacksmith's hut, the last in the village, they realized that the wind was much stronger than they had thought. The road could hardly be seen. The tracks left by the sledge-runners were immediately covered by snow and the road was only distinguished by the fact that it was higher than the rest of the ground. There was a whirl of snow over the fields and the line where sky and earth met could not be seen. The Telyátin forest, usually clearly visible, now only loomed up occasionally and dimly through the driving snowy dust. The wind came from the left, insistently blowing over to one side the mane on Mukhórty's sleek neck and carrying aside even his fluffy tail, which was tied in a simple knot. Nikíta's wide coat-collar, as he sat on the windy side, pressed close to his cheek and nose.

'This road doesn't give him a chance—it's too snowy,' said Vasíli Andréévich, who prided himself on his good horse. 'I once drove to Pashútino with him in half an hour.'

'What?' asked Nikíta, who could not hear on account of his collar.

'I say I once went to Pashútino in half an hour,' shouted Vasíli Andréévich.

'It goes without saying that he's a good horse,' replied Nikíta.

They were silent for awhile. But Vasíli Andréévich wished to talk.

'Well, did you tell your wife not to give the cooper any vodka?' he began in the same loud tone, quite convinced that Nikíta must feel flattered to be talking with so clever and important a person as himself, and he was so pleased with his jest that it did

not enter his head that the remark might be unpleasant to Nikíta.

The wind again prevented Nikíta's hearing his master's words.

Vasíli Andréévich repeated the jest about the cooper in his loud, clear voice.

'That's their business, Vasíli Andréévich. I don't pry into their affairs. As long as she doesn't ill-treat our boy—God be with them.'

'That's so,' said Vasíli Andréévich. 'Well, and will you be buying a horse in spring?' he went on, changing the subject.

'Yes, I can't avoid it,' answered Nikíta, turning down his collar and leaning back towards his master.

The conversation now became interesting to him and he did not wish to lose a word.

'The lad's growing up. He must begin to plough for himself, but till now we've always had to hire someone,' he said.

'Well, why not have the lean-cruppered one. I won't charge much for it,' shouted Vasíli Andréévich, feeling animated, and consequently starting on his favourite occupation—that of horse-dealing—which absorbed all his mental powers.

'Or you might let me have fifteen rubles and I'll buy one at the horse-market,' said Nikíta, who knew that the horse Vasíli Andréévich wanted to sell him would be dear at seven rubles, but that if he took it from him it would be charged at twenty-five, and then he would be unable to draw any money for half a year.

'It's a good horse. I think of your interest as of my own—according to conscience. Brekhunóv isn't a man to wrong anyone. Let the loss be mine. I'm not like others. Honestly!' he shouted in the voice in which he hypnotized his customers and dealers. 'It's a real good horse.'

'Quite so!' said Nikíta with a sigh, and convinced that there was nothing more to listen to, he again released his collar, which immediately covered his ear and face.

They drove on in silence for about half an hour. The wind blew sharply onto Nikíta's side and arm where his sheepskin was torn.

He huddled up and breathed into the collar which covered his mouth, and was not wholly cold.

'What do you think—shall we go through Karamýshevo or by the straight road?' asked Vasíli Andréévich.

The road through Karamýshevo was more frequented and was well marked with a double row of high stakes. The straight road was nearer but little used and had no stakes, or only poor ones covered with snow.

Nikíta thought awhile.

'Though Karamýshevo is farther, it is better going,' he said.

'But by the straight road, when once we get through the hollow by the forest, it's good going—sheltered,' said Vasíli Andréévich, who wished to go the nearest way.

'Just as you please,' said Nikíta, and again let go of his collar.

Vasíli Andréévich did as he had said, and having gone about half a verst came to a tall oak stake which had a few dry leaves still dangling on it, and there he turned to the left.

On turning they faced directly against the wind, and snow was beginning to fall. Vasíli Andréévich, who was driving, inflated his cheeks, blowing the breath out through his moustache. Nikíta dosed.

So they went on in silence for about ten minutes. Suddenly Vasíli Andréévich began saying something.

'Eh, what?' asked Nikíta, opening his eyes.

Vasíli Andréévich did not answer, but bent over, looking behind them and then ahead of the horse. The sweat had curled Mukhórty's coat between his legs and on his neck. He went at a walk.

'What is it?' Nikíta asked again.

'What is it? What is it?' Vasíli Andréévich mimicked him angrily. 'There are no stakes to be seen! We must have got off the road!'

'Well, pull up then, and I'll look for it,' said Nikíta, and jumping down lightly from the sledge and taking the whip from under the straw, he went off to the left from his own side of the sledge.

The snow was not deep that year, so that it was possible to walk anywhere, but still in places it was knee-deep and got into Nikíta's boots. He went about feeling the ground with his feet and the whip, but could not find the road anywhere.

'Well, how is it?' asked Vasíli Andréévich when Nikíta came back to the sledge.

'There is no road this side. I must go to the other side and try there,' said Nikíta.

'There's something there in front. Go and have a look.'

Nikíta went to what had appeared dark, but found that it was earth which the wind had blown from the bare fields of winter oats and had strewn over the snow, colouring it. Having searched to the right also, he returned to the sledge, brushed the snow from his coat, shook it out of his boots, and seated himself once more.

'We must go to the right,' he said decidedly. 'The wind was blowing on our left before, but now it is straight in my face. Drive to the right,' he repeated with decision.

Vasíli Andréévich took his advice and turned to the right, but still there was no road. They went

on in that direction for some time. The wind was as fierce as ever and it was snowing lightly.

'It seems, Vasíli Andréévich, that we have gone quite astray,' Nikíta suddenly remarked, as if it were a pleasant thing. 'What is that?' he added, pointing to some potato vines that showed up from under the snow.

Vasíli Andréévich stopped the perspiring horse, whose deep sides were heaving heavily.

'What is it?'

'Why, we are on the Zakhárov lands. See where we've got to!'

'Nonsense!' retorted Vasíli Andréévich.

'It's not nonsense, Vasíli Andréévich. It's the truth,' replied Nikíta. 'You can feel that the sledge is going over a potato-field, and there are the heaps of vines which have been carted here. It's the Zakhárov factory land.'

'Dear me, how we have gone astray!' said Vasíli Andréévich. 'What are we to do now?'

'We must go straight on, that's all. We shall come out somewhere—if not at Zakhárova then at the proprietor's farm,' said Nikíta.

Vasíli Andréévich agreed, and drove as Nikíta had indicated. So they went on for a considerable time. At times they came onto bare fields and the sledge-runners rattled over frozen lumps of earth. Sometimes they got onto a winter-rye field, or a fallow field on which they could see stalks of worm-wood, and straws sticking up through the snow and swaying in the wind; sometimes they came onto deep and even white snow, above which nothing was to be seen.

The snow was falling from above and sometimes rose from below. The horse was evidently exhausted, his hair had all curled up from sweat and was covered with hoar-frost, and he went at a walk.

Suddenly he stumbled and sat down in a ditch or water-course. Vasili Andréevich wanted to stop, but Nikíta cried to him:

'Why stop? We've got in and must get out. Hey, pet! Hey, darling! Gee up, old fellow!' he shouted in a cheerful tone to the horse, jumping out of the sledge and himself getting stuck in the ditch.

The horse gave a start and quickly climbed out onto the frozen bank. It was evidently a ditch that had been dug there.

'Where are we now?' asked Vasili Andréevich.

'We'll soon find out!' Nikíta replied. 'Go on, we'll get somewhere.'

'Why, this must be the Goryáchkin forest!' said Vasili Andréevich, pointing to something dark that appeared amid the snow in front of them.

'We'll see what forest it is when we get there,' said Nikíta.

He saw that beside the black thing they had noticed, dry, oblong willow-leaves were fluttering, and so he knew it was not a forest but a settlement, but he did not wish to say so. And in fact they had not gone twenty-five yards beyond the ditch before something in front of them, evidently trees, showed up black, and they heard a new and melancholy sound. Nikíta had guessed right: it was not a wood, but a row of tall willows with a few leaves still fluttering on them here and there. They had evidently been planted along the ditch round a threshing-floor. Coming up to the willows, which moaned sadly in the wind, the horse suddenly planted his forelegs above the height of the sledge, drew up his hind legs also, pulling the sledge onto higher ground, and turned to the left, no longer sinking up to his knees in snow. They were back on a road.

'Well, here we are, but heaven only knows where!' said Nikíta.

The horse kept straight along the road through the drifted snow, and before they had gone another hundred yards the straight line of the dark wattle wall of a barn showed up black before them, its roof heavily covered with snow which poured down from it. After passing the barn the road turned to the wind and they drove into a snow-drift. But ahead of them was a lane with houses on either side, so evidently the snow had been blown across the road and they had to drive through the drift. And so in fact it was. Having driven through the snow they came out into a street. At the end house of the village some frozen clothes hanging on a line—shirts, one red and one white, trousers, leg-bands, and a petticoat—fluttered wildly in the wind. The white shirt in particular struggled desperately, waving its sleeves about.

‘There now, either a lazy woman or a dead one has not taken her clothes down before the holiday,’ remarked Nikíta, looking at the fluttering shirts.

III

At the entrance to the street the wind still raged and the road was thickly covered with snow, but well within the village it was calm, warm, and cheerful. At one house a dog was barking, at another a woman, covering her head with her coat, came running from somewhere and entered the door of a hut, stopping on the threshold to have a look at the passing sledge. In the middle of the village girls could be heard singing.

Here in the village there seemed to be less wind and snow, and the frost was less keen.

‘Why, this is Gríshkino,’ said Vasíli Andréévich.

‘So it is,’ responded Nikíta.

It really was Gríshkino, which meant that they had gone too far to the left and had travelled some

six miles, not quite in the direction they aimed at, but towards their destination for all that.

From Gríshkino to Goryáchkin was about another four miles.

In the middle of the village they almost ran into a tall man walking down the middle of the street.

'Who are you?' shouted the man, stopping the horse, and recognizing Vasíli Andréevich he immediately took hold of the shaft, went along it hand over hand till he reached the sledge, and placed himself on the driver's seat.

He was Isáy, a peasant of Vasíli Andréevich's acquaintance, and well known as the principal horse-thief in the district.

'Ah, Vasíli Andréevich! Where are you off to?' said Isáy, enveloping Nikíta in the odour of the vodka he had drunk.

'We were going to Goryáchkin.'

'And look where you've got to! You should have gone through Molchánovka.'

'Should have, but didn't manage it,' said Vasíli Andréevich, holding in the horse.

'That's a good horse,' said Isáy, with a shrewd glance at Mukhórty, and with a practised hand he tightened the loosened knot high in the horse's bushy tail.

'Are you going to stay the night?'

'No, friend. I must get on.'

'Your business must be pressing. And who is this? Ah, Nikíta Stepánych!'

'Who else?' replied Nikíta. 'But I say, good friend, how are we to avoid going astray again?'

'Where can you go astray here? Turn back straight down the street and then when you come out keep straight on. Don't take to the left. You will come out onto the high road, and then turn to the right.'

'And where do we turn off the high road? As in summer, or the winter way?' asked Nikíta.

'The winter way. As soon as you turn off you'll see some bushes, and opposite them there is a way-mark—a large oak one with branches—and that's the way.'

Vasíli Andréévich turned the horse back and drove through the outskirts of the village.

'Why not stay the night?' Isáy shouted after them.

But Vasíli Andréévich did not answer and touched up the horse. Four miles of good road, two of which lay through the forest, seemed easy to manage, especially as the wind was apparently quieter and the snow had stopped.

Having driven along the trodden village street, darkened here and there by fresh manure, past the yard where the clothes hung out and where the white shirt had broken loose and was now attached only by one frozen sleeve, they again came within sound of the weird moan of the willows, and again emerged on the open fields. The storm, far from ceasing, seemed to have grown yet stronger. The road was completely covered with drifting snow, and only the stakes showed that they had not lost their way. But even the stakes ahead of them were not easy to see, since the wind blew in their faces.

Vasíli Andréévich screwed up his eyes, bent down his head, and looked out for the way-marks, but trusted mainly to the horse's sagacity, letting it take its own way. And the horse really did not lose the road but followed its windings, turning now to the right and now to the left and sensing it under his feet, so that though the snow fell thicker and the wind strengthened they still continued to see way-marks now to the left and now to the right of them.

So they travelled on for about ten minutes, when suddenly, through the slanting screen of wind-driven snow, something black showed up which moved in front of the horse.

This was another sledge with fellow-travellers. Mukhórty overtook them, and struck his hoofs against the back of the sledge in front of him.

'Pass on . . . hey there . . . get in front!' cried voices from the sledge.

Vasíli Andréévich swerved aside to pass the other sledge. In it sat three men and a woman, evidently visitors returning from a feast. One peasant was whacking the snow-covered croup of their little horse with a long switch, and the other two sitting in front waved their arms and shouted something. The woman, completely wrapped up and covered with snow, sat drowsing and bumping at the back.

'Who are you?' shouted Vasíli Andréévich.

'From A-a-a . . .' was all that could be heard.

'I say, where are you from?'

'From A-a-a-a!' one of the peasants shouted with all his might, but still it was impossible to make out who they were.

'Get along! Keep up!' shouted another, ceaselessly beating his horse with the switch.

'So you're from a feast, it seems?'

'Go on, go on! Faster, Simon! Get in front! Faster!'

The wings of the sledges bumped against one another, almost got jammed but managed to separate, and the peasants' sledge began to fall behind.

Their shaggy, big-bellied horse, all covered with snow, breathed heavily under the low shaft-bow and, evidently using the last of its strength, vainly endeavoured to escape from the switch, hobbling with its short legs through the deep snow which it threw up under itself.

Its muzzle, young-looking, with the nether lip drawn up like that of a fish, nostrils distended and ears pressed back from fear, kept up for a few seconds near Nikíta's shoulder and then began to fall behind.

'Just see what liquor does!' said Nikíta. 'They've tired that little horse to death. What pagans!'

For a few minutes they heard the panting of the tired little horse and the drunken shouting of the peasants. Then the panting and the shouts died away, and around them nothing could be heard but the whistling of the wind in their ears and now and then the squeak of their sledge-runners over a wind-swept part of the road.

This encounter cheered and enlivened Vasíli Andréévich, and he drove on more boldly without examining the way-marks, urging on the horse and trusting to him.

Nikíta had nothing to do, and as usual in such circumstances he drowsed, making up for much sleepless time. Suddenly the horse stopped and Nikíta nearly fell forward onto his nose.

'You know we're off the track again!' said Vasíli Andréévich.

'How's that?'

'Why, there are no way-marks to be seen. We must have got off the road again.'

'Well, if we've lost the road we must find it,' said Nikíta curtly, and getting out and stepping lightly on his pigeon-toed feet he started once more going about on the snow.

He walked about for a long time, now disappearing and now reappearing, and finally he came back.

'There is no road here. There may be farther on,' he said, getting into the sledge.

It was already growing dark. The snow-storm had not increased but had also not subsided.

'If we could only hear those peasants!' said Vasili Andréevich.

'Well they haven't caught us up. We must have gone far astray. Or maybe they have lost their way too.'

'Where are we to go then?' asked Vasili Andréevich.

'Why, we must let the horse take its own way,' said Nikíta. 'He will take us right. Let me have the reins.'

Vasili Andréevich gave him the reins, the more willingly because his hands were beginning to feel frozen in his thick gloves.

Nikíta took the reins, but only held them, trying not to shake them and rejoicing at his favourite's sagacity. And indeed the clever horse, turning first one ear and then the other now to one side and then to the other, began to wheel round.

'The one thing he can't do is to talk,' Nikíta kept saying. 'See what he is doing! Go on, go on! You know best. That's it, that's it!'

The wind was now blowing from behind and it felt warmer.

'Yes, he's clever,' Nikíta continued, admiring the horse. 'A Kirgiz horse is strong but stupid. But this one—just see what he's doing with his ears! He doesn't need any telegraph. He can scent a mile off.'

Before another half-hour had passed they saw something dark ahead of them—a wood or a village—and stakes again appeared to the right. They had evidently come out onto the road.

'Why, that's Gríshkino again!' Nikíta suddenly exclaimed.

And indeed, there on their left was that same barn with the snow flying from it, and farther on the same line with the frozen washing, shirts and

trousers, which still fluttered desperately in the wind.

Again they drove into the street and again it grew quiet, warm, and cheerful, and again they could see the manure-stained street and hear voices and songs and the barking of a dog. It was already so dark that there were lights in some of the windows.

Half-way through the village Vasili Andréevich turned the horse towards a large double-fronted brick house and stopped at the porch.

Nikíta went to the lighted snow-covered window, in the rays of which flying snow-flakes glittered, and knocked at it with his whip.

'Who is there?' a voice replied to his knock.

'From Krestý, the Brekhunóvs, dear fellow,' answered Nikíta. 'Just come out for a minute.'

Someone moved from the window, and a minute or two later there was the sound of the passage door as it came unstuck, then the latch of the outside door clicked and a tall white-bearded peasant, with a sheepskin coat thrown over his white holiday shirt, pushed his way out holding the door firmly against the wind, followed by a lad in a red shirt and high leather boots.

'Is that you, Andréevich?' asked the old man.

'Yes, friend, we've gone astray,' said Vasili Andréevich. 'We wanted to get to Goryáchkin but found ourselves here. We went a second time but lost our way again.'

'Just see how you have gone astray!' said the old man. 'Petrúshka, go and open the gate!' he added, turning to the lad in the red shirt.

'All right,' said the lad in a cheerful voice, and ran back into the passage.

'But we're not staying the night,' said Vasili Andréevich.

'Where will you go in the night? You'd better stay!'

'I'd be glad to, but I must go on. It's business, and it can't be helped.'

'Well, warm yourself at least. The samovar is just ready.'

'Warm myself? Yes, I'll do that,' said Vasili Andréevich. 'It won't get darker. The moon will rise and it will be lighter. Let's go in and warm ourselves, Nikíta.'

'Well, why not? Let us warm ourselves,' replied Nikíta, who was stiff with cold and anxious to warm his frozen limbs.

Vasili Andréevich went into the room with the old man, and Nikíta drove through the gate opened for him by Petrúshka, by whose advice he backed the horse under the penthouse. The ground was covered with manure and the tall bow over the horse's head caught against the beam. The hens and the cock had already settled to roost there, and clucked peevishly, clinging to the beam with their claws. The disturbed sheep shied and rushed aside trampling the frozen manure with their hooves. The dog yelped desperately with fright and anger and then burst out barking like a puppy at the stranger.

Nikíta talked to them all, excused himself to the fowls and assured them that he would not disturb them again, rebuked the sheep for being frightened without knowing why, and kept soothing the dog, while he tied up the horse.

'Now that will be all right,' he said, knocking the snow off his clothes. 'Just hear how he barks!' he added, turning to the dog. 'Be quiet, stupid! Be quiet. You are only troubling yourself for nothing. We're not thieves, we're friends. . . .'

'And these are, it's said, the three domestic coun-

sellors,' remarked the lad, and with his strong arms he pushed under the pent-roof the sledge that had remained outside.

'Why counsellors?' asked Nikíta.

'That's what is printed in Paulson. A thief creeps to a house—the dog barks, that means, "Be on your guard!" The cock crows, that means, "Get up!" The cat licks herself—that means, "A welcome guest is coming. Get ready to receive him!"' said the lad with a smile.

Petrúshka could read and write and knew Paulson's primer, his only book, almost by heart, and he was fond of quoting sayings from it that he thought suited the occasion, especially when he had had something to drink, as to-day.

'That's so,' said Nikíta.

'You must be chilled through and through,' said Petrúshka.

'Yes, I am rather,' said Nikíta, and they went across the yard and the passage into the house.

IV

The household to which Vasíli Andréévich had come was one of the richest in the village. The family had five allotments, besides renting other land. They had six horses, three cows, two calves, and some twenty sheep. There were twenty-two members belonging to the homestead: four married sons, six grandchildren (one of whom, Petrúshka, was married), two great-grandchildren, three orphans, and four daughters-in-law with their babies. It was one of the few homesteads that remained still undivided, but even here the dull internal work of disintegration which would inevitably lead to separation had already begun, starting as usual among the women. Two sons were living in Moscow as water-carriers, and one was in the army. At

home now were the old man and his wife, their second son who managed the homestead, the eldest who had come from Moscow for the holiday, and all the women and children. Besides these members of the family there was a visitor, a neighbour who was godfather to one of the children.

Over the table in the room hung a lamp with a shade, which brightly lit up the tea-things, a bottle of vodka, and some refreshments, besides illuminating the brick walls, which in the far corner were hung with icons on both sides of which were pictures. At the head of the table sat Vasili Andréevich in a black sheepskin coat, sucking his frozen moustache and observing the room and the people around him with his prominent hawk-like eyes. With him sat the old, bald, white-bearded master of the house in a white homespun shirt, and next him the son home from Moscow for the holiday—a man with a sturdy back and powerful shoulders and clad in a thin print shirt—then the second son, also broad-shouldered, who acted as head of the house, and then a lean red-haired peasant—the neighbour.

Having had a drink of vodka and something to eat, they were about to take tea, and the samovar standing on the floor beside the brick oven was already humming. The children could be seen in the top bunks and on the top of the oven. A woman sat on a lower bunk with a cradle beside her. The old housewife, her face covered with wrinkles which wrinkled even her lips, was waiting on Vasili Andréevich.

As Nikíta entered the house she was offering her guest a small tumbler of thick glass which she had just filled with vodka.

'Don't refuse, Vasili Andréevich, you musn't! Wish us a merry feast. Drink it, dear!' she said.

The sight and smell of vodka, especially now when he was chilled through and tired out, much disturbed Nikíta's mind. He frowned, and having shaken the snow off his cap and coat, stopped in front of the icons as if not seeing anyone, crossed himself three times, and bowed to the icons. Then, turning to the old master of the house and bowing first to him, then to all those at table, then to the women who stood by the oven, and muttering: 'A merry holiday!' he began taking off his outer things without looking at the table.

'Why, you're all covered with hoar-frost, old fellow!' said the eldest brother, looking at Nikíta's snow-covered face, eyes, and beard.

Nikíta took off his coat, shook it again, hung it up beside the oven, and came up to the table. He too was offered vodka. He went through a moment of painful hesitation and nearly took up the glass and emptied the clear fragrant liquid down his throat, but he glanced at Vasíli Andréévich, remembered his oath and the boots that he had sold for drink, recalled the cooper, remembered his son for whom he had promised to buy a horse by spring, sighed, and declined it.

'I don't drink, thank you kindly,' he said frowning, and sat down on a bench near the second window.

'How's that?' asked the eldest brother.

'I just don't drink,' replied Nikíta without lifting his eyes but looking askance at his scanty beard and moustache and getting the icicles out of them.

'It's not good for him,' said Vasíli Andréévich, munching a cracknel after emptying his glass.

'Well, then, have some tea,' said the kindly old hostess. 'You must be chilled through, good soul. Why are you women dawdling so with the samovar?'

'It is ready,' said one of the young women, and after flicking with her apron the top of the samovar which was now boiling over, she carried it with an effort to the table, raised it, and set it down with a thud.

Meanwhile Vasili Andréevich was telling how he had lost his way, how they had come back twice to this same village, and how they had gone astray and had met some drunken peasants. Their hosts were surprised, explained where and why they had missed their way, said who the tipsy people they had met were, and told them how they ought to go.

'A little child could find the way to Molchánovka from here. All you have to do is to take the right turning from the high road. There's a bush you can see just there. But you didn't even get that far!' said the neighbour.

'You'd better stay the night. The women will make up beds for you,' said the old woman persuasively.

'You could go on in the morning and it would be pleasanter,' said the old man, confirming what his wife had said.

'I can't, friend. Business!' said Vasili Andréevich. 'Lose an hour and you can't catch it up in a year,' he added, remembering the grove and the dealers who might snatch that deal from him. 'We shall get there, shan't we?' he said, turning to Nikita.

Nikita did not answer for some time, apparently still intent on thawing out his beard and moustache.

'If only we don't go astray again,' he replied gloomily.

He was gloomy because he passionately longed for some vodka, and the only thing that could assuage that longing was tea and he had not yet been offered any.

'But we have only to reach the turning and then

we shan't go wrong. The road will be through the forest the whole way,' said Vasíli Andréévich.

'It's just as you please, Vasíli Andréévich. If we're to go, let us go,' said Nikíta, taking the glass of tea he was offered.

'We'll drink our tea and be off.'

Nikíta said nothing but only shook his head, and carefully pouring some tea into his saucer began warming his hands, the fingers of which were always swollen with hard work, over the steam. Then, biting off a tiny bit of sugar, he bowed to his hosts, said, 'Your health!' and drew in the steaming liquid.

'If somebody would see us as far as the turning,' said Vasíli Andréévich.

'Well, we can do that,' said the eldest son. 'Petrúshka will harness and go that far with you.'

'Well, then, put in the horse, lad, and I shall be thankful to you for it.'

'Oh, what for, dear man?' said the kindly old woman. 'We are heartily glad to do it.'

'Petrúshka, go and put in the mare,' said the eldest brother.

'All right,' replied Petrúshka with a smile, and promptly snatching his cap down from a nail he ran away to harness.

While the horse was being harnessed the talk returned to the point at which it had stopped when Vasíli Andréévich drove up to the window. The old man had been complaining to his neighbour, the village elder, about his third son who had not sent him anything for the holiday though he had sent a French shawl to his wife.

'The young people are getting out of hand,' said the old man.

'And how they do!' said the neighbour. 'There's no managing them! They know too much. There's

Demóchkin now, who broke his father's arm. It's all from *being too clever, it seems.*'

Nikíta listened, watched their faces, and evidently would have liked to share in the conversation, but he was too busy drinking his tea and only nodded his head approvingly. He emptied one tumbler after another and grew warmer and warmer and more and more comfortable. The talk continued on the same subject for a long time—the harmfulness of a household dividing up—and it was clearly not an abstract discussion but concerned the question of a separation in that house; a separation demanded by the second son who sat there morosely silent.

It was evidently a sore subject and absorbed them all, but out of propriety they did not discuss their private affairs before strangers. At last, however, the old man could not restrain himself, and with tears in his eyes declared that he would not consent to a break-up of the family during his lifetime, that his house was prospering, thank God, but that if they separated they would all have to go begging.

'Just like the Matvéevs,' said the neighbour. 'They used to have a proper house, but now they've split up none of them has anything.'

'And that is what you want to happen to us,' said the old man, turning to his son.

The son made no reply and there was an awkward pause. The silence was broken by Petrúshka, who having harnessed the horse had returned to the hut a few minutes before this and had been listening all the time with a smile.

'There's a fable about that in Paulson,' he said. 'A father gave his sons a broom to break. At first they could not break it, but when they took it twig by twig they broke it easily. And it's the same here,' and he gave a broad smile. 'I'm ready!' he added.

'If you're ready, let's go,' said Vasíli Andréévich. *'And as to separating, don't you allow it, grandfather. You got everything together and you're the master. Go to the Justice of the Peace. He'll say how things should be done.'*

'He carries on so, carries on so,' the old man continued in a whining tone. 'There's no doing anything with him. It's as if the devil possessed him.'

Nikíta having meanwhile finished his fifth tumbler of tea laid it on its side instead of turning it upside down, hoping to be offered a sixth glass. But there was no more water in the samovar, so the hostess did not fill it up for him. Besides, Vasíli Andréévich was putting his things on, so there was nothing for it but for Nikíta to get up too, put back into the sugar-basin the lump of sugar he had nibbled all round, wipe his perspiring face with the skirt of his sheepskin, and go to put on his overcoat.

Having put it on he sighed deeply, thanked his hosts, said good-bye, and went out of the warm bright room into the cold dark passage, through which the wind was howling and where snow was blowing through the cracks of the shaking door, and from there into the yard.

Petrúshka stood in his sheepskin in the middle of the yard by his horse, repeating some lines from Paulson's primer. He said with a smile:

'Storms with mist the sky conceal,
Snowy circles wheeling wild.
Now like savage beast 'twill howl,
And now 'tis wailing like a child.'

Nikíta nodded approvingly as he arranged the reins.

The old man, seeing Vasíli Andréévich off, brought a lantern into the passage to show him a light, but it was blown out at once. And even in

the yard it was evident that the snow-storm had become more violent.

'Well, this is weather!' thought Vasíli Andréévich. 'Perhaps we may not get there after all. But there is nothing to be done. Business! Besides, we have got ready, our host's horse has been harnessed, and we'll get there with God's help!'

Their aged host also thought they ought not to go, but he had already tried to persuade them to stay and had not been listened to.

'It's no use asking them again. Maybe my age makes me timid. They'll get there all right, and at least we shall get to bed in good time and without any fuss,' he thought.

Petrúshka did not think of danger. He knew the road and the whole district so well, and the lines about 'snowy circles wheeling wild' described what was happening outside so aptly that it cheered him up. Nikíta did not wish to go at all, but he had been accustomed not to have his own way and to serve others for so long that there was no one to hinder the departing travellers.

V

Vasíli Andréévich went over to his sledge, found it with difficulty in the darkness, climbed in and took the reins.

'Go on in front!' he cried.

Petrúshka kneeling in his low sledge started his horse. Mukhórty, who had been neighing for some time past, now scenting a mare ahead of him started after her, and they drove out into the street. They drove again through the outskirts of the village and along the same road, past the yard where the frozen linen had hung (which, however, was no longer to be seen), past the same barn, which was now snowed up almost to the roof and from which the

snow was still endlessly pouring, past the same dismally moaning, whistling, and swaying willows, and again entered into the sea of blustering snow raging from above and below. The wind was so strong that when it blew from the side and the travellers steered against it, it tilted the sledges and turned the horses to one side. Petrúshka drove his good mare in front at a brisk trot and kept shouting lustily. Mukhórtý pressed after her.

After travelling so for about ten minutes, Petrúshka turned round and shouted something. Neither Vasíli Andréevich nor Nikíta could hear anything because of the wind, but they guessed that they had arrived at the turning. In fact Petrúshka had turned to the right, and now the wind that had blown from the side blew straight in their faces, and through the snow they saw something dark on their right. It was the bush at the turning.

'Well now, God speed you!'

'Thank you, Petrúshka!'

'Storms with mist the sky conceal!' shouted Petrúshka as he disappeared.

'There's a poet for you!' muttered Vasíli Andréevich, pulling at the reins.

'Yes, a fine lad—a true peasant,' said Nikíta.

They drove on.

Nikíta, wrapping his coat closely about him and pressing his head down so close to his shoulders that his short beard covered his throat, sat silently, trying not to lose the warmth he had obtained while drinking tea in the house. Before him he saw the straight lines of the shafts which constantly deceived him into thinking they were a well-travelled road, and the horse's swaying crupper with his knotted tail blown to one side, and farther ahead the high shaft-bow and the swaying head and neck of the horse with its waving mane. Now and then he

caught sight of a way-sign, so that he knew they were still on a road and that there was nothing for him to be concerned about.

Vasíli Andréévich drove on, leaving it to the horse to keep to the road. But Mukhórtý, though he had had a breathing-space in the village, ran reluctantly, and seemed now and then to get off the road, so that Vasíli Andréévich had repeatedly to correct him.

'Here's a stake to the right, and another, and here's a third,' Vasíli Andréévich counted, 'and here in front is the forest,' thought he, as he looked at something dark in front of him. But what had seemed to him a forest was only a bush. They passed the bush and drove on for another hundred yards but there was no fourth way-mark nor any forest.

'We must reach the forest soon,' thought Vasíli Andréévich, and animated by the vodka and the tea he did not stop but shook the reins, and the good obedient horse responded, now ambling, now slowly trotting in the direction in which he was sent, though he knew that he was not going the right way. Ten minutes went by, but there was still no forest.

'There now, we must be astray again,' said Vasíli Andréévich, pulling up.

Nikíta silently got out of the sledge and holding his coat, which the wind now wrapped closely about him and now almost tore off, started to feel about in the snow, going first to one side and then to the other. Three or four times he was completely lost to sight. At last he returned and took the reins from Vasíli Andréévich's hand.

'We must go to the right,' he said sternly and peremptorily, as he turned the horse.

'Well, if it's to the right, go to the right,' said

Vasili Andréevich, yielding up the reins to Nikíta and thrusting his freezing hands into his sleeves.

Nikíta did not reply.

'Now then, friend, stir yourself!' he shouted to the horse, but in spite of the shake of the reins Mukhórty moved only at a walk.

The snow in places was up to his knees, and the sledge moved by fits and starts with his every movement.

Nikíta took the whip that hung over the front of the sledge and struck him once. The good horse, unused to the whip, sprang forward and moved at a trot, but immediately fell back into an amble and then to a walk. So they went on for five minutes. It was dark and the snow whirled from above and rose from below, so that sometimes the shaft-bow could not be seen. At times the sledge seemed to stand still and the field to run backwards. Suddenly the horse stopped abruptly, evidently aware of something close in front of him. Nikíta again sprang lightly out, throwing down the reins, and went ahead to see what had brought him to a standstill, but hardly had he made a step in front of the horse before his feet slipped and he went rolling down an incline.

'Whoa, whoa, whoa!' he said to himself as he fell, and he tried to stop his fall but could not, and only stopped when his feet plunged into a thick layer of snow that had drifted to the bottom of the hollow.

The fringe of a drift of snow that hung on the edge of the hollow, disturbed by Nikíta's fall, showered down on him and got inside his collar.

'What a thing to do!' said Nikíta reproachfully, addressing the drift and the hollow and shaking the snow from under his collar.

'Nikíta! Hey, Nikíta!' shouted Vasili Andréevich from above.

But Nikíta did not reply. He was too occupied in shaking out the snow and searching for the whip he had dropped when rolling down the incline. Having found the whip he tried to climb straight up the bank where he had rolled down, but it was impossible to do so: he kept rolling down again, and so he had to go along at the foot of the hollow to find a way up. About seven yards farther on he managed with difficulty to crawl up the incline on all fours, then he followed the edge of the hollow back to the place where the horse should have been. He could not see either horse or sledge, but as he walked against the wind he heard Vasíli Andréévich's shouts and Mukhórtý's neighing, calling him.

'I'm coming! I'm coming! What are you cackling for?' he muttered.

Only when he had come up to the sledge could he make out the horse, and Vasíli Andréévich standing beside it and looking gigantic.

'Where the devil did you vanish to? We must go back, if only to Gríshkino,' he began reproaching Nikíta.

'I'd be glad to get back, Vasíli Andréévich, but which way are we to go? There is such a ravine here that if we once get in it we shan't get out again. I got stuck so fast there myself that I could hardly get out.'

'What shall we do, then? We can't stay here! We must go somewhere!' said Vasíli Andréévich.

Nikíta said nothing. He seated himself in the sledge with his back to the wind, took off his boots, shook out the snow that had got into them, and taking some straw from the bottom of the sledge, carefully plugged with it a hole in his left boot.

Vasíli Andréévich remained silent, as though now leaving everything to Nikíta. Having put his boots

on again, Nikíta drew his feet into the sledge, put on his mittens and took up the reins, and directed the horse along the side of the ravine. But they had not gone a hundred yards before the horse again stopped short. The ravine was in front of him again.

Nikíta again climbed out and again trudged about in the snow. He did this for a considerable time and at last appeared from the opposite side to that from which he had started.

'Vasíli Andréévich, are you alive?' he called out.

'Here!' replied Vasíli Andréévich. 'Well, what now?'

'I can't make anything out. It's too dark. There's nothing but ravines. We must drive against the wind again.'

They set off once more. Again Nikíta went stumbling through the snow, again he fell in, again climbed out and trudged about, and at last quite out of breath he sat down beside the sledge.

'Well, how now?' asked Vasíli Andréévich.

'Why, I am quite worn out and the horse won't go.'

'Then what's to be done?'

'Why, wait a minute.'

Nikíta went away again but soon returned.

'Follow me!' he said, going in front of the horse.

Vasíli Andréévich no longer gave orders but implicitly did what Nikíta told him.

'Here, follow me!' Nikíta shouted, stepping quickly to the right, and seizing the rein he led Mukhórtý down towards a snow-drift.

At first the horse held back, then he jerked forward, hoping to leap the drift, but he had not the strength and sank into it up to his collar.

'Get out!' Nikíta called to Vasíli Andréévich who still sat in the sledge, and taking hold of one shaft

he moved the sledge closer to the horse. 'It's hard, brother!' he said to Mukhórty, 'but it can't be helped. Make an effort! Now, now, just a little one!' he shouted.

The horse gave a tug, then another, but failed to clear himself and settled down again as if considering something.

'Now, brother, this won't do!' Nikíta admonished him. 'Now once more!'

Again Nikíta tugged at the shaft on his side, and Vasíli Andréévich did the same on the other.

Mukhórty lifted his head and then gave a sudden jerk.

'That's it! That's it!' cried Nikíta. 'Don't be afraid—you won't sink!'

One plunge, another, and a third, and at last Mukhórty was out of the snow-drift, and stood still, breathing heavily and shaking the snow off himself. Nikíta wished to lead him farther, but Vasíli Andréévich, in his two fur coats, was so out of breath that he could not walk farther and dropped into the sledge.

'Let me get my breath!' he said, unfastening the kerchief with which he had tied the collar of his fur coat at the village.

'It's all right here. You lie there,' said Nikíta. 'I will lead him along.' And with Vasíli Andréévich in the sledge he led the horse by the bridle about ten paces down and then up a slight rise, and stopped.

The place where Nikíta had stopped was not completely in the hollow where the snow sweeping down from the hillocks might have buried them altogether, but still it was partly sheltered from the wind by the side of the ravine. There were moments when the wind seemed to abate a little, but that did not last long and as if to make up for that respite the storm swept down with tenfold vigour

and tore and whirled the more fiercely. Such a gust struck them at the moment when Vasíli Andréévich, having recovered his breath, got out of the sledge and went up to Nikíta to consult him as to what they should do. They both bent down involuntarily and waited till the violence of the squall should have passed. Mukhórty too laid back his ears and shook his head discontentedly. As soon as the violence of the blast had abated a little, Nikíta took off his mittens, stuck them into his belt, breathed on to his hands, and began to undo the straps of the shaft-bow.

'What's that you are doing there?' asked Vasíli Andréévich.

'Unharnessing. What else is there to do? I have no strength left,' said Nikíta as though excusing himself.

'Can't we drive somewhere?'

'No, we can't. We shall only kill the horse. Why, the poor beast is not himself now,' said Nikíta, pointing to the horse, which was standing submissively waiting for what might come, with his steep wet sides heaving heavily. 'We shall have to stay the night here,' he said, as if preparing to spend the night at an inn, and he proceeded to unfasten the collar-straps. The buckles came undone.

'But shan't we be frozen?' remarked Vasíli Andréévich.

'Well, if we are we can't help it,' said Nikíta.

VI

Although Vasíli Andréévich felt quite warm in his two fur coats, especially after struggling in the snow-drift, a cold shiver ran down his back on realizing that he must really spend the night where they were. To calm himself he sat down in the sledge and got out his cigarettes and matches.

Nikíta meanwhile unharnessed Mukhórty. He unstrapped the belly-band and the back-band, took away the reins, loosened the collar-strap, and removed the shaft-bow, *talking to him all the time to encourage him.*

'Now come out! Come out!' he said, leading him clear of the shafts. 'Now we'll tie you up here and I'll put down some straw and take off your bridle. When you've had a bite you'll feel more cheerful.'

But Mukhórty was restless and evidently not comforted by Nikíta's remarks. He stepped now on one foot and now on another, and pressed close against the sledge, turning his back to the wind and rubbing his head on Nikíta's sleeve. Then, as if not to pain Nikíta by refusing his offer of the straw he put before him, he hurriedly snatched a wisp out of the sledge, but immediately decided that it was now no time to think of straw and threw it down, and the wind instantly scattered it, carried it away, and covered it with snow.

'Now we will set up a signal,' said Nikíta, and turning the front of the sledge to the wind he tied the shafts together with a strap and set them up on end in front of the sledge. 'There now, when the snow covers us up, good folk will see the shafts and dig us out,' he said, slapping his mittens together and putting them on. 'That's what the old folk taught us!'

Vasfli Andréevich meanwhile had unfastened his coat, and holding its skirts up for shelter, struck one sulphur match after another on the steel box. But his hands trembled, and one match after another either did not kindle or was blown out by the wind just as he was lifting it to the cigarette. At last a match did burn up, and its flame lit up for a moment the fur of his coat, his hand with the gold ring on the bent forefinger, and the snow-sprinkled

oat-straw that stuck out from under the drugget. The cigarette lighted, he eagerly took a whiff or two, inhaled the smoke, let it out through his moustache, and would have inhaled again, but the wind tore off the burning tobacco and whirled it away as it had done the straw.

But even these few puffs had cheered him.

'If we must spend the night here, we must!' he said with decision. 'Wait a bit, I'll arrange a flag as well,' he added, picking up the kerchief which he had thrown down in the sledge after taking it from round his collar, and drawing off his gloves and standing up on the front of the sledge and stretching himself to reach the strap, he tied the handkerchief to it with a tight knot.

The kerchief immediately began to flutter wildly, now clinging round the shaft, now suddenly streaming out, stretching and flapping.

'Just see what a fine flag!' said Vasili Andréevich, admiring his handiwork and letting himself down into the sledge. 'We should be warmer together, but there's not room enough for two,' he added.

'I'll find a place,' said Nikita. 'But I must cover up the horse first—he sweated so, poor thing. Let go!' he added, drawing the drugget from under Vasili Andréevich.

Having got the drugget he folded it in two, and after taking off the breechband and pad, covered Mukhórty with it.

'Anyhow it will be warmer, silly!' he said, putting back the breechband and the pad on the horse over the drugget. Then having finished that business he returned to the sledge, and addressing Vasili Andréevich, said: 'You won't need the sackcloth, will you? And let me have some straw.'

And having taken these things from under Vasili Andréevich, Nikita went behind the sledge, dug out

a hole for himself in the snow, put straw into it, wrapped his coat well round him, covered himself with the sackcloth, and pulling his cap well down seated himself on the straw he had spread, and leant against the wooden back of the sledge to shelter himself from the wind and the snow.

Vasili Andréevich shook his head disapprovingly at what Nikita was doing, as in general he disapproved of the peasants' stupidity and lack of education, and he began to settle himself down for the night.

He smoothed the remaining straw over the bottom of the sledge, putting more of it under his side, then he thrust his hands into his sleeves and settled down, sheltering his head in the corner of the sledge from the wind in front.

He did not wish to sleep. He lay and thought: thought ever of the one thing that constituted the sole aim, meaning, pleasure, and pride of his life—of how much money he had made and might still make, of how much other people he knew had made and possessed, and of how those others had made and were making it, and how he, like them, might still make much more. The purchase of the Goryáchkin grove was a matter of immense importance to him. By that one deal he hoped to make perhaps ten thousand rubles. He began mentally to reckon the value of the wood he had inspected in autumn, and on five acres of which he had counted all the trees.

'The oaks will go for sledge-runners. The undergrowth will take care of itself, and there'll still be some thirty sázheens of fire-wood left on each desyatín,' said he to himself. 'That means there will be at least two hundred and twenty-five rubles' worth left on each desyatín. Fifty-six desyatíns means fifty-six hundreds, and fifty-six hundreds,

and fifty-six tens, and another fifty-six tens, and then fifty-six fives. . . .’ He saw that it came out to more than twelve thousand rubles, but could not reckon it up exactly without a counting-frame. ‘But I won’t give ten thousand, anyhow. I’ll give about eight thousand with a deduction on account of the glades. I’ll grease the surveyor’s palm—give him a hundred rubles, or a hundred and fifty, and he’ll reckon that there are some five desyatins of glade to be deducted. And he’ll let it go for eight thousand. Three thousand cash down. That’ll move him, no fear!’ he thought, and he pressed his pocket-book with his forearm.

‘God only knows how we missed the turning. The forest ought to be there, and a watchman’s hut, and dogs barking. But the damned things don’t bark when they’re wanted.’ He turned his collar down from his ear and listened, but as before only the whistling of the wind could be heard, the flapping and fluttering of the kerchief tied to the shafts, and the pelting of the snow against the woodwork of the sledge. He again covered up his ear.

‘If I had known I would have stayed the night. Well, no matter, we’ll get there to-morrow. It’s only one day lost. And the others won’t travel in such weather.’ Then he remembered that on the 9th he had to receive payment from the butcher for his oxen. ‘He meant to come himself, but he won’t find me, and my wife won’t know how to receive the money. She doesn’t know the right way of doing things,’ he thought, recalling how at their party the day before she had not known how to treat the police-officer who was their guest. ‘Of course she’s only a woman! Where could she have seen anything? In my father’s time what was our house like? Just a rich peasant’s house: just an oat-mill and an inn—that was the whole property. But

what have I done in these fifteen years? A shop, two taverns, a flour-mill, a grain-store, two farms leased out, and a house with an iron-roofed barn,' he thought proudly. 'Not as it was in father's time! Who is talked of in the whole district now? Brekhu-nón! And why? Because I stick to business. I take trouble, not like others who lie abed or waste their time on foolishness while I don't sleep of nights. Blizzard or no blizzard I start out. So business gets done. They think money-making is a joke. No, take pains and rack your brains! You get overtaken out of doors at night, like this, or keep awake night after night till the thoughts whirling in your head make the pillow turn,' he meditated with pride. 'They think people get on through luck. After all, the Mirónovs are now millionaires. And why? Take pains and God gives. If only He grants me health!'

The thought that he might himself be a millionaire like Mirónov, who began with nothing, so excited Vasilí Andréevich that he felt the need of talking to somebody. But there was no one to talk to. . . . If only he could have reached Goryáchkin he would have talked to the landlord and shown him a thing or two.

'Just see how it blows! It will snow us up so deep that we shan't be able to get out in the morning!' he thought, listening to a gust of wind that blew against the front of the sledge, bending it and lashing the snow against it. He raised himself and looked round. All he could see through the whirling darkness was Mukhórty's dark head, his back covered by the fluttering drugget, and his thick knotted tail; while all round, in front and behind, was the same fluctuating whity darkness, sometimes seeming to get a little lighter and sometimes growing denser still.

'A pity I listened to Nikíta,' he thought. 'We ought to have driven on. We should have come out somewhere, if only back to Grishkino and stayed the night at Tarás's. As it is we must sit here all night. But what was I thinking about? Yes, that God gives to those who take trouble, but not to loafers, lie-abeds, or fools. I must have a smoke!'

He sat down again, got out his cigarette-case, and stretched himself flat on his stomach, screening the matches with the skirt of his coat. But the wind found its way in and put out match after match. At last he got one to burn and lit a cigarette. He was very glad that he had managed to do what he wanted, and though the wind smoked more of the cigarette than he did, he still got two or three puffs and felt more cheerful. He again leant back, wrapped himself up, started reflecting and remembering, and suddenly and quite unexpectedly lost consciousness and fell asleep.

Suddenly something seemed to give him a push and awoke him. Whether it was Mukhórty who had pulled some straw from under him, or whether something within him had startled him, at all events it woke him, and his heart began to beat faster and faster so that the sledge seemed to tremble under him. He opened his eyes. Everything around him was just as before. 'It looks lighter,' he thought. 'I expect it won't be long before dawn.' But he at once remembered that it was lighter because the moon had risen. He sat up and looked first at the horse. Mukhórty still stood with his back to the wind, shivering all over. One side of the drugget, which was completely covered with snow, had been blown back, the breeching had slipped down and the snow-covered head with its waving forelock and mane were now more visible. Vasíli Andréévich leant over the back of the sledge and looked behind.

Nikíta still sat in the same position in which he had settled himself. The sacking with which he was covered, and his legs, were thickly covered with snow.

'If only that peasant doesn't freeze to death! His clothes are so wretched. I may be held responsible for him. What shiftless people they are—such a want of education,' thought Vasíli Andréévich, and he felt like taking the drugget off the horse and putting it over Nikíta, but it would be very cold to get out and move about and, moreover, the horse might freeze to death. 'Why did I bring him with me? It was all her stupidity!' he thought, recalling his unloved wife, and he rolled over into his old place at the front part of the sledge. 'My uncle once spent a whole night like this,' he reflected, 'and was all right.' But another case came at once to his mind. 'But when they dug Sebastian out he was dead—stiff like a frozen carcass. If I'd only stopped the night in Gríshkino all this would not have happened!'

And wrapping his coat carefully round him so that none of the warmth of the fur should be wasted but should warm him all over, neck, knees, and feet, he shut his eyes and tried to sleep again. But try as he would he could not get drowsy, on the contrary he felt wide awake and animated. Again he began counting his gains and the debts due to him, again he began bragging to himself and feeling pleased with himself and his position, but all this was continually disturbed by a stealthily approaching fear and by the unpleasant regret that he had not remained in Gríshkino.

'How different it would be to be lying warm on a bench!' He turned over several times in his attempts to get into a more comfortable position more sheltered from the wind, he wrapped up his legs closer, shut his eyes, and lay still. But either

his legs in their strong felt boots began to ache from being bent in one position, or the wind blew in somewhere, and after lying still for a short time he again began to recall the disturbing fact that he might now have been lying quietly in the warm hut at Grishkino. He again sat up, turned about, muffled himself up, and settled down once more.

Once he fancied that he heard a distant cock-crow. He felt glad, turned down his coat-collar and listened with strained attention, but in spite of all his efforts nothing could be heard but the wind whistling between the shafts, the flapping of the kerchief, and the snow pelting against the frame of the sledge.

Nikíta sat just as he had done all the time, not moving and not even answering Vasíli Andréévich who had addressed him a couple of times. 'He doesn't care a bit—he's probably asleep!' thought Vasíli Andréévich with vexation, looking behind the sledge at Nikíta who was covered with a thick layer of snow.

Vasíli Andréévich got up and lay down again some twenty times. It seemed to him that the night would never end. 'It must be getting near morning,' he thought, getting up and looking around. 'Let's have a look at my watch. It will be cold to unbutton, but if I only know that it's getting near morning I shall at any rate feel more cheerful. We could begin harnessing.'

In the depth of his heart Vasíli Andréévich knew that it could not yet be near morning, but he was growing more and more afraid, and wished both to get to know and yet to deceive himself. He carefully undid the fastening of his sheepskin, pushed in his hand, and felt about for a long time before he got to his waistcoat. With great difficulty he managed to draw out his silver watch with its enamelled

flower design, and tried to make out the time. He could not see anything without a light. Again he went down on his knees and elbows as he had done when he lighted a cigarette, got out his matches, and proceeded to strike one. This time he went to work more carefully, and feeling with his fingers for a match with the largest head and the greatest amount of phosphorus, lit it at the first try. Bringing the face of the watch under the light he could hardly believe his eyes. . . . It was only ten minutes past twelve. Almost the whole night was still before him.

'Oh, how long the night is!' he thought, feeling a cold shudder run down his back, and having fastened his fur coats again and wrapped himself up, he snuggled into a corner of the sledge intending to wait patiently. Suddenly, above the monotonous roar of the wind, he clearly distinguished another new and living sound. It steadily strengthened, and having become quite clear diminished just as gradually. Beyond all doubt it was a wolf, and he was so near that the movement of his jaws as he changed his cry was brought down the wind. Vasili Andréevich turned back the collar of his coat and listened attentively. Mukhórty too strained to listen, moving his ears, and when the wolf had ceased its howling he shifted from foot to foot and gave a warning snort. After this Vasili Andréevich could not fall asleep again or even calm himself. The more he tried to think of his accounts, his business, his reputation, his worth and his wealth, the more and more was he mastered by fear; and regrets that he had not stayed the night at Grishkino dominated and mingled in all his thoughts.

'Devil take the forest! Things were all right without it, thank God. Ah, if we had only put up for the night!' he said to himself. 'They say it's

drunkards that freeze,' he thought, 'and I have had some drink.' And observing his sensations he noticed that he was beginning to shiver, without knowing whether it was from cold or from fear. He tried to wrap himself up and lie down as before, but could no longer do so. He could not stay in one position. He wanted to get up, to do something to master the gathering fear that was rising in him and against which he felt himself powerless. He again got out his cigarettes and matches, but only three matches were left and they were bad ones. The phosphorus rubbed off them all without lighting.

'The devil take you! Damned thing! Curse you!' he muttered, not knowing whom or what he was cursing, and he flung away the crushed cigarette. He was about to throw away the matchbox too, but checked the movement of his hand and put the box in his pocket instead. He was seized with such unrest that he could no longer remain in one spot. He climbed out of the sledge and standing with his back to the wind began to shift his belt again, fastening it lower down in the waist and tightening it.

'What's the use of lying and waiting for death? Better mount the horse and get away!' The thought suddenly occurred to him. 'The horse will move when he has someone on his back. As for him,' he thought of Nikíta—'it's all the same to him whether he lives or dies. What is his life worth? He won't grudge his life, but I have something to live for, thank God.'

He untied the horse, threw the reins over his neck and tried to mount, but his coats and boots were so heavy that he failed. Then he clambered up in the sledge and tried to mount from there, but the sledge tilted under his weight, and he failed again. At last

he drew Mukhórty nearer to the sledge, cautiously balanced on one side of it, and managed to lie on his stomach across the horse's back. After lying like that for a while he shifted forward once and again, threw a leg over, and finally seated himself, supporting his feet on the loose breeching-straps. The shaking of the sledge awoke Nikíta. He raised himself, and it seemed to Vasíli Andréévich that he said something.

'Listen to such fools as you! Am I to die like this for nothing?' exclaimed Vasíli Andréévich. And tucking the loose skirts of his fur coat in under his knees, he turned the horse and rode away from the sledge in the direction in which he thought the forest and the forester's hut must be.

VII

From the time he had covered himself with the sackcloth and seated himself behind the sledge, Nikíta had not stirred. Like all those who live in touch with nature and have known want, he was patient and could wait for hours, even days, without growing restless or irritable. He heard his master call him, but did not answer because he did not want to move or talk. Though he still felt some warmth from the tea he had drunk and from his energetic struggle when clambering about in the snowdrift, he knew that this warmth would not last long and that he had no strength left to warm himself again by moving about, for he felt as tired as a horse when it stops and refuses to go further in spite of the whip, and its master sees that it must be fed before it can work again. The foot in the boot with a hole in it had already grown numb, and he could no longer feel his big toe. Besides that, his whole body began to feel colder and colder.

The thought that he might, and very probably

would, die that night occurred to him, but did not seem particularly unpleasant or dreadful. It did not seem particularly unpleasant, because his whole life had been not a continual holiday, but on the contrary an unceasing round of toil of which he was beginning to feel weary. And it did not seem particularly dreadful, because besides the masters he had served here, like Vasíli Andréévich, he always felt himself dependent on the Chief Master, who had sent him into this life, and he knew that when dying he would still be in that Master's power and would not be ill-used by Him. 'It seems a pity to give up what one is used to and accustomed to. But there's nothing to be done; I shall get used to the new things.'

'Sins?' he thought, and remembered his drunkenness, the money that had gone on drink, how he had offended his wife, his cursing, his neglect of church and of the fasts, and all the things the priest blamed him for at confession. 'Of course they are sins. But then, did I take them on of myself? That's evidently how God made me. Well, and the sins? Where am I to escape to?'

So at first he thought of what might happen to him that night, and then did not return to such thoughts but gave himself up to whatever recollections came into his head of themselves. Now he thought of Martha's arrival, of the drunkenness among the workers and his own renunciation of drink, then of their present journey and of Tarás's house and the talk about the breaking-up of the family, then of his own lad, and of Mukhórtý now sheltered under the drugget, and then of his master who made the sledge creak as he tossed about in it. 'I expect you're sorry yourself that you started out, dear man,' he thought. 'It would seem hard to leave a life such as his! It's not like the likes of us.'

Then all these recollections began to grow confused and got mixed in his head, and he fell asleep.

But when Vasili Andréevich, getting on the horse, jerked the sledge against the back of which Nikíta was leaning, and it shifted away and hit him in the back with one of its runners, he awoke and had to change his position whether he liked it or not. *Straightening his legs with difficulty and shaking the snow off them* he got up, and an agonizing cold immediately penetrated his whole body. On making out what was happening he called to Vasili Andréevich to leave him the drugget which the horse no longer needed, so that he might wrap himself in it.

But Vasili Andréevich did not stop, but disappeared amid the powdery snow.

Left alone, Nikíta considered for a moment what he should do. He felt that he had not the strength to go off in search of a house. It was no longer possible to sit down in his old place—it was by now all filled with snow. He felt that he could not get warmer in the sledge either, for there was nothing to cover himself with, and his coat and sheepskin no longer warmed him at all. He felt as cold as though he had nothing on but a shirt. He became frightened. 'Lord, heavenly Father!' he muttered, and was comforted by the consciousness that he was not alone but that there was One who heard him and would not abandon him. He gave a deep sigh, and keeping the sackcloth over his head he got inside the sledge and lay down in the place where his master had been.

But he could not get warm in the sledge either. At first he shivered all over, then the shivering ceased and little by little he began to lose consciousness. He did not know whether he was dying or falling asleep, but felt equally prepared for the one as for the other.

VIII

Meanwhile Vasili Andréevich, with his feet and the ends of the reins, urged the horse on in the direction in which for some reason he expected the forest and the forester's hut to be. The snow covered his eyes and the wind seemed intent on stopping him, *but bending forward and constantly lapping his coat over and pushing it between himself and the cold harness pad which prevented him from sitting properly*, he kept urging the horse on. Mukhórtý ambled on obediently though with difficulty, in the direction in which he was driven.

Vasili Andréevich rode for about five minutes straight ahead, as he thought, seeing nothing but the horse's head and the white waste, and hearing only the whistle of the wind about the horse's ears and his coat collar.

Suddenly a dark patch showed up in front of him. His heart beat with joy, and he rode towards the object, already seeing in imagination the walls of village houses. But the dark patch was not stationary, it kept moving; and it was not a village but some tall stalks of wormwood sticking up through the snow on the boundary between two fields, and desperately tossing about under the pressure of the wind which beat it all to one side and whistled through it. The sight of that wormwood tormented by the pitiless wind made Vasili Andréevich shudder, he knew not why, and he hurriedly began urging the horse on, not noticing that when riding up to the wormwood he had quite changed his direction and was now heading the opposite way, though still imagining that he was riding towards where the hut should be. But the horse kept making towards the right, and Vasili Andréevich kept guiding it to the left.

Again something dark appeared in front of him. Again he rejoiced, convinced that now it was certainly a village. But once more it was the same boundary line overgrown with wormwood, once more the same wormwood desperately tossed by the wind and carrying unreasoning terror to his heart. But its being the same wormwood was not all, for beside it there was a horse's track partly snowed over. Vasili Andréevich stopped, stooped down and looked carefully. It was a horse-track only partially covered with snow, and could be none but his own horse's hoofprints. He had evidently gone round in a small circle. 'I shall perish like that!' he thought, and not to give way to his terror he urged on the horse still more, peering into the snowy darkness in which he saw only flitting and fitful points of light. Once he thought he heard the barking of dogs or the howling of wolves, but the sounds were so faint and indistinct that he did not know whether he heard them or merely imagined them, and he stopped and began to listen intently.

Suddenly some terrible, deafening cry resounded near his ears, and everything shivered and shook under him. He seized Mukhórtý's neck, but that too was shaking all over and the terrible cry grew still more frightful. For some seconds Vasili Andréevich could not collect himself or understand what was happening. It was only that Mukhórtý, whether to encourage himself or to call for help, had neighed loudly and resonantly. 'Ugh, you wretch! How you frightened me, damn you!' thought Vasili Andréevich. But even when he understood the cause of his terror he could not shake it off.

'I must calm myself and think things over,' he said to himself, but yet he could not stop, and continued to urge the horse on, without noticing that

he was now going with the wind instead of against it. His body, especially between his legs where it touched the pad of the harness and was not covered by his overcoats, was getting painfully cold, especially when the horse walked slowly. His legs and arms trembled and his breathing came fast. He saw himself perishing amid this dreadful snowy waste, and could see no means of escape.

Suddenly the horse under him tumbled into something and, sinking into a snow-drift, began to plunge and fell on his side. Vasili Andréevich jumped off, and in so doing dragged to one side the breechband on which his foot was resting, and twisted round the pad to which he held as he dismounted. As soon as he had jumped off, the horse struggled to his feet, plunged forward, gave one leap and another, neighed again, and dragging the drugget and the breechband after him, disappeared, leaving Vasili Andréevich alone in the snow-drift.

The latter pressed on after the horse, but the snow lay so deep and his coats were so heavy that, sinking above his knees at each step, he stopped breathless after taking not more than twenty steps. 'The copse, the oxen, the leasehold, the shop, the tavern, the house with the iron-roofed barn, and my heir,' thought he. 'How can I leave all that? What does this mean? It cannot be!' These thoughts flashed through his mind. Then he thought of the wormwood tossed by the wind, which he had twice ridden past, and he was seized with such terror that he did not believe in the reality of what was happening to him. 'Can this be a dream?' he thought, and tried to wake up but could not. It was real snow that lashed his face and covered him and chilled his right hand from which he had lost the glove, and this was a real desert in which he was now left alone like that

wormwood, awaiting an inevitable, speedy, and meaningless death.

'Queen of Heaven! Holy Father Nicholas, teacher of temperance!' he thought, recalling the service of the day before and the holy icon with its black face and gilt frame, and the tapers which he sold to be set before that icon and which were almost immediately brought back to him scarcely burnt at all, and which he put away in the store-chest.¹ He began to pray to that same Nicholas the Wonder-Worker to save him, promising him a thanksgiving service and some candles. But he clearly and indubitably realized that the icon, its frame, the candles, the priest, and the thanksgiving service, though very important and necessary in church, could do nothing for him here, and that there was and could be no connexion between those candles and services and his present disastrous plight. 'I must not despair,' he thought. 'I must follow the horse's track before it is snowed under. He will lead me out, or I may even catch him. Only I must not hurry, or I shall stick fast and be more lost than ever.'

But in spite of his resolution to go quietly, he rushed forward and even ran, continually falling, getting up and falling again. The horse's track was already hardly visible in places where the snow did not lie deep. 'I am lost!' thought Vasíli Andréévich. 'I shall lose the track and not catch the horse.' But at that moment he saw something black. It was Mukhórty, and not only Mukhórty, but the sledge with the shafts and the kerchief. Mukhórty, with the sacking and the breechband

¹ As churchwarden Vasíli Andréévich sold the tapers the worshippers bought to set before the icons. These were collected at the end of the service, and could afterwards be resold to the advantage of the church revenue.—A. M.

twisted round to one side, was standing not in his former place but nearer to the shafts, shaking his head which the reins he was stepping on drew downwards. It turned out that Vasíli Andréévich had sunk in the same ravine Nikíta had previously fallen into, and that Mukhórty had been bringing him back to the sledge and he had got off his back no more than fifty paces from where the sledge was.

IX

Having stumbled back to the sledge Vasíli Andréévich caught hold of it and for a long time stood motionless, trying to calm himself and recover his breath. Nikíta was not in his former place, but something, already covered with snow, was lying in the sledge and Vasíli Andréévich concluded that this was Nikíta. His terror had now quite left him, and if he felt any fear it was lest the dreadful terror should return that he had experienced when on the horse and especially when he was left alone in the snow-drift. At any cost he had to avoid that terror, and to keep it away he must do something—occupy himself with something. And the first thing he did was to turn his back to the wind and open his fur coat. Then, as soon as he recovered his breath a little, he shook the snow out of his boots and out of his left-hand glove (the right-hand glove was hopelessly lost and by this time probably lying somewhere under a dozen inches of snow), then as was his custom when going out of his shop to buy grain from the peasants, he pulled his girdle low down and tightened it and prepared for action. The first thing that occurred to him was to free Mukhórty's leg from the rein. Having done that, and tethered him to the iron cramp at the front of the sledge where he had been before, he was going round the horse's quarters to put the breechband and pad

straight and cover him with the cloth, but at that moment he noticed that something was moving in the sledge and Nikíta's head rose up out of the snow that covered it. Nikíta, who was half frozen, rose with great difficulty and sat up, moving his hand before his nose in a strange manner just as if he were driving away flies. He waved his hand and said something, and seemed to Vasíli Andréévich to be calling him. Vasíli Andréévich left the cloth unadjusted and went up to the sledge.

'What is it?' he asked. 'What are you saying?'

'I'm dy . . . ing, that's what,' said Nikíta brokenly and with difficulty. 'Give what is owing to me to my lad, or to my wife, no matter.'

'Why, are you really frozen?' asked Vasíli Andréévich.

'I feel it's my death. Forgive me for Christ's sake . . .' said Nikíta in a tearful voice, continuing to wave his hand before his face as if driving away flies.

Vasíli Andréévich stood silent and motionless for half a minute. Then suddenly, with the same resolution with which he used to strike hands when making a good purchase, he took a step back and turning up his sleeves began raking the snow off Nikíta and out of the sledge. Having done this he hurriedly undid his girdle, opened out his fur coat, and having pushed Nikíta down, lay down on top of him, covering him not only with his fur coat but with the whole of his body, which glowed with warmth. After pushing the skirts of his coat between Nikíta and the sides of the sledge, and holding down its hem with his knees, Vasíli Andréévich lay like that face down, with his head pressed against the front of the sledge. Here he no longer heard the horse's movements or the whistling of the wind, but only Nikíta's breathing. At first and for a

long time Nikíta lay motionless, then he sighed deeply and moved.

'There, and you say you are dying! Lie still and get warm, that's our way . . .' began Vasíli Andréevich.

But to his great surprise he could say no more, for tears came to his eyes and his lower jaw began to quiver rapidly. He stopped speaking and only gulped down the risings in his throat. 'Seems I was badly frightened and have gone quite weak,' he thought. But this weakness was not only not unpleasant, but gave him a peculiar joy such as he had never felt before.

'That's our way!' he said to himself, experiencing a strange and solemn tenderness. He lay like that for a long time, wiping his eyes on the fur of his coat and tucking under his knee the right skirt, which the wind kept turning up.

But he longed so passionately to tell somebody of his joyful condition that he said: 'Nikíta!'

'It's comfortable, warm!' came a voice from beneath.

'There, you see, friend, I was going to perish. And you would have been frozen, and I should have. . . .'

But again his jaws began to quiver and his eyes to fill with tears, and he could say no more.

'Well, never mind,' he thought. 'I know about myself what I know.'

He remained silent and lay like that for a long time.

Nikíta kept him warm from below and his fur coats from above. Only his hands, with which he kept his coat-skirts down round Nikíta's sides, and his legs which the wind kept uncovering, began to freeze, especially his right hand which had no glove. But he did not think of his legs or of his hands but only

of how to warm the peasant who was lying under him. He looked out several times at Mukhórtý and could see that his back was uncovered and the drugget and breeching lying on the snow, and that he ought to get up and cover him, but he could not bring himself to leave Nikíta and disturb even for a moment the joyous condition he was in. He no longer felt any kind of terror.

'No fear, we shan't lose him this time!' he said to himself, referring to his getting the peasant warm with the same boastfulness with which he spoke of his buying and selling.

Vasíli Andréévich lay in that way for one hour, another, and a third, but he was unconscious of the passage of time. At first impressions of the snow-storm, the sledge-shafts, and the horse with the shaft-bow shaking before his eyes, kept passing through his mind, then he remembered Nikíta lying under him, then recollections of the festival, his wife, the police officer, and the box of candles, began to mingle with these; then again Nikíta, this time lying under that box, then the peasants, customers and traders, and the white walls of his house with its iron roof with Nikíta lying underneath, presented themselves to his imagination. Afterwards all these impressions blended into one nothingness. As the colours of the rainbow unite into one white light, so all these different impressions mingled into one, and he fell asleep.

For a long time he slept without dreaming, but just before dawn the visions recommenced. It seemed to him that he was standing by the box of tapers and that Tíkhon's wife was asking for a five-kopek taper for the Church fête. He wished to take one out and give it to her, but his hands would not lift being held tight in his pockets. He wanted to walk round the box but his feet would not move and

his new clean goloshes had grown to the stone floor, and he could neither lift them nor get his feet out of the goloshes. Then the taper-box was no longer a box but a bed, and suddenly Vasíli Andréévich saw himself lying in his bed at home. He was lying in his bed and could not get up. Yet it was necessary for him to get up because Iván Matvéich, the police officer, would soon call for him and he had to go with him—either to bargain for the forest or to put Mukhórtý's breeching straight.

He asked his wife: 'Nikoláevna,¹ hasn't he come yet?' 'No, he hasn't,' she replied. He heard someone drive up to the front steps. 'It must be him.' 'No, he's gone past.' 'Nikoláevna! I say, Nikoláevna, isn't he here yet?' 'No.' He was still lying on his bed and could not get up, but was always waiting. And this waiting was uncanny and yet joyful. Then suddenly his joy was completed. He whom he was expecting came; not Iván Matvéich the police officer, but someone else—yet it was he whom he had been waiting for. He came and called him; and it was he who had called him and told him to lie down on Nikíta. And Vasíli Andréévich was glad that that one had come for him.

'I'm coming!' he cried joyfully, and that cry awoke him, but woke him up not at all the same person he had been when he fell asleep. He tried to get up but could not, tried to move his arm and could not, to move his leg and also could not, to turn his head and could not. He was surprised but not at all disturbed by this. He understood that this was death, and was not at all disturbed by that either. He remembered that Nikíta was lying under him and that he had got warm and was alive, and it seemed to him that he was Nikíta and Nikíta was

¹ A familiar peasant use of the patronymic in place of the Christian name.—A. M.

he, and that his life was not in himself but in Nikíta. He strained his ears and heard Nikíta breathing and even slightly snoring. 'Nikíta is alive, so I too am alive!' he said to himself triumphantly.

And he remembered his money, his shop, his house, the buying and selling, and Mirónov's millions, and it was hard for him to understand why that man, called Vasli Brekhunóv, had troubled himself with all those things with which he had been troubled.

'Well, it was because he did not know what the real thing was,' he thought, concerning that Vasíli Brekhunóv. 'He did not know, but now I know and know for sure. Now I know!' And again he heard the voice of the one who had called him before. 'I'm coming! Coming!' he responded gladly, and his whole being was filled with joyful emotion. He felt himself free and that nothing could hold him back any longer.

After that Vasli Andréevich neither saw, heard, nor felt anything more in this world.

All around the snow still eddied. The same whirlwinds of snow circled about, covering the dead Vasíli Andréevich's fur coat, the shivering Mukhórtý, the sledge, now scarcely to be seen, and Nikíta lying at the bottom of it, kept warm beneath his dead master.

X

Nikíta awoke before daybreak. He was aroused by the cold that had begun to creep down his back. He had dreamt that he was coming from the mill with a load of his master's flour and when crossing the stream had missed the bridge and let the cart get stuck. And he saw that he had crawled under the cart and was trying to lift it by arching his back. But strange to say the cart did not move, it stuck

to his back and he could neither lift it nor get out from under it. It was crushing the whole of his loins. And how cold it felt! Evidently he must crawl out. 'Have done!' he exclaimed to whoever was pressing the cart down on him. 'Take out the sacks!' But the cart pressed down colder and colder, and then he heard a strange knocking, awoke completely, and remembered everything. The cold cart was his dead and frozen master lying upon him. And the knock was produced by Mukhórty, who had twice struck the sledge with his hoof.

'Andréich! Eh, Andréich!'¹ Nikíta called cautiously, beginning to realize the truth, and straightening his back. But Vasíli Andréevich did not answer and his stomach and legs were stiff and cold and heavy like iron weights.

'He must have died! May the Kingdom of Heaven be his!' thought Nikíta.

He turned his head, dug with his hand through the snow about him and opened his eyes. It was daylight; the wind was whistling as before between the shafts, and the snow was falling in the same way, except that it was no longer driving against the frame of the sledge but silently covered both sledge and horse deeper and deeper, and neither the horse's movements nor his breathing were any longer to be heard.

'He must have frozen too,' thought Nikíta of Mukhórty, and indeed those hoof knocks against the sledge, which had awakened Nikíta, were the last efforts the already numbed Mukhórty had made to keep on his feet before dying.

'O Lord God, it seems Thou art calling me too!' said Nikíta. 'Thy Holy Will be done. But it's

¹ Again the characteristic peasant use of the patronymic without the Christian name preceding it.

uncanny. . . . Still, a man can't die twice and must die once. If only it would come soon!

And he again drew in his head, closed his eyes, and became unconscious, fully convinced that now he was certainly and finally dying.

It was not till noon that day that peasants dug Vasíli Andréévich and Nikíta out of the snow with their shovels, not more than seventy yards from the road and less than half a mile from the village.

The snow had hidden the sledge, but the shafts and the kerchief tied to them were still visible. Mukhórty, buried up to his belly in snow, with the breeching and drugget hanging down, stood all white, his dead head pressed against his frozen throat: icicles hung from his nostrils, his eyes were covered with hoar-frost as though filled with tears, and he had grown so thin in that one night that he was nothing but skin and bone.

Vasíli Andréévich was stiff as a frozen carcase, and when they rolled him off Nikíta his legs remained apart and his arms stretched out as they had been. His bulging hawk eyes were frozen, and his open mouth under his clipped moustache was full of snow. But Nikíta though chilled through was still alive. When he had been brought to, he felt sure that he was already dead and that what was taking place with him was no longer happening in this world but in the next. When he heard the peasants shouting as they dug him out and rolled the frozen body of Vasíli Andréévich from off him, he was at first surprised that in the other world peasants should be shouting in the same old way and had the same kind of body, and then when he realized that he was still in this world he was sorry rather than glad, especially when he found that the toes on both his feet were frozen.

Nikita lay in hospital for two months. They cut off three of his toes, but the others recovered so that he was still able to work and went on living for another twenty years, first as a farm-labourer, then in his old age as a watchman. He died at home as he had wished, only this year, under the icons with a lighted taper in his hands. Before he died he asked his wife's forgiveness and forgave her for the cooper. He also took leave of his son and grandchildren, and died sincerely glad that he was relieving his son and daughter-in-law of the burden of having to feed him, and that he was now really passing from this life of which he was weary into that other life which every year and every hour grew clearer and more desirable to him. Whether he is better or worse off there where he awoke after his death, whether he was disappointed or found there what he expected, we shall all soon learn.

A TALK AMONG LEISURED PEOPLE

An Introduction to the story that follows

SOME guests assembled at a wealthy house one day happened to start a serious conversation about life.

They spoke of people present and absent, but failed to find anyone who was satisfied with his life.

Not only could no one boast of happiness, but not a single person considered that he was living as a Christian should do. All confessed that they were living worldly lives concerned only for themselves and their families, none of them thinking of their neighbours, still less of God.

So said all the guests, and all agreed in blaming themselves for living godless and unchristian lives.

‘Then why do we live so?’ exclaimed a youth. ‘Why do we do what we ourselves disapprove of? Have we no power to change our way of life? We ourselves admit that we are ruined by our luxury, our effeminacy, our riches, and above all by our pride—our separation from our fellow-men. To be noble and rich we have to deprive ourselves of all that gives man joy. We crowd into towns, become effeminate, ruin our health, and in spite of all our amusements we die of ennui, and of regrets that our life is not what it should be.

‘Why do we live so? Why do we spoil our lives and all the good that God gives us? I don’t want to live in that old way! I will abandon the studies I have begun—they would only bring me to the same tormenting life of which we are all now complaining. I will renounce my property and go to the country and live among the poor. I will work with them, will learn to labour with my hands, and if my education is of any use to the poor I will share

it with them, not through institutions and books but directly by living with them in a brotherly way.

'Yes, I have made up my mind,' he added, looking inquiringly at his father, who was also present.

'Your wish is a worthy one,' said his father, 'but thoughtless and ill-considered. It seems so easy to you only because you do not know life. There are many things that seem to us good, but the execution of what is good is complicated and difficult. It is hard enough to walk well on a beaten track, but it is harder still to lay out a new one. New paths are made only by men who are thoroughly mature and have mastered all that is attainable by man. It seems to you easy to make new paths of life only because you do not yet understand life. It is an outcome of thoughtlessness and youthful pride. We old folk are needed to moderate your impulsiveness and guide you by our experience, and you young folk should obey us in order to profit by that experience. Your active life lies before you. You are now growing up and developing. Finish your education, make yourself thoroughly conversant with things, get on to your own feet, have firm convictions of your own, and then start a new life if you feel you have strength to do so. But for the present you should obey those who are guiding you for your own good, and not try to open up new paths of life.'

The youth was silent and the older guests agreed with what the father had said.

'You are right,' said a middle-aged married man, turning to the youth's father. 'It is true that the lad, lacking experience of life, may blunder when seeking new paths of life and his decision cannot be a firm one. But you know we all agreed that our life is contrary to our conscience and does not give

us happiness. So we cannot but recognize the justice of wishing to escape from it.

“The lad may mistake his fancy for a reasonable deduction, but I, who am no longer young, tell you for myself that as I listened to the talk this evening the same thought occurred to me. It is plain to me that the life I now live cannot give me peace of mind or happiness. Experience and reason alike show me that. Then what am I waiting for? We struggle from morning to night for our families, but it turns out that we and our families live ungodly lives and get more and more sunk in sins. We work for our families, but our families are no better off, because we are not doing the right thing for them. And so I often think that it would be better if I changed my whole way of life and did just what that young man proposed to do: ceased to bother about my wife and children and began to think about my soul. Not for nothing did Paul say: “He that is married careth how he may please his wife, but he that is unmarried careth how he may please the Lord.””

But before he had finished speaking his wife and all the women present began to attack him.

“You ought to have thought about that before,” said an elderly woman. “You have put on the yoke, so you must draw your load. Like that, everyone will say he wishes to go off and save his soul when it seems hard to him to support and feed his family. That is false and cowardly. No! A man should be able to live in godly fashion with his family. Of course it would be easy enough to save your own soul all by yourself. But to behave like that would be to run contrary to Christ’s teaching. God bade us love others; but in that way you would in His name offend others. No. A married man has his definite obligations and he must not shirk them.

It's different when your family are already on their own feet. Then you may do as you please for yourself, but no one has a right to force his family.'

But the man who had spoken did not agree. 'I don't want to abandon my family,' he said. 'All I say is that my family should not be brought up in a worldly fashion, nor brought up to live for their own pleasure, as we have just been saying, but should be brought up from their early days to become accustomed to privation, to labour, to the service of others, and above all to live a brotherly life with all men. And for that we must relinquish our riches and distinctions.'

'There is no need to upset others while you yourself do not live a godly life,' exclaimed his wife irritably. 'You yourself lived for your own pleasure when you were young, then why do you want to torment your children and your family? Let them grow up quietly, and later on let them do as they please without coercion from you!'

Her husband was silent, but an elderly man who was there spoke up for him.

'Let us admit,' said he, 'that a married man, having accustomed his family to a certain comfort, cannot suddenly deprive them of it. It is true that if you have begun to educate your children it is better to finish it than to break up everything—especially as the children when grown up will choose the path they consider best for themselves. I agree that for a family man it is difficult and even impossible to change his way of life without sinning. But for us old men it is what God commands. Let me say for myself: I am now living without any obligations, and to tell the truth, simply for my belly. I eat, drink, rest, and am disgusting and revolting even to myself. So it is time for me to give up such a life, to give away my property, and at

least before I die to live for a while as God bids a Christian live.'

But the others did not agree with the old man. His niece and godchild was present, to all of whose children he had stood sponsor and gave presents on holidays. Hisson was also there. *They both protested.*

'No,' said the son. 'You worked in your time, and it is time for you to rest and not trouble yourself. You have lived for sixty years with certain habits and must not change them now. You would only torment yourself in vain.'

'Yes, yes,' confirmed his niece. 'You would be in want and out of sorts, and would grumble and sin more than ever. God is merciful and will forgive all sinners—to say nothing of such a kind old uncle as you!'

'Yes, and why should you?' added another old man of the same age. 'You and I have perhaps only a couple of days to live, so why should we start new ways?'

'What a strange thing!' exclaimed one of the visitors who had hitherto been silent. 'What a strange thing! We all say that it would be good to live as God bids us and that we are living badly and suffer in body and soul, but as soon as it comes to practice it turns out that the children must not be upset and must be brought up not in godly fashion but in the old way. Young folk must not run counter to their parents' will and must live not in a godly fashion but in the old way. A married man must not upset his wife and children and must live not in a godly way but as of old. And there is no need for old men to begin anything: they are not accustomed to it and have only a couple of days left to live. So it seems that none of us may live rightly: we may only talk about it.'

WALK IN THE LIGHT WHILE THERE IS LIGHT

A story of Early Christian times

IT happened in the reign of the Roman Emperor Trajan a hundred years after the birth of Christ, at a time when disciples of Christ's disciples were still living and Christians held firmly to the Teacher's law, as is told in the Acts:

And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things in common. And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all. Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need. (Acts iv. 32-5.)

In those early times there lived in the province of Cilicia, in the city of Tarsus, a rich Syrian merchant, Juvenal by name, who dealt in precious stones. He was of poor and humble origin, but by industry and skill in his business had earned wealth and the respect of his fellow-citizens. He had travelled much in foreign countries, and though uneducated he had come to know and understand much, and the townsfolk respected him for his ability and probity. He professed the pagan Roman faith that was held by all respectable citizens of the Roman Empire, the ritual of which had been strictly enforced since the time of the Emperor Augustus and was still adhered to by the present Emperor

Trajan. Cilicia was far from Rome, but was ruled by Roman governors, and all that was done in Rome was reflected in Cilicia, whose governors imitated their Emperor.

Juvenal remembered the stories he had heard in childhood of what Nero had done in Rome, and later on he saw how the emperors perished one after another, and being a clever man he understood that there was nothing sacred in the Roman religion but that it was all the work of human hands. But being a clear-headed man he understood that it would not be advantageous to struggle against the existing order of things, and that for his own tranquillity it was better to submit to it. The senselessness of the life all around him, and especially of what went on in Rome, where he repeatedly went on business, often however perplexed him. He had his doubts, he could not grasp it all, and he attributed this to his lack of learning.

He was married and had had four children, but three of them had died young and only one son, Julius, was left.

To him Juvenal devoted all his love and care. He particularly wished to educate his son so that that latter might not be tormented by such doubts about life as perplexed himself. When Julius had passed his fifteenth year his father entrusted him to a philosopher who had settled in their town and who received youths for their instruction. His father gave his son to this philosopher, together with his comrade Pamphilius, the son of a former slave whom Juvenal had freed.

The lads were friends, of the same age, and both handsome fellows. Both studied diligently and both were well conducted. Julius distinguished himself more in the study of the poets and in mathematics, but Pamphilius in the study of philosophy.

A year before the completion of their studies, Pamphilius at school one day informed his teacher that his widowed mother was moving to the town of Daphne, and that he would have to abandon his studies.

The teacher was sorry to lose a pupil who was doing him credit, Juvenal too was sorry, but sorriest of all was Julius. But nothing would induce Pamphilius to remain, and after thanking his friends for their love and care, he took his leave.

Two years passed. Julius had finished his studies and during all that time had not once seen his friend.

One day however he met him in the street, invited him to his home, and began asking him how and where he was living. Pamphilius told him that he and his mother were still living in the same place.

'We are not living alone,' said he, 'but among many friends with whom we have everything in common.'

'How "in common"?' inquired Julius.

'So that none of us considers anything his own.'

'Why do you do that?'

'We are Christians,' said Pamphilius.

'Is it possible?' exclaimed Julius. 'Why, I have heard that the Christians kill children and eat them! Is it possible that you take part in that?'

For to be a Christian in those days was the same thing as in our days to be an anarchist. As soon as a man was convicted of being a Christian he was immediately thrown into prison, and if he did not renounce his faith, was executed.

'Come and see,' replied Pamphilius. 'We do not do anything strange. We live simply, trying to do nothing bad.'

'But how can you live if you do not consider anything your own?'

'We manage to live. If we work for our brethren they do the same for us.'

'But if your brethren take your labour and do not give you theirs—how then?'

'There are none of that sort,' said Pamphilius. 'Such people like to live in luxury and will not come to us. Our life is simple and not luxurious.'

'But there are plenty of lazy people who would be glad to be fed for nothing.'

'There are such, and we receive them gladly. Lately a man of that kind came to us, a runaway slave. At first, it is true, he was lazy and led a bad life, but he soon changed his habits, and has now become a good brother.'

'But suppose he had not improved?'

'There are such, too, and our Elder, Cyril, says that we should treat these as our most valued brethren, and love them even more.'

'How can one love a good-for-nothing fellow?'

'One cannot help but love a man!'

'But how can you give to all whatever they ask?' queried Julius. 'If my father gave to all who ask he would very soon have nothing left.'

'I don't know about that,' replied Pamphilius. 'We have enough left for our needs, and if it happens that we have nothing to eat or to wear, we ask of others and they give to us. But that happens rarely. It only once happened to me to go to bed supperless, and then only because I was very tired and did not wish to go to ask for anything.'

'I don't know how you manage,' said Julius, 'but my father says that if you don't save what you have, and if you give to all who ask, you will yourself die of hunger.'

'We don't! Come and see. We live, and not only do not suffer want, but even have plenty to spare.'

'How is that?'

‘Why, this way. We all profess one and the same faith, but the strength to fulfil it differs in each of us. One has more and another less of it. One has advanced much in the true path of life, while another is only just beginning it. In front of us all stands Christ with his life, and we all try to emulate him and see our welfare in that alone. Some of us, like the Elder Cyril and his wife Pelagia, are leaders, others stand behind them, others again are still farther behind, but we are all following the same path. Those in front already approach a fulfilment of Christ’s law—self-renunciation and readiness to lose their life to save it. These desire nothing. They do not spare themselves, and in accord with Christ’s law are ready to give the last of their possessions to those who ask. Others are feebler, they weaken and are sorry for themselves when they lack their customary clothing and food, and they do not give away everything. There are others who are still weaker—such as have only recently started on the path. These still live in the old way, keeping much for themselves, and only giving away their superfluities. And it is these hindmost people who give the largest material assistance to those in the van. Besides this, we are all of us entangled by our relationships with the pagans. One man’s father is a pagan who has property and gives to his son. The son gives to those who ask, but then the father again gives to him. Another has a pagan mother who is sorry for her son and helps him. A third is the mother of pagan children, who take care of her and give her things, begging her not to give them away, and she takes what they give her out of love for them, but still gives to others. A fourth has a pagan wife and a fifth a pagan husband. So we are all entangled, and the foremost, who would gladly give away their all, are not able

to do so. That is why our life does not prove too hard for those weak in the faith, and why it happens that we have much that is superfluous.'

To this Julius said:

'But if that is so, then you fail to observe Christ's teaching and only pretend to do so. If you do not give up everything there is no difference between you and us. To my mind if a man is a Christian he ought to fulfil Christ's whole law—give up everything and become a pauper.'

'That would be best of all,' said Pamphilius. 'Why do you not do it?'

'Yes, I will when I see you do it.'

'We don't want to do anything for show. And I don't advise you to come to us and renounce your present way of life for the sake of appearances. We act as we do not for appearances, but according to our faith.'

'What does "according to our faith" mean?'

'"According to our faith" means that salvation from the evils of the world, from death, is only to be found in a life according to the teaching of Christ. We are indifferent to what people may say of us. We act as we do not for men's approval, but because in this alone do we see life and welfare.'

'It is impossible not to live for oneself,' said Julius. 'The gods themselves have implanted it in us that we love ourselves more than others and seek pleasure for ourselves. And you do the same. You yourself say that some among you have pity on themselves. They will seek pleasures for themselves more and more, and will more and more abandon your faith and behave just as we do.'

'No,' said Pamphilius, 'our brethren are travelling another path and will not weaken but will grow ever stronger, just as a fire will never go out when more wood is laid on it. That is our faith.'

'I don't understand what this faith of yours is!'

'Our faith consists in this, that we understand life as Christ has explained it to us.'

'How is that?'

'Christ once told this parable. Certain men kept a vineyard and had to pay rent to its owner. That is, we men who live in the world must pay rent to God by doing His will. But these men, in accord with their worldly belief, considered that the vineyard was theirs and that they need pay no rent for it, but had only to enjoy its fruits. The owner sent a messenger to them to collect the rent, but they drove him away. Then the owner sent his son, but him they killed, thinking that after that no one would disturb them. That is the faith of the world by which all worldly people live who do not acknowledge that life is only given us that we may serve God. But Christ has taught us that this worldly belief—that it is better for man if he drives the messenger and the owner's son out of the vineyard and avoids paying the rent—is a false one, for there is no avoiding the fact that we must either pay the rent or be driven out of the garden. He has taught us that all the things we call pleasures—eating, drinking, and merry-making—cannot be pleasures if we devote our lives to them, but are pleasures only when we are seeking something else—to live a life in conformity with the will of God. Only then do these pleasures follow as a natural reward of the fulfilment of His will. To wish to take the pleasures without the labour of fulfilling God's will—to tear the pleasures away from duty—is the same as to tear up a flower and replant it without its roots. We believe this, and so we cannot follow error when we see the truth. Our faith is that the good of life is not in its pleasures but in the fulfilment of God's will, without any

thought of present or future pleasures. And the longer we live the more we see that the pleasures and the good come in the wake of a fulfilment of God's will, as a wheel follows the shafts. Our Teacher said: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

So spoke Pamphilius. Julius listened and his heart was touched, but what Pamphilius had said was not clear to him. At first it seemed to him that Pamphilius was deceiving him; but then he looked into his friend's kindly eyes and remembered his goodness, and it seemed to him that Pamphilius was deceiving himself.

Pamphilius invited Julius to come to see their way of life and, if it pleased him, to remain to live with them.

And Julius promised, but he did not go to see Pamphilius, and being absorbed by his own affairs he forgot about him.

II

Julius's father was wealthy, and as he loved his only son and was proud of him, he did not grudge him money. Julius lived the usual life of a rich young man, in idleness, luxury, and dissipated amusements, which have always been and still remain the same: wine, gambling, and loose women.

But the pleasures to which Julius abandoned himself demanded more and more money, and he began to find that he had not enough. On one occasion he asked his father for more than he usually gave him. His father gave what he asked, but reproved his son. Julius, feeling himself to blame, but un-

willing to admit it, became angry and was rude to his father, as those who know they are to blame and do not wish to acknowledge it, always do.

The money Julius got from his father was very soon all spent. And just at that time it happened that he and a drunken companion became involved in a brawl and killed a man. The city prefect heard of this and would have had him arrested, but his father intervened and obtained his pardon. Julius now needed still more money for dissipation, and this time he borrowed it from a companion, promising to repay it. Moreover his mistress demanded a present: she had taken a fancy to a pearl necklace, and Julius knew that if he did not gratify her wish she would abandon him and attach herself to a rich man who had long been trying to entice her away.

Julius went to his mother and told her that he must have some money, and that he would kill himself if he could not get what he needed. He placed the blame for his being in such a position not on himself but on his father. He said: 'My father accustomed me to a life of luxury and then began to grudge me money. Had he given me at first and without reproaches what he gave me later, I should have arranged my life properly and should not have been in such difficulties, but as he never gave me enough I had to go to the money-lenders and they squeezed everything out of me, and I had nothing left on which to live the life natural to me as a rich young man, and was made to feel ashamed among my companions. But my father does not wish to understand anything of all this. He forgets that he was young once himself. He has brought me to this state, and now if he will not give me what I ask I shall kill myself.'

The mother, who spoilt her son, went to his

father, and Juvenal called his son and began to upbraid both him and his mother. Julius answered his father rudely and Juvenal struck him. Julius seized his father's arm, at which Juvenal shouted to his slaves and bade them bind his son and lock him up.

Julius was left alone, and he cursed his father and his own life.

It seemed to him that the only way of escape from his present position was either by his own or his father's death.

Julius's mother suffered even more than he did. She did not try to understand who was to blame for all this. She only pitied her adored son. She went again to her husband to implore him to forgive the youth, but he would not listen to her, and reproached her for having spoilt their son. She in turn reproached him, and it ended by Juvenal beating his wife. Disregarding this, however, she went to her son and persuaded him to beg his father's pardon and yield to his wishes, in return for which she promised to take the money he needed from her husband by stealth, and give it him. Julius agreed, and then his mother again went to Juvenal and urged him to forgive his son. Juvenal scolded his wife and son for a long time, but at last decided that he would forgive Julius, on condition that he should abandon his dissolute life and marry the daughter of a rich merchant—a match Juvenal was very anxious to arrange.

'He will get money from me and also have his wife's dowry,' said Juvenal, 'and then let him settle down to a decent life. If he promises to obey my wishes, I will forgive him; but I will not give him anything at present, and the first time he transgresses I will hand him over to the prefect.'

Julius submitted to his father's conditions and

was released. He promised to marry and to abandon his bad life, but he had no intention of doing so.

Life at home now became a hell for him. His father did not speak to him and quarrelled with his mother on his account, and his mother wept.

One day she called him into her apartments and secretly handed him a precious stone which she had taken from her husband's room.

'Go and sell it,' she said, 'not here but in another town, and then do what you have to do. I shall be able to conceal its loss for the present, and if it is discovered I will lay the blame on one of the slaves.'

Julius's heart was pierced by his mother's words. He was horrified at what she had done, and without taking the precious stone he left the house.

He did not himself know where he was going or with what aim. He walked on and on out of the town, feeling that he needed to be alone, and thinking over all that had happened to him and that awaited him. Going farther and farther away at last he reached the sacred grove of the goddess Diana. Coming to a secluded spot he began to think, and the first thought that occurred to him was to seek the goddess's aid. But he no longer believed in the gods, and knew that he could not expect aid from them. And if not from them, then from whom?

To think out his position for himself seemed to him too strange. All was darkness and confusion in his soul. But there was nothing else to be done. He had to listen to his conscience, and began to consider his life and his actions in the light of it. And both appeared to him bad, and above all stupid. Why had he tormented himself like this? Why had he ruined his young life in such a way? It had brought him little happiness and much sorrow and unhappiness. But chiefly he felt himself alone. Formerly he had had a mother whom he loved, a

father, and friends. Now there was no one. Nobody loved him! He was a burden to them all. He had been a cause of suffering to all who knew him. For his mother he was the cause of discord with his father. For his father he was the dissipator of the wealth collected by a lifetime of labour. For his friends he was a dangerous and disagreeable rival. They must all desire his death.

Passing his life in review he remembered Pamphilus and his last meeting with him, and how Pamphilus had invited him to go there, to the Christians. And it occurred to him not to return home, but to go straight to the Christians and remain with them.

But could his position be so desperate? he wondered. Again he recalled all that had happened to him, and again he was horrified at the idea that nobody loved him and that he loved no one. His mother, father, and friends did not care for him and must wish for his death. But did he himself love anyone? His friends? He felt that he loved none of them: they were all his rivals and would be pitiless to him now that he was in distress. His father? He was seized with horror when he put himself that question. He looked into his heart and found that not only did he not love his father, he even hated him for the restraint and insult he had put upon him. He hated him, and more than that he saw clearly that his father's death was necessary for his own happiness.

'Yes,' he said to himself. 'If I knew that no one would see it or ever know of it, what should I do if I could immediately, at one stroke, deprive him of life and free myself?'

And he answered his own question: 'I should kill him!' And he was horrified at that reply.

'My mother? I am sorry for her but I do not

love her: it is all the same to me what becomes of her. All I need is her help. . . . I am a beast, and a wretched, hunted one at that. I only differ from a beast in that I can by my own will quit this false and evil life. I can do what a beast cannot do—I can kill myself. I hate my father. There is no one I love . . . neither my mother nor my friends . . . unless, perhaps, Pamphilius alone?’

And he again thought of him. He recalled their last meeting, their conversation, and Pamphilius’s words that, according to their teaching, Christ had said: ‘Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ Could that be true?

He went on thinking, and remembering Pamphilius’s gentle, fearless, and happy face, he wished to believe what Pamphilius had said.

‘What indeed am I?’ he said to himself. ‘Who am I? A man seeking happiness. I sought it in my lusts and did not find it. And all who live as I did fail to find it. They are all evil and suffer. But there is a man who is always full of joy because he demands nothing. He says that there are many like him and that all men will be such if they follow their Master’s teaching. What if this be true? True or not it attracts me and I will go there.’

So said Julius to himself, and he left the grove, having decided not to return home but to go to the village where the Christians lived.

III

Julius went along briskly and joyously, and the farther he went the more vividly did he imagine to himself the life of the Christians, recalling all that Pamphilius had said, and the happier he felt. The sun was already declining towards evening and he wished to rest, when he came upon a man seated

by the roadside having a meal. He was a man of middle age with an intelligent face, and was sitting there eating olives and a flat cake. On seeing Julius he smiled and said:

‘Greeting to you, young man! The way is still long. Sit down and rest.’

Julius thanked him and sat down.

‘Where are you going?’ asked the stranger.

‘To the Christians,’ said Julius, and by degrees he recounted to the unknown his whole life and his decision.

The stranger listened attentively and asked about some details without himself expressing an opinion, but when Julius had ended he packed the remaining food in his wallet, adjusted his dress, and said:

‘Young man, do not pursue your intention. You would be making a mistake. I know life; you do not. I know the Christians; you do not. Listen! I will review your life and your thoughts, and when you have heard them from me, you will take what decision seems to you wisest. You are young, rich, handsome, strong, and the passions boil in your veins. You wish to find a quiet refuge where they will not agitate you and you would not suffer from their consequences. And you think that you can find such a shelter among the Christians.

‘There is no such refuge, dear young man, because what troubles you does not dwell in Cilicia or in Rome but in yourself. In the quiet solitude of a village the same passions will torment you, only a hundred times more strongly. The deception of the Christians, or their delusion—for I do not wish to judge them—consists in not wishing to recognize human nature. Only an old man who has outlived all his passions could fully carry out their teaching. But a man in the vigour of life, or a youth like you

who has not yet tested life and tried himself, cannot submit to their law, because it is based not on human nature but on idle speculations. If you go to them you will suffer from what makes you suffer now, only to a much greater extent. Now your passions lead you into wrong paths, but having once mistaken your road you can correct it. Now at any rate you have the satisfaction of desires fulfilled—that is life. But among the Christians, forcibly restraining your passions, you will err yet more and in a similar way, and besides that suffering you will have the incessant suffering of unsatisfied desires. Release the water from a dam and it will irrigate the earth and the meadows and supply drink for the animals, but confine it and it will burst its banks and flow away as mud. So it is with the passions. The teaching of the Christians (besides the belief in another life with which they console themselves and of which I will not speak)—their practical teaching is this: They do not approve of violence, do not recognize wars, or tribunals, or property, or the sciences and arts, or anything that makes life easy and pleasant.

‘That might be well enough if all men were such as they describe their Teacher as having been. But that is not and cannot be so. Men are evil and subject to passions. That play of passions and the conflicts caused by them are what keep men in the social condition in which they live. The barbarians know no restraint, and for the satisfaction of his desires one such man would destroy the whole world if all men submitted as these Christians do. If the gods implanted in men the sentiments of anger, revenge, and even of vindictiveness against the wicked, they did so because these sentiments are necessary for human life. The Christians teach that these feelings are bad, and that without them men

would be happy, and there would be no murders, executions, and wars. That is true, but it is like supposing that people would be happy if they did not eat food. There would then indeed be no greed or hunger, or any of the calamities that result from them. But that supposition would not change human nature. And if some two or three dozen people believed in it, and did actually refrain from food and die of hunger, it would still not alter human nature. The same is true of man's other passions: indignation, anger, revenge, even the love of women, of luxury, or of the pomp and grandeur characteristic of the gods and therefore unalterable characteristics of man too. Abolish man's nutrition and man will be destroyed. And similarly abolish the passions natural to man and mankind will be unable to exist. It is the same with ownership, which the Christians are supposed to reject. Look around you: every vineyard, every enclosure, every house, every ass, has been produced by man under conditions of ownership. Abandon the rights of property and not one vineyard will be tilled or one animal raised and tended. The Christians say that they have no property, but they enjoy the fruits of it. They say that they have all things in common and that everything is brought together into a common pool. But what they bring together they have received from people who owned property. They merely deceive others, or at best deceive themselves. You say that they themselves work to support themselves, but what they get by work would not support them if they did not avail themselves of what men who recognize ownership have produced. Even if they could support themselves it would be a bare subsistence, and there would be no place among them for the sciences or arts. They do not even recognize the use of our sciences and arts. Nor can

it be otherwise. Their whole teaching tends to reduce them to a primitive condition of savagery—to an animal existence.

‘They cannot serve humanity by our arts and sciences, and being ignorant of them they condemn them. Nor can they serve humanity in any of the ways which constitute man’s peculiar prerogative and ally him to the gods. They have neither temples nor statues nor theatres nor museums. They say they do not need these things. The easiest way to avoid being ashamed of one’s degradation is to scorn what is lofty, and that is what they do. They are atheists. They do not acknowledge the gods or their participation in human affairs. They believe only in the Father of their Teacher, whom they also call their Father, and the Teacher himself, who they think has revealed to them all the mysteries of life. Their teaching is a pitiful fraud! Consider just this. Our religion says: The world depends on the gods, the gods protect men, and in order to live well men must respect the gods, and must themselves search and think. In this way our life is guided on the one hand by the will of the gods, and on the other by the collective wisdom of mankind. We live, think, search, and thus advance towards the truth.

‘But these Christians have neither the gods, nor their own will, nor the wisdom of humanity. They have only a blind faith in their crucified Teacher and in all that he said to them. Now consider which is the more trustworthy guide—the will of the gods and the free activity of collective human wisdom, or the compulsory, blind belief in the words of one man?’

Julius was struck by what the stranger said and particularly by his last words. Not only was his intention of going to the Christians shaken, but

it now appeared to him strange that, under the influence of his misfortunes, he could ever have decided on such an insanity. But the question still remained of what he was to do now, and what exit to find from the difficult circumstances in which he was placed, and so, having explained his position, he asked the stranger's advice.

'It was just of that matter I now wished to speak to you,' replied the stranger. 'What are you to do? Your path—in as far as human wisdom is accessible to me—is clear. All your misfortunes have resulted from the passions natural to mankind. Passion has seduced you and led you so far that you have suffered. Such are the ordinary lessons of life. We should avail ourselves of them. You have learnt much and know what is bitter and what is sweet, you cannot now repeat those mistakes. Profit by your experience. What distresses you most is your enmity towards your father. That enmity is due to your position. Choose another and it will cease, or at least will not manifest itself so painfully. All your misfortunes are the result of the irregularity of your situation. You gave yourself up to youthful pleasures: that was natural and therefore good. But it was good only as long as it corresponded to your age. That time passed, but though you had grown to manhood you still devoted yourself to the frivolities of youth, and this was bad. You have reached an age when you should recognize that you are a man, a citizen, and should serve the State and work on its behalf. Your father wishes you to marry. His advice is wise. You have outlived one phase of life—your youth—and have reached another. All your troubles are indications of a period of transition. Recognize that youth has passed, boldly throw aside all that was natural to it but not natural for a man, and enter upon a new path. Marry, give

up the amusements of youth, apply yourself to commerce, public affairs, the sciences and arts, and you will not only be reconciled to your father and friends, but will yourself find peace and happiness. You have reached manhood, and should marry and be a husband. So my chief advice is: accede to your father's wish and marry. If you are attracted by the seclusion you thought to find among the Christians, if you are inclined to philosophy and not towards an active life, you can with advantage devote yourself to it only after you have experienced the real meaning of life. But you will know that only as an independent citizen and the head of a family. If afterwards you still feel drawn to solitude, yield to that feeling. It will then be a true desire and not a mere flash of vexation such as it is now. Then go!

These last words persuaded Julius more than anything else. He thanked the stranger and returned home.

His mother welcomed him with joy. His father too, on hearing of his intention to submit to his will and marry the girl he had chosen for him, was reconciled to his son.

IV

Three months later the marriage of Julius with the beautiful Eulampia was celebrated. The young couple lived in a separate house belonging to Julius, and he took over a branch of his father's business which was transferred to him. He had now changed his way of life entirely.

One day he went on business to a neighbouring town, and there, while sitting in a shop, he saw Pamphilius passing by with a girl whom Julius did not know. They both carried heavy baskets of grapes which they were selling. On seeing his

friend, Julius went out to him and asked him into the shop to have a talk.

The girl, seeing that Pamphilius wished to go with his friend but hesitated to leave her alone, hastened to assure him that she did not need his help, but would sit down with the grapes and wait for customers. Pamphilius thanked her, and he and Julius went into the shop.

Julius asked the shopkeeper, whom he knew, to let him take his friend into a private room at the back of the shop, and having received permission they went there.

The two friends questioned each other about their lives. Pamphilius was still living as before in the Christian community and had not married, and he assured his friend that his life had been growing happier and happier each year, each day, and each hour.

Julius told his friend what had happened to himself, and how he had actually been on his way to join the Christians when an encounter with a stranger cleared up for him the mistakes of the Christians and showed him what he ought to do, and how he had followed that advice and had married.

'Well, and are you happy now?' inquired Pamphilius. 'Have you found in marriage what the stranger promised you?'

'Happy?' said Julius. 'What is happiness? If you mean the complete satisfaction of my desires, then of course I am not happy. I am at present managing my business successfully, people begin to respect me, and in both these things I find some satisfaction. Though I see many men richer and more highly regarded than myself, I foresee the possibility of equalling or even surpassing them. That side of my life is full, but marriage, I will say frankly, does

not satisfy me. More than that, I feel that it is just my marriage—which should have given me happiness—that has failed. The joy I at first experienced gradually diminished and at last vanished, and instead of happiness came sorrow. My wife is beautiful, clever, well-educated, and kind. At first I was perfectly happy. But now—not having a wife you will not have experienced this—differences arise, sometimes because she desires my attentions when I am indifferent to her, and sometimes for the contrary reason. Besides this, for passion novelty is essential. A woman less fascinating than my wife attracts me more when I first know her, but afterwards becomes still less attractive than my wife: I have experienced that. No, I have not found satisfaction in marriage. Yes, my friend,’ Julius concluded, ‘the philosophers are right. Life does not afford us what the soul desires. I have now experienced that in marriage. But the fact that life does not give the happiness that the soul desires does not prove that your deception can give it,’ he added with a smile.

‘In what do you see our “deception”?’ asked Pamphilus.

‘Your deception consists in this: that to deliver man from the evils connected with life, you reject all life—repudiate life itself. To avoid disenchantment you reject enchantment. You reject marriage itself.’

‘We do not reject marriage,’ said Pamphilus.

‘Well, if you don’t reject marriage, at any rate you reject love.’

‘On the contrary, we reject everything except love. For us it is the basis of everything.’

‘I do not understand you,’ said Julius. ‘As far as I have heard from others and from yourself, and judging by the fact that you are not yet married

though you are the same age as myself, I conclude that your people do not marry. Those who are already married continue to be so, but the others do not form fresh marriages. You do not concern yourself about continuing the human race. And if you were the only people the human race would long ago have died out,' he concluded, repeating what he had often heard said.

'That is unjust,' replied Pamphilius. 'It is true that we do not set ourselves the aim of continuing the human race, and do not make it our concern in the way I have often heard your philosophers speak of it. We suppose that our Father has already provided for that. Our aim is simply to live in accord with His will. If it is His will that the human race should continue, it will do so, if not it will end. That is not our affair, nor our care. Our care is to live in accord with His will. And His will is expressed both in our teaching and in our revelation, in which it is said that a husband shall cleave unto his wife and they twain shall be one flesh.

'Marriage among us is not only not forbidden, but it is encouraged by our elders and teachers. The difference between marriage among us and marriage among you consists only in the fact that our law reveals to us that every lustful look at a woman is a sin, and so we and our women, instead of adorning ourselves to stimulate desire, try so to avoid it that the feeling of love between us as between brothers and sisters, may be stronger than the feeling of desire for a woman which you call love.'

'But all the same you cannot suppress admiration for beauty,' said Julius. 'I feel sure, for instance, that the beautiful girl with whom you were bringing the grapes evokes in you the feeling of desire—in spite of the dress which hides her charms.'

'I do not yet know,' said Pamphilus, blushing. 'I have not thought about her beauty. You are the first to speak to me of it. To me she is as a sister. But to continue what I was saying about the difference between our marriages and yours, that difference arises from the fact that among you lust, under the name of beauty and love, and the worship of the goddess Venus, is evoked and developed in people. With us on the contrary lust is considered, not as an evil—for God did not create evil—but as a good which begets evil when it is out of place: a temptation as we call it. And we try by all means to avoid it. And that is why I am not yet married, though very possibly I may marry tomorrow.'

'But what will decide that?'

'The will of God.'

'How will you know it?'

'If you never seek its indications you will never discern it, but if you constantly seek them they become clear, as divinations from sacrifices and birds are for you. And as you have your wise men who interpret for you the will of the gods by their wisdom and from the entrails of their sacrificed animals and by the flight of birds, so we too have our wise men who explain to us the will of the Father according to Christ's revelation and the promptings of their hearts and the thoughts of others, and chiefly by their love of men.'

'But all this is very indefinite,' retorted Julius. 'Who will indicate to you, for instance, when and whom to marry? When I was about to marry I had the choice of three girls. Those three were chosen from among others because they were beautiful and rich, and my father was agreeable to my marrying any one of them. Of the three I chose Eulampia because she was the most beautiful, and more

attractive to me than the others. That is easily understood. But what will guide you in your choice?"

"To answer you," said Pamphilius, "I must first tell you that as by our teaching all men are equal in our Father's eyes, therefore they are also equal in our eyes both in their station and in their spiritual and bodily qualities, and consequently our choice (to use a word we consider meaningless) cannot in any way be limited. Anyone in the whole world may be the husband or wife of a Christian."

"That makes it still more impossible to decide," said Julius.

"I will tell you what our Elder said to me about the difference between the marriage of a Christian and a pagan. A pagan, such as yourself, chooses the wife who in his opinion will give him the greatest amount of personal enjoyment. In such circumstances the eye wanders and it is difficult to decide, especially as the enjoyment is to be in the future. But a Christian has no such choice to make, or rather, when choosing, his personal enjoyment occupies not the first but a secondary place. For a Christian the question is how not to infringe the will of God by his marriage."

"But in what way can there be an infringement of God's will by marriage?"

"I might have forgotten the *Iliad* which we used to read and study together, but you who live among sages and poets cannot have forgotten it. What is the whole *Iliad*? It is a story of the infringement of God's will in relation to marriage. Menelaus and Paris and Helen; Achilles and Agamemnon and Chryseis—it is all a description of the terrible ills that flowed and still flow from such infringements."

"But in what does the infringement consist?"

"In this: that a man loves a woman for the enjoy-

ment he can get by connexion with her and not because she is a human being like himself. He marries her solely for his own enjoyment. Christian marriage is possible only when a man loves his fellow men, and when the object of his carnal love is first of all an object of this brotherly love. As a house can only be built rationally and durably when there is a foundation, and a picture can be painted only when something has been prepared on which to paint it, so carnal love is only legitimate, reasonable, and permanent when it is based on the respect and love of one human being for another. Only on that foundation can a reasonable Christian family life be established.'

'But still,' said Julius, 'I do not see why such a Christian marriage, as you call it, excludes the kind of love for a woman that Paris experienced. . . .'

'I do not say that Christian marriage does not admit of any exclusive feeling for one woman: on the contrary, only then is it reasonable and holy. But an exclusive love for one woman can arise only when the previously existent love for all men is not infringed.

'The exclusive love for one woman which the poets sing, considering it as good in itself without being based on the general love of man, has no right to be called love. It is animal lust and very often changes into hatred. The best examples of how such so-called love (*eros*) becomes bestial when it is not based on brotherly love for all men, are cases of the violation of the very woman the man is supposed to love, but who causes her to suffer and ruins her. In such violence there is evidently no brotherly love, for the man torments the one he loves. In un-Christian marriage there is often a concealed violence—as when a man who marries a girl who does not love him, or who loves another,

compels her to suffer, and has no compassion for her, using her merely to satisfy his "love".'

'Granted that that is so,' said Julius, 'but if the maiden loves him there is no injustice and I don't see the difference between Christian and pagan marriage.'

'I do not know the details of your marriage,' replied Pamphilius, 'but I know that every marriage based on nothing but personal happiness cannot but result in discord, just as among animals, or men differing little from animals, the simple act of taking food cannot occur without quarrelling and strife. Each wants a nice morsel, and as there are not enough choice morsels for all, discord results. Even if it is not expressed openly it is still there secretly. The weak man desires a dainty morsel but knows that the strong man will not give it to him, and though he knows it is impossible to take it away directly from the strong man, he watches him with secret and envious malice and avails himself of the first opportunity to take it from him by guile. The same is true of pagan marriage, but there it is twice as bad because the object of desire is a human being, so that the enmity arises between husband and wife.'

'But how can married couples possibly love no one but each other? There will always be some man or woman who loves the one or the other, and then, in your opinion, marriage is impossible. So I see the justice of what is said of you—that you deny marriage. That is why you are not married and probably will not marry. It is not possible for a man to marry a woman without ever having aroused the feeling of love in some other woman, or for a girl to reach maturity without having aroused any man's feeling for herself. What ought Helen to have done?'

'Our Elder Cyril speaks thus about it: In the pagan world men, without thinking of loving their brethren—without cultivating that sentiment—think only of arousing in themselves passionate love for a woman, and they foster that passion in themselves. And so in their world Helen, and every woman like her, arouses the love of many men. Rivals fight one another and strive to surpass one another, as animals do to possess a female. And to a greater or lesser extent their marriage is an act of violence. In our community we not only do not think about the personal enjoyment a woman's beauty may afford, but we avoid all temptations which lead to this—which in the pagan world is regarded as a merit and an object of worship. We, on the contrary, think of those obligations of respect and love of our neighbour which we feel for all men, for the greatest beauty and the greatest deformity. We cultivate them with all our might, and so the feeling of brotherly love supplants the seduction of beauty, vanquishes it, and eliminates the discords arising from sexual intercourse. A Christian marries only when he knows that his union with the woman will not cause pain to anyone.'

'But is that possible?' rejoined Julius. 'Can men control their passions?'

'It is impossible if they are allowed free play, but we can prevent their awakening and being aroused. Take, for example, the relations of a father and his daughter, a mother and her son, or of brothers and sisters. However beautiful she may be, the mother is for her son an object of pure love and not of personal enjoyment. And it is the same with a daughter and her father, and a sister and her brother. Feelings of desire are not awakened. They would awaken only if the father learnt that she whom he considered to be his daughter was not his

daughter, and similarly in the relation of a mother and son, and a brother and sister. But even then the sensation would be very feeble and easily suppressed, and it would be in the man's power to restrain it. The feeling of desire would be feeble because at its base would lie the sentiment of maternal, paternal, or fraternal love. Why do you not wish to believe that such a feeling towards all women—as mothers, sisters, and daughters—may be cultivated and confirmed in men, and that the feeling of conjugal love could grow up on the basis of that feeling? As the brother will only allow a feeling of love for her as a woman to arise in himself after he has learnt that she is not his sister, so also a Christian will only allow that feeling to arise in his soul when he feels that his love will cause pain to no one.'

'But suppose two men love the same girl?'

'Then one will sacrifice his happiness for that of the other.'

'But how if she loves one of them?'

'Then the one whom she loves less will sacrifice his feeling for her happiness.'

'And if she loves both of them and they both sacrifice themselves, she will not marry at all?'

'No, in that case the elders will look into the matter and advise so that there may be the greatest good for all with the greatest amount of love.'

'But you know that is not done! It is not done because it would be contrary to human nature.'

'Contrary to human nature? What human nature? A man is a human being besides being an animal, and while it is true that such a relation to a woman is not consonant with man's animal nature, it is consonant with his rational nature. When man uses his reason to serve his animal nature he becomes worse than an animal, and

descends to violence and incest and to things no animal would do. But when he uses his reason to restrain his animal nature, then that animal nature serves his reason, and only then does he attain a happiness that satisfies him.'

V

'But tell me about yourself,' said Julius. 'I see you with that lovely girl, it seems that you live near her and help her. Is it possible that you do not wish to become her husband?'

'I do not think about it,' said Pamphilius. 'She is the daughter of a Christian widow. I serve them as others do. You ask whether I love her so that I wish to unite my life with hers? That question is hard for me to answer, but I will do so frankly. That thought has occurred to me but I dare not as yet entertain it, for there is another young man who loves her. That young man is a Christian and loves us both, and so I cannot do anything that would cause him pain. I live without thinking of it. I seek only one thing: to fulfil the law of love of man. That is the one thing needful. I shall marry when I see that it is necessary.'

'But it cannot be a matter of indifference to her mother to get a good industrious son-in-law. She will want you and not someone else.'

'No, it is a matter of indifference to her, because she knows that we are all ready to serve her, as we would anyone else, and that I should serve her neither more nor less whether I became her son-in-law or not. If it comes about that I marry her daughter, I shall accept it gladly, as I should do her marriage with someone else.'

'That is impossible!' exclaimed Julius. 'What is so terrible about you is that you deceive yourselves and so deceive others. What that stranger told me

about you was correct. When I listen to you I involuntarily yield to the beauty of the life you describe, but when I reflect I see that it is all a deception leading to savagery, to a coarseness of life resembling that of the animals.'

'In what do you see this savagery?'

'In this, that supporting yourselves by labour, you can have neither leisure nor opportunity to occupy yourselves with the sciences and arts. Here you are in ragged garments, with coarsened hands and feet; and your companion, who could be a goddess of beauty, resembles a slave. You have neither songs to Apollo, nor temples, nor poetry, nor games—none of the things the gods have given for the adornment of man's life. To work, to work like slaves or like oxen, merely to feed coarsely—is not this a voluntary and impious renunciation of man's will and of human nature?'

'Again "human nature"!' said Pamphilius. 'But in what does this nature consist? In tormenting slaves to work beyond their strength, in killing one's brother-men and enslaving them, and making women into instruments of pleasure? All this is needed for that beauty of life which you consider natural for human beings. Is that man's nature? Or is it to live in love and concord with all men, feeling oneself a member of one universal brotherhood?'

'You are much mistaken, too, if you think that we do not recognize the arts and sciences. We value highly all the capacities with which human nature is endowed, but we regard all man's inherent capacities as means for the attainment of one and the same end, to which we consecrate our lives, namely the fulfilment of God's will. We do not regard art and science as an amusement, of use only to while away the time of idle people. We demand of science

and art, as of all human occupations, that in them should be realized that activity of love of God and of our neighbours which should be the aim of all Christian activities. We regard as true science only such knowledge as helps us to live a better life, and we esteem as art only what purifies our thoughts, elevates our souls, and strengthens the powers we need for a life of labour and love. Such knowledge we do not fail to develop in ourselves and in our children as far as we can, and to such art we willingly devote our leisure time. We read and study the works bequeathed to us by the wisdom of those who lived before us. We sing songs and paint pictures, and our poems and pictures brace our spirit and console us in moments of grief. That is why we cannot approve of the applications you make of the arts and sciences. Your learned men employ their mental capacities to devise new means of injuring men. They perfect methods of warfare, that is of murder. They contrive new methods of gain, by getting rich at the expense of others. Your art serves for the erection and adornment of temples in honour of gods in whom the more educated among you have long ceased to believe, but whom you encourage others to believe in, in order by such deception the better to keep them in your power. You erect statues in honour of the most powerful and cruel of your tyrants, whom none respect but all fear. In your theatres performances are given extolling guilty love. Music serves for the delectation of your rich, who glut themselves with food and drink at their luxurious feasts. Painting is employed in houses of debauchery to depict scenes such as no sober man, or man not stupefied by animal passion, could look at without blushing. No, not for such ends have those higher capacities which distinguish him from the animals been given to man. They

must not be employed for bodily gratification. Devoting our whole lives to the fulfilment of God's will, we employ our highest faculties especially in that service.'

'Yes,' said Julius. 'All that would be excellent if life were possible under such conditions, but one cannot live so. You deceive yourselves. You condemn our laws, our institutions, and our armies. You do not recognize the protection we afford. If it were not for the Roman legions could you live at peace? You profit by the protection of the State without acknowledging it. Some of your people, as you told me yourself, have even defended themselves. You do not recognize the right of private property, but you make use of it. Our people have it and give to you. You yourself do not give away your grapes, but sell them and buy other things. It is all a deception! If you did what you say that would be all right, but as it is you deceive yourselves and others!'

He spoke heatedly and said all that he had in his mind. Pamphilius waited in silence, and when Julius had finished, he said:

'You are wrong in thinking that we avail ourselves of your protection without acknowledging it. Our welfare consists in not requiring defence, and this no one can take from us. Even if material things which in your eyes constitute property pass through our hands, we do not regard them as our own, and we give them to anyone who needs them for their sustenance. We sell the grapes to those who wish to buy them, not for the sake of personal gain, but solely to acquire necessities for those who need them. If someone wished to take those grapes from us we should give them up without resistance. For the same reason we are not afraid of an incursion of the barbarians. If they began to take from

us the product of our toil we should let them have it, and if they demanded that we should work for them, we should also do that gladly; and they would not merely have no reason to kill or ill-treat us, but it would conflict with their own interests to do so. They would soon understand and learn to love us, and we should have less to suffer from them than from the civilized people who now surround us and persecute us.

'You say that the things necessary for existence can only be produced under a system of private property. But consider who really produces the necessities of life. To whose labour do we owe all these riches of which you are so proud? Were they produced by those who issued orders to their slaves and workmen without themselves moving a finger, and who now possess all the property; or were they produced by the poor slaves who carried out their masters' orders for their daily bread, and who now possess no property and have barely enough to supply their daily needs? And do you suppose that these slaves, who expend all their strength in executing orders often quite incomprehensible to them, would not work for themselves and for those they love and care for if they were allowed to do so—that is to say, if they might work for aims they clearly understood and approved of?

'You accuse us of not completely achieving what we strive for, and for taking advantage of violence and property even while we do not recognize them. If we are cheats, it is no use talking to us and we are worthy neither of anger nor of exposure, but only of contempt. And we willingly accept your contempt, for one of our precepts is the recognition of our insignificance. But if we sincerely strive towards what we profess, then your accusation of fraud is unjust. If we strive, as I and my brethren

Julius took Pamphilius into the shop of a tradesman he knew, and Pamphilius poured the wheat into bags, and having given Magdalene a small share to carry, took up his own heavy load, bid farewell to Julius, and left the town with the maiden. At the turning of the street he looked round and nodded to Julius with a smile. Then, with a still more joyous smile, he said something to Magdalene and they disappeared from view.

'Yes, I should have done better had I then gone to them,' thought Julius. And in his imagination two pictures alternated: the kindly bright faces of the lusty Pamphilius and the tall strong maiden as they carried the baskets on their heads; and then the domestic hearth from which he had come that morning and to which he must soon return, where his beautiful, but pampered and wearisome wife, who had become repulsive to him, would be lying on rugs and cushions, wearing bracelets and rich attire.

But Julius had no time to think of this. Some merchant companions of his came up to him, and they began their usual occupations, finishing up with dinner and drinking, and spending the night with women.

VI

Ten years passed. Julius had not met Pamphilius again, and the meeting with him had slowly passed from his memory, and the impression of him and of the Christian life wore off.

Julius's life ran its usual course. During these ten years his father had died and he had taken over the management of his whole business, which was a complicated one. There were the regular customers, salesmen in Africa, clerks, and debts to be collected and paid. Julius found himself involuntarily absorbed in it all and gave his whole time to

it. Besides this, new cares presented themselves. He was elected to a public office, and this new occupation, which flattered his vanity, attracted him. In addition to his business affairs he now attended to public matters also, and being capable and a good speaker he began to distinguish himself among his fellows, and appeared likely to reach high public office. In his family life a considerable and unpleasant change had occurred during these ten years. Three children had been born to him, and this had separated him from his wife. In the first place she had lost much of her beauty and freshness, and in the second place she paid less attention to her husband. All her tenderness and endearments were devoted to her children. Though according to the pagan custom the children were handed over to wet-nurses and attendants, Julius often found them with their mother, or found her with them instead of in her own apartments. For the most part Julius found the children a burden, affording him more annoyance than pleasure.

Occupied with business and public affairs he had abandoned his former dissipated life, but considered that he needed some refined recreation after his labours. This, however, he did not find with his wife, the more so as during this time she had cultivated an acquaintance with her Christian slave-girl, had become more and more attracted by the new teaching, and had discarded from her life all the external, pagan things that had attracted Julius. Not finding what he wanted in his wife, Julius formed an intimacy with a woman of light conduct, and passed with her the leisure that remained after his business.

Had he been asked whether he was happy or unhappy during those years he would have been unable to answer.

He was so busy! From one affair or pleasure he passed to another affair or pleasure, but not one of them was such as fully to satisfy him or make him wish it to continue. Everything he did was of such a nature that the quicker he could free himself from it the better he was pleased, and his pleasures were all poisoned in some way, or the tedium of satiety mingled with them.

In this way he was living when something happened that came near to altering his whole manner of life. He took part in the races at the Olympic Games, and was driving his chariot successfully to the end of the course when he suddenly collided with another which was overtaking him. His wheel broke, and he was thrown out and broke his arm and two ribs. His injuries were serious, though they did not endanger his life, and he was taken home and had to keep to his bed for three months.

During these three months of severe physical suffering his mind worked, and he had leisure to think about his life as if it were someone else's. And his life presented itself to him in a gloomy light, the more so as during that time three unpleasant events occurred which much distressed him.

The first was that a slave, who had been his father's trusted servant, decamped with some precious jewels he had received in Africa, thus causing a heavy loss and a disorganization of Julius's affairs.

The second was that his mistress deserted him and found herself another protector.

The third and most unpleasant event for him, was that during his illness there was an election, and his opponent secured the position he had hoped to obtain.

All this, it seemed to Julius, came about because

his chariot-wheel had swerved a finger-breadth to the left.

Lying alone on his couch he began involuntarily to reflect on the fact that his happiness depended on such insignificant happenings, and these thoughts led him on to others, and to the recollection of his former misfortunes—of his attempt to go to the Christians, and of Pamphilius, whom he had now not seen for ten years. These recollections were strengthened by conversations with his wife, who was often with him during his illness and told him everything she had learnt about Christianity from her slave-girl.

This slave-girl had at one time been in the same community with Pamphilius, and knew him. Julius wished to see her, and when she came to his couch questioned her about everything in detail, and especially about Pamphilius.

Pamphilius, the slave-girl said, was one of the best of the brethren, and was loved and esteemed by them all. He had married that same Magdalene whom Julius had seen ten years ago, and they already had several children.

‘Yes, any man who does not believe that God has created men for happiness should go to see their life,’ concluded the slave-girl.

Julius let the slave-girl go, and remained alone, thinking of what he had heard. It made him envious to compare Pamphilius’s life with his own, and he did not wish to think about it.

To distract himself he took up a Greek manuscript which his wife had left by his couch, and began to read as follows:¹

¹ The following text reproduces, in substance, the first part of *The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles* (The Didaché), a very early Christian manuscript discovered at Constantinople in 1875, which greatly interested Tolstóy.—A. M.

‘There are two ways: one of life and the other of death. The way of life is this: First, thou shalt love God who has created thee, secondly, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself; and thou shalt do to no one what thou wouldst not have him do to thee.

‘Now this is the meaning of these words: Bless them that curse you, pray for your enemies and for those that persecute you. For what merit have you if you love only those who love you? Do not the heathen so? Love them that hate you, and you shall have no enemies. Put away from you all carnal and worldly desires. If a man smites you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also, and you shall be perfect. If a man compelleth thee to walk a mile with him, go with him two. If he taketh what belongeth to thee, demand it not again, for this thou shalt not do; if he taketh thy outer garment, give him thy shirt also. Give to everyone that asketh of thee, and demand nothing back, for the Father wishes that His abundant gifts should be received by all. Blessed is he who giveth according to the commandment!

‘The second commandment of the teaching is this: Do not kill, do not commit adultery, do not be wanton, do not steal, do not employ sorcery, do not poison, do not covet thy neighbour’s goods. Take no oath, do not bear false witness, speak no evil, do not remember injuries. Shun duplicity in thy thoughts and be not double-tongued. Let not thy words be false nor empty, but in accord with thy deeds. Be not covetous, nor rapacious, nor hypocritical, nor ill-tempered, nor proud. Have no evil intention against thy neighbour. Cherish no hatred of any man, but rebuke some, pray for others, and love some more than thine own soul.

'My child! Shun evil and all appearance of evil. Be not angry, for anger leadeth to murder. Be not jealous, nor quarrelsome, nor passionate, for of all these things cometh murder.

'My child! Be not lustful, for lust leadeth to wantonness, and be not foul-mouthed, for of this cometh adultery.

'My child! Be not untruthful, for lying leadeth to theft; neither be fond of money, nor vain, for of all these cometh theft also.

'My child! Do not repine, for that leadeth to blasphemy; neither be arrogant, nor a thinker of evil, for of all these things cometh blasphemy also. Be humble, for the meek shall inherit the earth. Be long-suffering, merciful, forgiving, humble, and kind, and take heed of the words that ye hear. Do not exalt thyself, and yield not thy soul to arrogance nor let thy soul cleave to the proud, but have converse with the humble and just. Accept as a blessing all that befalleth thee, knowing that nothing happens without God's will. . . .

'My child! Do not sow dissensions, but reconcile those that are at strife. Stretch not out thy hand to receive, nor hold it back from giving. Be not slow in giving, nor repine when giving, for thou shalt know the good Giver of rewards. Turn not away from the needy, but in everything have communion with thy brother, and call not anything thy own, for if ye are partakers in that which is incorruptible, how much more so in that which is corruptible. Teach thy children the fear of God from their youth. Deal not with thy slave in anger, lest he cease to fear God who is above you both, for He is no respecter of persons but calleth those whom the Spirit hath prepared.

'But this is the way of death: First of all it is wrathful and full of curses; here are murder,

adultery, lust, wantonness, theft, idolatry, sorcery, poisoning, plundering, false witness, hypocrisy, deceitfulness, insidiousness, pride, malice, arrogance, avarice, obscenity, envy, insolence, presumption, and vanity. Here are the persecutors of the righteous, haters of the truth, lovers of falsehood, who do not acknowledge the reward for righteousness nor cleave to what is good or to righteous judgements, who are vigilant not for what is good but for evil, from whom meekness and patience are far removed. Here are those that love vanity, who follow after rewards, who have no pity for their neighbours and do not labour for the oppressed or know their Creator. Here are the murderers of children, destroyers of God's image, who turn away from the needy. Here are the oppressors of the oppressed, defenders of the rich, unjust judges of the poor, sinners in all things. Beware, children, of all these!

Long before he had read the manuscript to the end, Julius had entered with his whole soul into communion with those who had inspired it—as often happens to men who read a book (that is, another person's thoughts) with a sincere desire to discern the truth. He read on, guessing in advance what was coming, and not only agreed with the thoughts expressed in the book but seemed to be expressing them himself.

He experienced that ordinary, but mysterious and significant phenomenon, unnoticed by many people: of a man, supposed to be alive, becoming really alive on entering into communion with those accounted dead, and uniting and living one life with them.

Julius's soul united with him who had written and inspired those thoughts, and in the light of this communion he contemplated himself and his life.

And it appeared to him to be all a terrible mistake. He had not lived, but had only destroyed in himself the possibility of living by all the cares and temptations of life.

'I do not wish to ruin my life. I want to live and to follow the path of life!' he said to himself.

He remembered all that Pamphilius had said to him in their former conversations, and it all now seemed so clear and unquestionable that he was surprised that he could have listened to the stranger and not have held to his intention of going to the Christians. He remembered also that the stranger had said to him: 'Go when you have had experience of life!'

'I have now had experience of life, and have found nothing in it!' thought Julius.

He also recalled the words of Pamphilius: that whenever he might go to the Christians, they would be glad to receive him.

'No, I have erred and suffered enough!' he said to himself. 'I will give up everything and go to them and live as it says here!'

He told his wife of his plan, and she was delighted with it. She was ready for everything. The only difficulty was to decide how to put the plan into execution. What was to be done with the children? Were they to be taken with them or left with their grandmother? How could they be taken? How, after the delicacy of their upbringing, could they be subjected to all the difficulties of a rough life? The slave-girl proposed to go with them, but the mother was afraid for the children, and said that it would be better to leave them with their grandmother and to go alone. And to this they agreed.

All was decided. Only Julius's illness delayed the execution of their plans.

VII

In that state of mind Julius fell asleep. In the morning he was told that a skilful physician was visiting the town and wished to see him, promising him speedy relief. Julius willingly consented to see him, and the physician proved to be none other than the stranger whom he had met when he started to join the Christians. Having examined his injuries the physician prescribed certain potions of herbs to strengthen him.

'Shall I be able to work with my hands?' inquired Julius.

'Oh yes! You will be able to write and to drive a chariot.'

'But hard work—digging?'

'I was not thinking of that,' said the physician, 'because it cannot be necessary for a man in your position.'

'On the contrary, it is just what is wanted,' said Julius, and he told the physician that since he had last seen him he had followed his advice and had experienced life; and that life had not given him what it promised, but on the contrary had disillusioned him, and that he now wished to carry out the intention he had then spoken of.

'They have evidently employed all their deceptions and have enchanted you so that in spite of your position and the responsibilities that rest upon you—especially in regard to your children—you still do not see their error.'

'Read that!' was all Julius said in reply, handing him the manuscript he had been reading.

The physician took the manuscript and looked at it.

'I know this,' he said. 'I know this deception, and am surprised that such a man as you should be caught by such a snare.'

'I don't understand you. Where is the snare?'

'It is all tested by life! These sophists and rebels against men and gods propose a way of life in which all men will be happy, and there will be no wars or executions, no poverty or depravity, no strife or anger. And they insist that this condition will come about when all men fulfil the law of Christ—not to quarrel, nor yield to lust, nor take oaths, nor do violence, nor take arms against another nation. But they deceive themselves and others by taking the end for the means.

'Their aim is not to quarrel, not to bind themselves by oaths, not to be wanton, and so forth, and this aim can only be attained by means of public life. But what they say is as if a teacher of archery should say: "You will hit the target when your arrow flies to it in a straight line." The problem is how to make it fly straight. And that result is attained in archery by having a taut bow-string, a flexible bow, and a straight arrow. It is the same in life. The best life, in which men have no need to quarrel, to be wanton, or to commit murder, is attained by having a taut bow-string (the rulers), a flexible bow (the power of government), and a straight arrow (the justice of the law). But they, under pretext of living a better life, destroy all that has improved or does improve it. They recognize neither government, nor the authorities, nor the laws.'

'But they say that if men fulfil the law of Christ, life will be better without rulers, authorities, and laws.'

'Yes, but what guarantee is there that men will fulfil it? None! They say: "You have experienced life under rulers and laws, and life has not been perfected. Try it now without rulers and laws and it will become perfect. You cannot deny this, for

you have not tried it." But this is the obvious sophistry of these impious people. In saying that, is it not in effect as though a man should say to a farmer: "You sow your seed in the ground and cover it up, and yet the harvest is not what you would wish. I advise you to sow in the sea. It will be better like that—and you cannot deny my proposition, for you have not tried it"?"

'Yes, that is true,' said Julius, who was beginning to waver.

'But that is not all,' continued the physician. 'Let us assume the absurd and impossible. Let us assume that the principles of the Christian teaching can be poured into men like medicine, and that suddenly all men will begin to fulfil Christ's teaching, to love God and their fellows, and to fulfil his commandments. Even assuming all that, the path of life inculcated by them would still not stand examination. Life would come to an end and the race would die out. Their Teacher was a young vagabond, and such will his followers be, and according to our supposition such would the whole world become if it followed his teaching. Those living would last their time, but their children would not survive, or hardly one in ten would do so. According to their teaching all children should be alike to every mother and to every father, whether they are their own children or not. How will these children be looked after, when we see that all the devotion and all the love implanted in mothers hardly preserves their own children from perishing? What will happen when this devotion is replaced by a compassion shared by all children alike? Which child is to be taken and preserved? Who will sit up at night with a sick and malodorous child except its own mother? Nature has provided a protection for the child in its mother's love, but

the Christians want to deprive it of that protection, and offer nothing in exchange! Who will train a son, who will penetrate into his soul like his father? Who will defend him from dangers? All this they reject! All life—that is, the continuation of the human race—is made away with.'

'That also is true,' said Julius, carried away by the physician's eloquence.

'Yes, my friend, have nothing to do with these ravings. Live rationally, especially now that you have such great and serious and pressing responsibilities. It is a matter of honour for you to fulfil them. You have reached the second period of your doubts, but go on and your doubts will vanish. Your first and evident duty is the education of your children, which you have neglected. You must train them to be worthy servants of their country. The existing political structure has given you everything you have, and you must serve it yourself and give it worthy servants in the persons of your children, on whom you will thereby also confer a benefit. Another obligation you have is the service of the community. You are mortified and discouraged by your accidental and temporary failure. But nothing is achieved without effort and struggle, and the joy of triumph is great only when the victory has been hardly won. Leave it to your wife to amuse herself with the babble of the Christian writers. You should be a man, and bring up your children to be men. Begin to live with the consciousness of duty, and all your doubts will fall away of themselves. They were caused by your illness. Fulfil your duty to the State by serving it and by preparing your children for its service. Set them on their feet, so that they may be able to take your place, and then peacefully abandon yourself to the life which attracts you. Till then you have no right

to do so, and were you to do so you would encounter nothing but suffering.'

VIII

Whether it was the effect of the medicinal herbs or the advice given him by the wise physician, Julius speedily recovered, and his plans of adopting a Christian life now appeared to him like ravings.

After staying a few days the physician left the city. Soon afterwards Julius left his sick bed and began a new life in accord with the advice he had received. He engaged teachers for his children and supervised their studies himself. He spent his own time on public affairs and soon acquired great influence in the city.

So a year passed, and during that time Julius did not even think about the Christians. But at the end of the year a legate from the Roman Emperor arrived in Cilicia to suppress the Christian movement, and a trial was arranged to take place in Tarsus. Julius heard of the measures that were being undertaken against the Christians, but he paid no attention to them, not thinking that they related to the commune in which Pamphilius was living. But one day as he was walking in the forum to attend to his duties, a poorly dressed elderly man approached him whom he did not at first recognize. It was Pamphilius. He came up to Julius leading a child by the hand, and said:

'Greetings, friend! I have a great favour to ask of you, but now that the Christians are being persecuted I do not know whether you will wish to acknowledge me as your friend, or whether you will not be afraid of losing your post if you have anything to do with me.'

'I am not afraid of anyone,' replied Julius, 'and as a proof of it I ask you to come with me to my

house. I will even neglect my business in the forum to have a talk with you and help you. Come with me. Whose child is that?"

'He is my son.'

'I need not have asked. I recognize your features in him, and I also recognize those light-blue eyes, and need not ask who your wife is. She is the lovely girl I saw you with several years ago.'

'You have guessed right,' replied Pamphilius. 'She became my wife soon after you saw us.'

On reaching the house, Julius called his wife and handed the boy over to her, and then led Pamphilius to his luxurious private room.

'You can speak freely here,' he said. 'No one will hear us.'

'I am not afraid of being heard,' replied Pamphilius. 'My request is not that the Christians who have been arrested should not be judged and executed, but only that they should be allowed to announce their faith in public.'

And Pamphilius told how the Christians who had been seized by the authorities had succeeded in sending word from their prison to the community telling of their condition. Cyril the Elder, knowing of Pamphilius's relations with Julius, had sent him to intercede for the Christians. They did not ask for mercy. They looked upon it as their vocation to testify to the truth of Christ's teaching, and they could do this equally well by suffering martyrdom as by a life of eighty years. They would accept either fate with equal indifference, and physical death, which must inevitably overtake them, was as welcome and void of terror now as it would be fifty years hence. But they wished by their death to serve their fellow-men, and therefore Pamphilius had been sent to ask that their trial and execution should be public.

Julius was surprised at Pamphilius's request, but promised to do all in his power to aid him.

'I have promised to help you,' he said, 'out of friendship, and because of the particular feeling of tenderness you have always aroused in me, but I must say that I consider your teaching most senseless and harmful. I can judge of this because some time ago, when I was ill, disappointed, and low-spirited, I myself once again shared your views and came very near to abandoning everything and joining your community. I know now on what your error is based, for I have myself experienced it. It is based on love of self, weakness of spirit, and sickly enervation. It is a creed for women, not for men.'

'But why?'

'Because, while you recognize the fact that discord lies in man's nature and that strife results therefrom, you do not wish to take part in that strife or to teach others to do so; and without taking your share of the burden you avail yourselves of the organization of the world, which is based on violence. Is that fair? Our world owes its existence to the fact that there have always been rulers. Those rulers took on themselves the trouble and all the responsibility of defending us from foreign and domestic foes, and in return for that we subjects submitted to them and rendered them honour, or helped them by serving the State. But you, out of pride, instead of taking your part in the affairs of the State and rising higher and higher in men's regard by your labours and to the extent of your deserts—you in your pride at once declare all men to be equal, in order that you may consider no one higher than yourself, but may reckon yourself equal to Caesar. That is what you yourself think and teach others to think. And for weak and idle people

that is a great temptation! Every slave, instead of labouring, at once considers himself Caesar's equal. But you do more than this: you deny taxes, and slavery, and the courts, and executions, and war—everything that holds people together. If people listened to you, society would fall to pieces and we should return to primitive savagery.

'Living under a government you preach the destruction of government. But your very existence is dependent on that government. Without it you would not exist. You would all be slaves of the Scythians or the barbarians—the first people who happened to hear of your existence. You are like a tumour which destroys the body but can only nourish itself on the body. And a living body resists that tumour and overcomes it! We do the same with you, and cannot but do so. And in spite of my promise to help you obtain your wish, I look upon your teaching as most harmful and despicable: despicable because I consider it dishonourable and unjust to gnaw the breast that feeds you—to avail yourselves of the advantages of governmental order, and to destroy that order by which the State is maintained, without taking part in it!'

'If we really lived as you suppose there would be much justice in what you say,' replied Pamphilus. 'But you do not know our life, and have formed a false conception of it. The means of subsistence which we employ are obtainable without the aid of violence. It is difficult for you, with your luxurious habits, to realize on how little a man can live without privation. A healthy man is so constituted that he can produce with his hands far more than he needs for his subsistence. Living together in a community we are able by our common work to feed without difficulty our children,

our old people, and the sick and weak. You say of the rulers that they protect people from external and internal enemies—but we love our enemies, and so we have none. You assert that we Christians stir up in the slave a desire to be Caesar, but on the contrary, both by word and deed we profess one thing: patient humility and labour, the humblest of labour, that of a working man. We neither know nor understand anything about political matters. We only know one thing, and we know that with certainty, that our welfare lies solely in the good of others, and we seek that welfare. The welfare of all men lies in their union with one another, and union is attained not by violence but by love. The violence of a brigand inflicted on a traveller is as atrocious to us as the violence of an army to its prisoners, or of a judge to those who are executed, and we cannot intentionally participate in the one or the other. Nor can we profit by the labour of others enforced by violence. Violence is reflected on us, but our participation in violence consists not in inflicting it but in submissively enduring its infliction on ourselves.'

'Yes,' said Julius, 'you preach about love, but when one looks at the results it turns out to be quite another thing. It leads to barbarism and a reversion to savagery, murder, robbery, and violence, which according to your doctrine must not be repressed in any way.'

'No, that is not so,' said Pamphilius, 'and if you really examine the results of our teaching and of our lives carefully and impartially, you will see that not only do they not lead to murder, robbery, and violence, but on the contrary those crimes can only be opposed by the means we practice. Murder, robbery, and all evils, existed long before Christianity, and men have always contended with

them, but unsuccessfully, because they employed means that we deplore, meeting violence by violence; and this never checks crime, but on the contrary provokes it by sowing hatred and exasperation.

'Look at the mighty Roman Empire. Nowhere else is such trouble taken about the laws as in Rome. Studying and perfecting the laws constitutes a special science. The laws are taught in the schools, discussed in the Senate, and reformed and administered by the most educated citizens. Legal justice is considered the highest virtue, and the office of Judge is held in peculiar respect. Yet in spite of this it is known that there is now no city in the world so steeped in crime and corruption as Rome. Remember Roman history: in olden times when the laws were very primitive the Roman people possessed many virtues, but in our days, despite the elaboration and administration of law, the morals of the citizens are becoming worse and worse. The number of crimes constantly increases, and they become more varied and more elaborate every day.

'Nor can it be otherwise. Crime and evil can be successfully opposed only by the Christian method of love, and not by the heathen methods of revenge, punishment, and violence. I am sure you would like men to abstain from evil voluntarily and not from fear of punishment. You would not wish men to be like prisoners who only refrain from crime because they are watched by their gaolers. But no laws or restrictions or punishments make men averse to doing evil or desirous of doing good. That can only be attained by destroying evil at its root, which is in the heart of man. That is what we aim at, while you only try to repress the outward manifestations of evil. You do not look for its source

and do not know where it is, and so you can never find it.

'The commonest crimes—murder, robbery, and fraud—are the result of men's desire to increase their possessions, or even to obtain the necessities of life which they have been unable to procure in any other way. Some of these crimes are punished by the law, but the most important and far-reaching in their consequences are perpetrated under the wing of the law, as, for instance, the huge commercial frauds and the innumerable ways in which the rich rob the poor. Those crimes which are punished by law may indeed to a certain extent be repressed—or rendered more difficult of execution—and the criminals for fear of punishment become more prudent and cunning and invent new forms of crime which the law does not punish. But by leading a Christian life a man preserves himself from all these crimes, which result on the one hand from the struggle for money and possessions, and on the other from the unequal concentration of riches in the hands of the few. Our one way of checking theft and murder is to keep for ourselves only as much as is indispensable for life, and to give to others all the superfluous products of our toil. We Christians do not lead men into temptation by the sight of accumulated wealth, for we rarely possess more than enough for our daily bread. A hungry man, driven to despair and ready to commit a crime for a piece of bread, if he comes to us will find all he wants without committing any crime, because that is what we live for—to share all we have with those who are cold and hungry. And the result is that one sort of evil-doer avoids us, while others turn to us, give up their criminal life, and are saved, and gradually become workers labouring for the good of all.

'Other crimes are prompted by the passions of jealousy, revenge, carnal love, anger and hatred. Such crimes cannot be suppressed by law. A man who commits them is in a brutal state of unbridled passion; he is incapable of reflecting on the consequences of his actions, opposition only exasperates him, and so the law is powerless to restrain these crimes. We however believe that man can find satisfaction and the meaning of life only in the spirit, and that as long as he serves his passions he can never find happiness. We curb our passions by a life of love and labour, and develop in ourselves the power of the spirit, and the more deeply and widely our faith spreads the rarer will crime inevitably become.

'A third class of crime,' Pamphilius continued, 'arises from the desire to help men. Some men—revolutionary conspirators—are anxious to alleviate the people's lot, and kill tyrants, imagining that they are thereby doing good to the majority of the people. The origin of such crimes is the belief that one can do good by committing evil. Such crimes, prompted by an idea, are not crushed out by legal punishments: on the contrary they are inflamed and evoked by them. In spite of their errors the men who commit them do so from a noble motive—a desire to serve mankind. They are sincere, they readily sacrifice themselves and do not shrink from danger. And so the fear of punishment does not stop them. On the contrary, danger stimulates them, and sufferings and executions exalt them to the dignity of heroes, gain sympathy for them, and incite others to follow their example. We see this in the history of all nations. But we Christians believe that evil will only pass away when men understand the misery that results from it both for themselves and for others. We know

that brotherhood can only be attained when we are all brothers—that brotherhood without brothers is impossible.

‘And though we see the errors of the revolutionary conspirators, yet we appreciate their sincerity and unselfishness, and are attracted by the good that is in them.

‘Which of us then is more successful in the struggle with crime and does more to suppress evil—we Christians, who prove by our life the happiness of a spiritual existence from which no evil results and whose means of influence are example and love; or you, whose rulers and judges pass sentences in accord with the dead letter of the law, ruin their victims, and drive them to the last extremity of exasperation?’

‘When one listens to you,’ said Julius, ‘one almost begins to think that you may be right. But tell me, Pamphilius, why are people hostile to you? Why do they persecute you, hunt you down, and kill you? Why does your teaching of love lead to discord?’

‘The reason of that lies not in us but outside us. Till now I have been speaking of crimes which are regarded as such both by the State and by us. These crimes constitute a form of violence which infringes the temporary laws of any State. But besides these there are other laws implanted in man—laws that are eternal, common to all men, and written in their hearts. We Christians obey these Divine, universal laws, and find their fullest, clearest, and most perfect realization in the words and life of our Master, and we regard as a crime any violence that transgresses the commands of Christ, because they express God’s law. We consider that to avoid discord we must also obey the State laws of the country we live in, but we regard the law of God, which governs our conscience and reason, as

supreme, and we can only obey those human laws which do not conflict with the Divine Law. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Our struggle against crime is therefore both deeper and wider than the State's, for while we avoid transgressing the laws of the particular country we happen to live in, we seek above all not to infringe the will of God—the law common to all human nature. And because we regard the law of God as the highest law, men hate and fear us, for they consider some particular laws as supreme—the legislation of their own country, for instance, or even very often some custom of their own class. They are incapable of becoming, or unwilling to become, real human beings, in the sense of Christ's saying that "The truth shall make you free". They are content with their position as subjects of this or that State or as members of society, and so they naturally feel enmity towards those who see and proclaim the higher destiny of man. Incapable of understanding, or unwilling to understand, this higher destiny for themselves, they are unwilling to admit it for others. It was of such that Christ said: "Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye take away the key of knowledge: ye enter not in yourselves, and them that are entering in ye hinder." They are the authors of those persecutions which raise doubts in your mind.

'We have no enmity towards any man, not even towards those who persecute us, and our life brings harm and injury to no one. If men are irritated against us and even hate us, the reason can only be that our life is a thorn in their side, a constant condemnation of their own life which is founded on violence. We are unable to prevent this enmity against us, which does not proceed from us, for we cannot forget the truth we have understood, and

cannot begin to live contrary to our conscience and our reason. Of this hostility which our belief provokes against us in others our Teacher said: "Think not that I come to bring peace upon earth. I come not to bring preece, but a sword!" Christ himself experienced this hostility, and he warned us, his pupils, of it more than once. He said: "The world hateth me, because its deeds are evil. If ye were of the world, the world would love you, but because ye are not of the world and I have delivered you from the world, therefore the world hateth you. The time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service."

'But we, like Christ, fear not them that kill the body and then can do nothing more to us. Sufferings and the death of the flesh will not pass any man by, but we live in the light and therefore our life does not depend on the body. It is not we who suffer from the attacks upon us, but our persecutors and enemies, who suffer from the feeling of enmity and hatred they nurse like a serpent in their breasts. "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." There is no need to be disconcerted about this, for the truth will prevail. The sheep hear the voice of the shepherd and follow him, because they know his voice. And Christ's flock will not perish, but increase, drawing new sheep to itself from all the countries of the earth, for the Spirit bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth.'

'Yes,' Julius interrupted him, 'but are there many among you who are sincere? You are often accused of only pretending to be martyrs and glad to die for the truth, but the truth is not on your side. You are

proud madmen, destroying all the foundations of social life!

Pamphilius made no reply, and looked sorrowfully at Julius.

IX

Just then Pamphilius's little son ran into the room and pressed close to his father's side.

Despite the caresses Julius's wife had bestowed upon him, he had run away from her to find his father. Pamphilius sighed, caressed the child, and got up to go, but Julius detained him, asking him to stay to dinner and have a further talk.

'It surprises me,' he said, 'to see that you are married and have children. I cannot understand how you Christians can bring up a family while having no property. How can the mothers among you live at peace, knowing that their children are not provided for?'

'Why are our children less provided for than yours?'

'Because you have neither slaves nor property. My wife is much inclined to Christianity. She even at one time wished to give up our way of life, and I intended to go away with her. But she feared the insecurity and poverty she foresaw for the children, and I could not but agree with her. That was at the time of my illness. My whole way of life was repulsive to me just then and I wished to abandon it. But my wife's fears, and the explanation given me by the physician who was treating me, convinced me that though a Christian life as you live it may be right and possible for people who have no family, it is impossible for family people, or for mothers with children: that with your outlook life itself—the human race—would cease to exist. And it seems to me that that is quite correct. So your appearance with a son greatly surprised me.'

'Not only a son—there is also one at the breast and a three-year-old girl, who have remained at home.'

'But I don't understand it! Not so long ago I was ready to give up everything and become one of you. But I had children, and it was clear to me that, however good your life might be for myself, I had no right to sacrifice my children. So for their sake I remained here, living as before, that they might be brought up in the conditions in which I myself grew up and have lived.'

'It is strange how differently we look at things,' said Pamphilius. 'We say that if adults live in the worldly way it may be excused, for they are already spoilt, but for children it is terrible. To bring them up in worldly fashion and expose them to temptation! "Woe unto the world because of occasions of stumbling; for it must needs be that the occasions come; but woe to that man through whom the occasion cometh!" So says our Teacher, and I repeat it to you not as a retort, but because it is really true. The chief necessity for us to live as we do comes from the fact that there are children among us; those children of whom it is said: "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."'

'But how can a Christian family manage to live without definite means of livelihood?'

'According to our belief there is only one means—that of loving work for men. Your method is violence. But that method may fail and be destroyed, as riches are destroyed, and then only work and the love of men is left. We consider that love is the basis of all, and should be firmly held to and increased. And when that is so, families live and prosper. No,' continued Pamphilius, 'if I doubted the truth of Christ's teaching, or hesitated to fol-

low it, my doubts and hesitations would vanish when I thought of the fate of children brought up among the pagans in the conditions in which you and your children have been and are being brought up. Whatever arrangement of life some people may make, with palaces, slaves, and the imported produce of other lands, the life of the majority of men will remain as it should be. And the security for that life will always be the same—brotherly love and labour. We wish to exempt ourselves and our children from these conditions, and make men work for us by means of violence and not by love, and strange to say the more we apparently secure ourselves thereby, the more do we actually deprive ourselves of the true, natural, and reliable security—that of love. The greater a ruler's power the less he is loved. It is the same with the other security—labour. The more a man frees himself from labour and accustoms himself to luxury, the less capable of work he becomes and the more he deprives himself of true and reliable security. And yet when people have placed their children in these conditions they say they have "provided for them"! Take your son and mine and send the two of them to find their way anywhere, to transmit instructions, or to do some necessary thing, and you will see which of the two will do it better. Or offer them for education, and you will see which of the two would be accepted the more readily. No! Do not make that terrible statement that a Christian life is only possible for the childless. On the contrary it might be said that a pagan life may be pardonable only for those who have no children. "But woe unto him that shall cause one of these little ones to stumble."

Julius was silent for some time.

'Yes,' he said at last. 'Perhaps you are right. But my children's education has been begun, they

have the best teachers. Let them learn all we know—there can be no harm in that. There is time enough both for me and for them. They can come to you when they are grown up if they find it necessary. And I can do the same when I have set them on their feet and am left free.'

'Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free,' said Pamphilius. 'Christ gives perfect freedom at once: the world's teaching will never give it. Farewell!' And Pamphilius called his son and went away.

The Christians were condemned and executed publicly, and Julius saw Pamphilius with other Christians clearing away the bodies of the martyrs.

He saw him, but from fear of the higher authorities did not approach him or invite him to his house.

X

Another twenty years passed. Julius's wife died. His life flowed on in public activity and in efforts to obtain power, which sometimes seemed within his reach and sometimes eluded him. His wealth was great and continued to increase.

His sons had grown up; and the second, especially, began to lead an extravagant life. He made holes in the bottom of the bucket which held his father's wealth, and in proportion as that wealth increased so did the rapidity of the outflow through those holes. And here began for Julius a conflict with his sons such as he had had with his father—anger, hatred, and jealousy.

About this time a new Prefect was appointed and deprived Julius of favour. His former flatterers abandoned him, and he was in danger of banishment. He went to Rome to explain matters but was not received, and was ordered to return.

On reaching home he found his son carousing with dissolute companions. A report had spread in Cilicia that Julius was dead, and the son was celebrating his father's death! Julius lost control of himself and felled his son to the ground. He then retired to his wife's rooms. There he found a copy of the Gospels, and read:

'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.'

'Yes,' thought Julius, 'he has long been calling me. I did not believe him but was refractory and wicked, and my yoke was heavy and my burden grievous.'

He sat there for a long time with the open Gospel on his knee, thinking over his whole past life and remembering all that Pamphilius had said to him at different times. At last he rose and went to his son. To his surprise he found him on his feet, and was inexpressibly glad to find that he had sustained no injury.

Without saying a word to his son Julius went out into the street and set off towards the Christian settlement. He walked all day, and in the evening stopped at a villager's for the night. In the room which he entered lay a man, who got up at the sound of footsteps. It was his acquaintance the physician.

'No, this time you shall not dissuade me!' cried Julius. 'This is the third time I have started to go thither, and now I know that only there shall I find peace of mind.'

'Where?' asked the physician.

'Among the Christians.'

'Yes, perhaps you may find peace of mind, but

you will not have fulfilled your duty. You lack manliness: misfortunes crush your spirit. Not so do true philosophers behave! Misfortunes are only the fire in which gold is tried. You have passed through a test. And now that you are wanted you run away! Now is the time to try people and yourself. You have acquired true wisdom and should employ it for the good of your country. What would happen to the people if all who have learnt to know men, their passions, and the conditions of life, were to bury their knowledge and experience in their search for peace of mind, instead of sharing them for the benefit of society? Your experience of life was gained among men and you ought to use it for their benefit.'

'But I have no wisdom at all! I am altogether sunk in error! My errors have not become wisdom because they are ancient, any more than water becomes wine because it is stale and foul.'

And seizing his cloak Julius hastily left the house and set out to walk farther, without staying to rest. By the close of another day he reached the Christian settlement.

They received him gladly, though they did not know that he was a friend of Pamphilius, whom they all loved and respected. At the refectory Pamphilius, seeing his friend, ran to him gladly and embraced him.

'At last I have come,' said Julius. 'Tell me what I am to do and I will obey you.'

'Don't trouble about that,' said Pamphilius. 'Come with me.' And he led Julius into the guest-house, and showing him a bed, said:

'When you have had time to observe our life you will see for yourself how you can best be of use to men. But I will show you something to do to-morrow to occupy your time for the present. We are

gathering grapes in our vineyards. Go there and help. You will see yourself what you can do.'

Next morning Julius went into the vineyards. The first was of young vines which were loaded with clusters. Young people were plucking and gathering them. The places were all occupied and Julius, having walked about for some time, found no place for himself. He went on farther and came to an older vineyard where there was less fruit. But here also there was nothing for him to do; the gatherers were all working in pairs and there was no place for him. He went still farther and entered a very old, deserted vineyard. The vine-stocks were gnarled and crooked and Julius could see no grapes.

'There, that is like my life,' he said to himself. 'Had I come the first time, it would have been like the fruit in the first vineyard. Had I come when I started the second time, it would have been like the fruit in the second vineyard. But now here is my life—like these useless superannuated vines, only fit for fuel!' And Julius was terrified at what he had done, terrified at the punishment awaiting him for having uselessly wasted his life. And he became sad and said aloud:

'I am no longer good for anything and can now do nothing!' And he sat down and wept because he had wasted what he could never recover. Suddenly he heard the voice of an old man calling him:

'Work, brother!' said the voice.

Julius looked round and saw an old man, grey and bowed by age and scarcely able to move his feet. He was standing by the vines and gathering the few sweet bunches that still remained here and there. Julius went up to him.

'Work, dear brother! Work is joyous!' And the

old man showed him where to look for bunches of the grapes that still remained. Julius began to look for them, and finding some, brought them and laid them in the old man's basket. And the old man said to him:

'Look, in what way are these bunches any worse than those they are gathering in the other vineyards? "Walk while ye have the light!" said our Teacher. "The will of Him that sent me is that every one who seeth the son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day. For God sent not His son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the son, who is of one nature with God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God." My son, be not unhappy! We are all sons of God and His servants! We are all one army! Do you think that He has no servants besides you, and that if you had devoted yourself to His service with your whole strength you could have done all that He needs—all that is needful for the establishment of His kingdom? You say you would do twice, ten times, a hundred times, more than you did. But if you did ten thousand times ten thousand more than all men have done, what would that have been in the work of God? A mere nothing! God's work, like Himself, is infinite. God's work is you. Come to Him, and be not a labourer but a son, and you will

become a partner of the infinite God and of His world. In God's sight there is neither small nor great, there is only what is straight and what is crooked. Enter into the straight path of life and you will be with God and your work will be neither small nor great, it will be God's work. Remember that in heaven there is more joy over one sinner than over a hundred just persons. The world's work—all that you have neglected to do—has only shown you your sin, and you have repented. And when you repented you found the straight path. Go forward and follow it, and do not think of the past nor of what is great or small. All men are equal in God's sight! There is one God and one life!

And Julius was comforted, and from that day he lived and worked for the brethren according to his strength. And so he lived joyfully for another twenty years, and did not notice how death took his body.

Yásnaya Polyána.

September 1890.

THE MEMOIRS OF A MADMAN

20th October 1883.

TO-DAY I was taken to the Provincial Government Board to be certified. Opinions differed. They disputed, and finally decided that I was not insane—but they arrived at this decision only because during the examination I did my utmost to restrain myself and not give myself away. I did not speak out, because I am afraid of the madhouse, where they would prevent me from doing my mad work. So they came to the conclusion that I am subject to hallucinations and something else, but am of sound mind.

They came to that conclusion, but I myself know that I am mad. A doctor prescribed a treatment for me, and assured me that if I would follow his instructions exactly all would be right—all that troubled me would pass. Ah, what would I not give that it might pass! The torment is too great. I will tell in due order how and from what this medical certification came about—how I went mad and how I betrayed myself.

Up to the age of thirty-five I lived just as everybody else does and nothing strange was noticed about me. Perhaps in early childhood, before the age of ten, there was at times something resembling my present condition, but only by fits, and not continually as now. Moreover in childhood it used to affect me rather differently. For instance I remember that once when going to bed, at the age of five or six, my nurse Eupraxia, a tall thin woman who wore a brown dress and a cap and had flabby skin under her chin, was undressing me and lifting me up to put me into my cot. 'I will get into bed by myself—myself!' I said, and stepped over the side of the cot.

'Well, lie down then. Lie down, Fédyá! Look at Mítýa. He's a good boy and is lying down already,' she said, indicating my brother with a jerk of her head.

I jumped into the bed still holding her hand, and then let it go, kicked about under my bedclothes, and wrapped myself up. And I had such a pleasant feeling. I grew quiet and thought: 'I love Nurse; Nurse loves me and Mítýa; and I love Mítýa, and Mítýa loves me and Nurse. Nurse loves Tarás, and I love Tarás, and Mítýa loves him. And Tarás loves me and Nurse. And Mamma loves me and Nurse, and Nurse loves Mamma and me and Papa—and everybody loves everybody and everybody is happy!'

Then suddenly I heard the housekeeper run in and angrily shout something about a sugar-basin, and nurse answering indignantly that she had not taken it. And I felt pained, frightened, and bewildered, and horror, cold horror, seized me, and I hid my head under the bedclothes but felt no better in the dark.

I also remembered how a serf-boy was once beaten in my presence, how he screamed, and how dreadful Fóka's face looked when he was beating the boy. 'Then you won't do it any more, you won't?' he kept repeating as he went on beating. The boy cried, 'I won't!' but Fóka still repeated, 'You won't!' and went on beating him.

And then it came upon me! I began to sob, and went on so that they could not quiet me for a long time. That sobbing and despair were the first attacks of my present madness.

I remember another attack when my aunt told us about Christ. She told the story and was about to go away, but we said: 'Tell us some more about Jesus Christ!'

'No, I have no time now,' she said.

'Yes, do tell us!'

Mitya also asked her to, and my aunt began to repeat what she had told us. She told us how they crucified, beat, and tortured him, and how he went on praying and did not reproach them.

'Why did they torment him, Auntie?'

'They were cruel people.'

'But why, when he was good?'

'There, that's enough. It's past eight! Do you hear?'

'Why did they beat him? He forgave them, then why did they hit him? Did it hurt him, Auntie? Did it hurt?'

'That will do! I'm going to have tea now.'

'But perhaps it isn't true and they didn't beat him?'

'Now, now, that will do!'

'No, no! Don't go away!'

And again I was overcome by it. I sobbed and sobbed, and began knocking my head against the wall.

That was how it befell me in my childhood. But by the time I was fourteen, and from the time the instincts of sex were aroused and I yielded to vice, all that passed away and I became a boy like other boys, like all the rest of us reared on rich, over-abundant food, effeminate, doing no physical work, surrounded by all possible temptations that inflamed sensuality, and among other equally spoilt children. Boys of my own age taught me vice, and I indulged in it. Later on that vice was replaced by another, and I began to know women. And so, seeking enjoyments and finding them, I lived till the age of thirty-five. I was perfectly well and there were no signs of my madness.

Those twenty years of my healthy life passed for

me so that I can hardly remember anything of them, and now recall them with difficulty and disgust. Like all mentally healthy boys of our circle I entered the high school and afterwards the university, where I completed the course of law-studies. Then I was in the Civil Service for a short time, and then I met my present wife, married, had a post in the country and, as it is called, 'brought up' our children, managed the estates, and was Justice of the Peace.

In the tenth year of my married life I again had an attack—the first since my childhood.

My wife and I had saved money—some inherited by her and some from the bonds I, like other land-owners, received from the Government at the time of the emancipation of the serfs—and we decided to buy an estate. I was much interested, as was proper, in the growth of our property and in increasing it in the shrewdest way—better than other people. At that time I inquired everywhere where there were estates for sale, and read all the advertisements in the papers. I wanted to buy an estate so that the income from it, or the timber on it, should cover the whole purchase price and I should get it for nothing. I looked out for some fool who did not understand business, and thought I had found such a man.

An estate with large forests was being sold in Pénza province. From all I could learn about it, it seemed that its owner was just such a fool as I wanted and the timber would cover the whole cost of the estate. So I got ready and set out.

We (my servant and I) travelled at first by rail and then by road in a post-chaise. The journey was a very pleasant one for me. My servant, a young good-natured fellow, was in just as good spirits as I. We saw new places and met new people and

enjoyed ourselves. To reach our destination we had to go about a hundred and forty miles, and decided to go without stopping except to change horses. Night came and we still went on. We grew drowsy. I fell asleep, but suddenly awoke feeling that there was something terrifying. As often happens, I woke up thoroughly alert and feeling as if sleep had gone for ever. 'Why am I going? Where am I going to?' I suddenly asked myself. It was not that I did not like the idea of buying an estate cheaply, but it suddenly occurred to me that there was no need for me to travel all that distance, that I should die here in this strange place, and I was filled with dread. Sergéy, my servant, woke up, and I availed myself of the opportunity to talk to him. I spoke about that part of the country, he replied and joked, but I felt depressed. I spoke about our folks at home, and of the business before us, and I was surprised that his answers were so cheerful. Everything seemed pleasant and amusing to him while it nauseated me. But for all that while we were talking I felt easier. But besides everything seeming wearisome and uncanny, I began to feel tired and wished to stop. It seemed to me that I should feel better if I could enter a house, see people, drink tea, and above all have some sleep.

We were nearing the town of Arzamás.

'Shall we put up here and rest a bit?'

'Why not? Splendid!'

'Are we still far from the town?'

'About five miles from the last mile-post.'

The driver was a respectable man, careful and taciturn, and he drove rather slowly and wearily.

We drove on. I remained silent and felt better because I was looking forward to a rest and hoped that the discomfort would pass. We went on and on in the darkness for a terribly long time as it

seemed to me. We reached the town. Everybody was already in bed. Mean little houses showed up through the darkness, and the sound of our jingling bells and the clatter of the horses' feet re-echoed, especially near the houses, and all this was far from cheerful. We passed large white houses here and there. I was impatient to get to the post-station and a samovar, and to lie down and rest.

At last we came up to a small house with a post beside it. The house was white, but appeared terribly melancholy to me, so much so that it seemed uncanny and I got out of the carriage slowly.

Sergéy briskly took out all that would be wanted, running clattering up the porch, and the sound of his steps depressed me. I entered a little corridor. A sleepy man with a spot on his cheek (which seemed to me terrifying) showed us into a room. It was gloomy. I entered, and the uncanny feeling grew worse.

'Haven't you got a bed-room? I should like to rest.'

'Yes, we have. This is it.'

It was a small square room, with whitewashed walls. I remember that it tormented me that it should be square. It had one window with a red curtain, a birchwood table, and a sofa with bentwood arms. We went in. Sergéy prepared the samovar and made tea, while I took a pillow and lay down on the sofa. I was not asleep and heard how Sergéy was busy with the tea and called me to have some. But I was afraid of getting up and arousing myself completely, and I thought how frightful it would be to sit up in that room. I did not get up but began to doze. I must have fallen asleep, for when I awoke I found myself alone in the room and it was dark. I was again as wide awake as I had been in the chaise. I felt that to

sleep would be quite impossible. 'Why have I come here? Where am I betaking myself? Why and whither am I escaping? I am running away from something dreadful and cannot escape it. I am always with myself, and it is I who am my tormentor. Here I am, the whole of me. Neither the Pénza nor any other property will add anything to or take anything from me. And it is myself I am weary of and find intolerable and a torment. I want to fall asleep and forget myself and cannot. I cannot get away from myself!'

I went out into the passage. Sergéy was sleeping on a narrow bench with one arm hanging down, but he was sleeping peacefully and the man with the spot was also asleep. I had gone out into the corridor thinking to escape from what tormented me. But *it* had come out with me and cast a gloom over everything. I felt just as filled with horror or even more so.

'But what folly this is!' I said to myself. 'Why am I depressed? What am I afraid of?'

'Me!' answered the voice of Death, inaudibly. 'I am here!'

A cold shudder ran down my back. Yes! Death! It will come—here it is—and it ought not to be. Had I been actually facing death I could not have suffered as much as I did then. Then I should have been frightened. But now I was not frightened. I saw and felt the approach of death, and at the same time I felt that such a thing ought not to exist.

My whole being was conscious of the necessity and the right to live, and yet I felt that Death was being accomplished. And this inward conflict was terrible. I tried to throw off the horror. I found a brass candlestick, the candle in which had a long wick, and lighted it. The red glow of the candle and its size—little less than the candlestick itself—told

strategist—warmly praised this plan which once more demonstrated Nicholas's great strategic ability.

After dinner Nicholas drove to the ballet where hundreds of women marched round in tights and scanty clothing. One of them specially attracted him, and he had the German ballet-master sent for and gave orders that a diamond ring should be presented to him.

The next day when Chernyshóv came with his report, Nicholas again confirmed his order to Vorontsév—that now that Hadji Murád had surrendered, the Chechens should be more actively harassed than ever and the cordon round them tightened.

Chernyshóv wrote in that sense to Vorontsév; and another courier, overdriving more horses and bruising the faces of more drivers, galloped to Tiflis.

XVI

In obedience to this command of Nicholas a raid was immediately made in Chechnya that same month, January 1852.

The detachment ordered for the raid consisted of four infantry battalions, two companies of Cossacks, and eight guns. The column marched along the road; and on both sides of it in a continuous line, now mounting, now descending, marched *Jägers* in high boots, sheepskin coats, and tall caps, with rifles on their shoulders and cartridges in their belts.

As usual when marching through a hostile country, silence was observed as far as possible. Only occasionally the guns jingled jolting across a ditch, or an artillery horse snorted or neighed, not understanding that silence was ordered, or an angry commander shouted in a hoarse subdued voice to his subordinates that the line was spreading out too

much or marching too near or too far from the column. Only once was the silence broken, when from a bramble patch between the line and the column a gazelle with a white breast and grey back jumped out followed by a buck of the same colour with small backward-curving horns. Doubling up their forelegs at each big bound they took, the beautiful timid creatures came so close to the column that some of the soldiers rushed after them laughing and shouting, intending to bayonet them, but the gazelles turned back, slipped through the line of *Jägers*, and pursued by a few horsemen and the company's dogs, fled like birds to the mountains.

It was still winter, but towards noon, when the column (which had started early in the morning) had gone three miles, the sun had risen high enough and was powerful enough to make the men quite hot, and its rays were so bright that it was painful to look at the shining steel of the bayonets or at the reflections—like little suns—on the brass of the cannons.

The clear and rapid stream the detachment had just crossed lay behind, and in front were tilled fields and meadows in shallow valleys. Farther in front were the dark mysterious forest-clad hills with crags rising beyond them, and farther still on the lofty horizon were the ever-beautiful ever-changing snowy peaks that played with the light like diamonds.

At the head of the 5th Company, Butler, a tall handsome officer who had recently exchanged from the Guards, marched along in a black coat and tall cap, shouldering his sword. He was filled with a buoyant sense of the joy of living, the danger of death, a wish for action, and the consciousness of being part of an immense whole directed by a single will. This was his second time of going into action

and he thought how in a moment they would be fired at, and he would not only not stoop when the shells flew overhead, or heed the whistle of the bullets, but would carry his head even more erect than before and would look round at his comrades and the soldiers with smiling eyes, and begin to talk in a perfectly calm voice about quite other matters.

The detachment turned off the good road onto a little-used one that crossed a stubbly maize field, and they were drawing near the forest when, with an ominous whistle, a shell flew past amid the baggage wagons—they could not see whence—and tore up the ground in the field by the roadside.

‘It’s beginning,’ said Butler with a bright smile to a comrade who was walking beside him.

And so it was. After the shell a thick crowd of mounted Chechens appeared with their banners from under the shelter of the forest. In the midst of the crowd could be seen a large green banner, and an old and very far-sighted sergeant-major informed the short-sighted Butler that Shamil himself must be there. The horsemen came down the hill and appeared to the right, at the highest part of the valley nearest the detachment, and began to descend. A little general in a thick black coat and tall cap rode up to Butler’s company on his ambler, and ordered him to the right to encounter the descending horsemen. Butler quickly led his company in the direction indicated, but before he reached the valley he heard two cannon shots behind him. He looked round: two clouds of grey smoke had risen above two cannon and were spreading along the valley. The mountaineers’ horsemen—who had evidently not expected to meet artillery—retired. Butler’s company began firing at them and the whole ravine was filled with

the smoke of powder. Only higher up above the ravine could the mountaineers be seen hurriedly retreating, though still firing back at the Cossacks who pursued them. The company followed the mountaineers farther, and on the slope of a second ravine came in view of an *aoul*.

Following the Cossacks, Butler and his company entered the *aoul* at a run, to find it deserted. The soldiers were ordered to burn the corn and the hay as well as the *sdklyas*, and the whole *aoul* was soon filled with pungent smoke amid which the soldiers rushed about dragging out of the *sdklyas* what they could find, and above all catching and shooting the fowls the mountaineers had not been able to take away with them.

The officers sat down at some distance beyond the smoke, and lunched and drank. The sergeant-major brought them some honeycombs on a board. There was no sign of any Chechens and early in the afternoon the order was given to retreat. The companies formed into a column behind the *aoul* and Butler happened to be in the rear-guard. As soon as they started Chechens appeared, following and firing at the detachment, but they ceased this pursuit as soon as they came out into an open space.

Not one of Butler's company had been wounded, and he returned in a most happy and energetic mood. When after fording the same stream it had crossed in the morning, the detachment spread over the maize fields and the meadows, the singers¹ of each company came forward and songs filled the air.

'Very diff'rent, very diff'rent, *Jägers* are, *Jägers* are!' sang Butler's singers, and his horse stepped merrily to the music. Trezórka, the shaggy grey dog belonging to the company, ran in front, with his tail curled up with an air of responsibility like

¹ Each regiment had a choir of singers.—A. M.

a commander. Butler felt buoyant, calm, and joyful. War presented itself to him as consisting only in his exposing himself to danger and to possible death, thereby gaining rewards and the respect of his comrades here, as well as of his friends in Russia. Strange to say, his imagination never pictured the other aspect of war: the death and wounds of the soldiers, officers, and mountaineers. To retain his poetic conception he even unconsciously avoided looking at the dead and wounded. So that day when we had three dead and twelve wounded, he passed by a corpse lying on its back and did not stop to look, seeing only with one eye the strange position of the waxen hand and a dark red spot on the head. The hillsmen appeared to him only as mounted *dzhigits* from whom he had to defend himself.

'You see, my dear sir,' said his major in an interval between two songs, 'it's not as it is with you in Petersburg—"Eyes right! Eyes left!" Here we have done our job, and now we go home and Másha will set a pie and some nice cabbage soup before us. That's life—don't you think so?—Now then! *As the Dawn was Breaking!*' He called for his favourite song.

There was no wind, the air was fresh and clear and so transparent that the snow hills nearly a hundred miles away seemed quite near, and in the intervals between the songs the regular sound of the footsteps and the jingle of the guns was heard as a background on which each song began and ended. The song that was being sung in Butler's company was composed by a cadet in honour of the regiment, and went to a dance tune. The chorus was: 'Very diff'rent, very diff'rent, *Jägers* are, *Jägers* are!'

Butler rode beside the officer next in rank above

him, Major Petrón, with whom he lived, and he felt he could not be thankful enough to have exchanged from the Guards and come to the Caucasus. His chief reason for exchanging was that he had lost all he had at cards and was afraid that if he remained there he would be unable to resist playing though he had nothing more to lose. Now all that was over, his life was quite changed and was such a pleasant and brave one! He forgot that he was ruined, and forgot his unpaid debts. The Caucasus, the war, the soldiers, the officers—those tipsy, brave, good-natured fellows—and Major Petrón himself, all seemed so delightful that sometimes it appeared too good to be true that he was not in Petersburg—in a room filled with tobacco-smoke, turning down the corners of cards¹ and gambling, hating the holder of the bank and feeling a dull pain in his head—but was really here in this glorious region among these brave Caucasians.

The major and the daughter of a surgeon's orderly, formerly known as Másha, but now generally called by the more respectful name of Márya Dmítrievna, lived together as man and wife. Márya Dmítrievna was a handsome, fair-haired, very freckled, childless woman of thirty. Whatever her past may have been she was now the major's faithful companion and looked after him like a nurse—a very necessary matter, since he often drank himself into oblivion.

When they reached the fort everything happened as the major had foreseen. Márya Dmítrievna gave him and Butler, and two other officers of the detachment who had been invited, a nourishing and tasty dinner, and the major ate and drank till he was unable to speak, and then went off to his room to sleep.

¹ A way of doubling one's stake at the game of *shtos*.—A.M.

Butler, having drunk rather more chikhír wine than was good for him, went to his bedroom, tired but contented, and hardly had time to undress before he fell into a sound, dreamless, and unbroken sleep with his hand under his handsome curly head.

XVII

The *aoul* which had been destroyed was that in which Hadji Murád had spent the night before he went over to the Russians. Sado and his family had left the *aoul* on the approach of the Russian detachment, and when he returned he found his *sáklya* in ruins—the roof fallen in, the door and the posts supporting the penthouse burned, and the interior filthy. His son, the handsome bright-eyed boy who had gazed with such ecstasy at Hadji Murád, was brought dead to the mosque on a horse covered with a *búrka*: he had been stabbed in the back with a bayonet. The dignified woman who had served Hadji Murád when he was at the house now stood over her son's body, her smock torn in front, her withered old breasts exposed, her hair down, and she dug her nails into her face till it bled, and wailed incessantly. Sado, taking a pick-axe and spade, had gone with his relatives to dig a grave for his son. The old grandfather sat by the wall of the ruined *sáklya* cutting a stick and gazing stolidly in front of him. He had only just returned from the apiary. The two stacks of hay there had been burnt, the apricot and cherry trees he had planted and reared were broken and scorched, and worse still all the beehives and bees had been burnt. The wailing of the women and the little children, who cried with their mothers, mingled with the lowing of the hungry cattle for whom there was no food. The bigger children, instead of playing, followed their

elders with frightened eyes. The fountain was polluted, evidently on purpose, so that the water could not be used. The mosque was polluted in the same way, and the Mullah and his assistants were cleaning it out. No one spoke of hatred of the Russians. The feeling experienced by all the Chechens, from the youngest to the oldest, was stronger than hate. It was not hatred, for they did not regard those Russian dogs as human beings, but it was such repulsion, disgust, and perplexity at the senseless cruelty of these creatures, that the desire to exterminate them—like the desire to exterminate rats, poisonous spiders, or wolves—was as natural an instinct as that of self-preservation.

The inhabitants of the *aoul* were confronted by the choice of remaining there and restoring with frightful effort what had been produced with such labour and had been so lightly and senselessly destroyed, facing every moment the possibility of a repetition of what had happened; or to submit to the Russians—contrary to their religion and despite the repulsion and contempt they felt for them. The old men prayed, and unanimously decided to send envoys to Shamil asking him for help. Then they immediately set to work to restore what had been destroyed.

XVIII

On the morning after the raid, not very early, Butler left the house by the back porch meaning to take a stroll and a breath of fresh air before breakfast, which he usually had with Petróv. The sun had already risen above the hills and it was painful to look at the brightly lit-up white walls of the houses on the right side of the street. But then as always it was cheerful and soothing to look to the left, at the dark receding and ascending forest-clad

hills and at the dim line of snow peaks, which as usual pretended to be clouds. Butler looked at these mountains, inhaling deep breaths and rejoicing that he was alive, that it was just he that was alive, and that he lived in this beautiful place.

He was also rather pleased that he had behaved so well in yesterday's affair both during the advance and especially during the retreat when things were pretty hot; he was also pleased to remember how Másha (or Márya Dmítrievna), Petróv's mistress, had treated them at dinner on their return after the raid, and how she had been particularly nice and simple with everybody, but specially kind—as he thought—to him.

Márya Dmítrievna with her thick plait of hair, her broad shoulders, her high bosom, and the radiant smile on her kindly freckled face, involuntarily attracted Butler, who was a healthy young bachelor. It sometimes even seemed to him that she wanted him, but he considered that that would be doing his good-natured simple-hearted comrade a wrong, and he maintained a simple, respectful attitude towards her and was pleased with himself for doing so.

He was thinking of this when his meditations were disturbed by the tramp of many horses' hoofs along the dusty road in front of him, as if several men were riding that way. He looked up and saw at the end of the street a group of horsemen coming towards him at a walk. In front of a score of Cossacks rode two men: one in a white Circassian coat with a tall turban on his head, the other an officer in the Russian service, dark, with an aquiline nose, and much silver on his uniform and weapons. The man with the turban rode a fine chestnut horse with mane and tail of a lighter shade, a small head, and beautiful eyes. The officer's was a large, handsome

Karabákh horse. Butler, a lover of horses, immediately recognized the great strength of the first horse and stopped to learn who these people were.

The officer addressed him. 'This the house of commanding officer?' he asked, his foreign accent and his words betraying his foreign origin.

Butler replied that it was. 'And who is that?' he added, coming nearer to the officer and indicating the man with the turban.

'That Hadji Murád. He come here to stay with the commander,' said the officer.

Butler knew about Hadji Murád and about his having come over to the Russians, but he had not at all expected to see him here in this little fort. Hadji Murád gave him a friendly look.

'Good day, *kotkildy*,' said Butler, repeating the Tartar greeting he had learnt.

'*Saubul!*' ('Be well!') replied Hadji Murád, nodding. He rode up to Butler and held out his hand, from two fingers of which hung his whip.

'Are you the chief?' he asked.

'No, the chief is in here. I will go and call him,' said Butler addressing the officer, and he went up the steps and pushed the door. But the door of the visitors' entrance, as Márya Dmítrievna called it, was locked, and as it still remained closed after he had knocked, Butler went round to the back door. He called his orderly but received no reply, and finding neither of the two orderlies he went into the kitchen, where Márya Dmítrievna—flushed, with a kerchief tied round her head and her sleeves rolled up on her plump white arms—was rolling pastry, white as her hands, and cutting it into small pieces to make pies of.

'Where have the orderlies gone to?' asked Butler.

'Gone to drink,' replied Márya Dmítrievna. 'What do you want?'

'To have the front door opened. You have a whole horde of mountaineers in front of your house. Hadji Murád has come!'

'Invent something else!' said Márya Dmítrievna, smiling.

'I am not joking, he is really waiting by the porch!'

'Is it really true?' said she.

'Why should I wish to deceive you? Go and see, he's just at the porch!'

'Dear me, here's a go!' said Márya Dmítrievna pulling down her sleeves and putting up her hand to feel whether the hairpins in her thick plait were all in order. 'Then I will go and wake Iván Matvéich.'

'No, I'll go myself. And you Bondarénko, go and open the door,' said he to Petróv's orderly who had just appeared.

'Well, so much the better!' said Márya Dmítrievna and returned to her work.

When he heard that Hadji Murád had come to his house, Iván Matvéich Petróv, the major, who had already heard that Hadji Murád was in Grózný, was not at all surprised. Sitting up in bed he rolled a cigarette, lit it, and began to dress, loudly clearing his throat and grumbling at the authorities who had sent 'that devil' to him.

When he was ready he told his orderly to bring him some medicine. The orderly knew that 'medicine' meant vódka, and brought some.

'There is nothing so bad as mixing,' muttered the major when he had drunk the vódka and taken a bite of rye bread. 'Yesterday I drank a little chikhír and now I have a headache. . . . Well, I'm ready,' he added, and went to the parlour, into which Butler had already shown Hadji Murád and the officer who accompanied him.

The officer handed the major orders from the commander of the left flank to the effect that he should receive Hadji Murád and should allow him to have intercourse with the mountaineers through spies, but was on no account to allow him to leave the fort without a convoy of Cossacks.

Having read the order the major looked intently at Hadji Murád and again scrutinized the paper. After passing his eyes several times from one to the other in this manner, he at last fixed them on Hadji Murád and said:

'Yakshé, Bek; yakshé!' ('Very well, sir, very well!') Let him stay here, and tell him I have orders not to let him out—and what is commanded is sacred! Well, Butler, where do you think we'd better lodge him? Shall we put him in the office?

Butler had not time to answer before Márya Dmítrievna—who had come from the kitchen and was standing in the doorway—said to the major:

'Why? Keep him here! We will give him the guest-chamber and the storeroom. Then at any rate he will be within sight,' said she, glancing at Hadji Murád; but meeting his eyes she turned quickly away.

'Do you know, I think Márya Dmítrievna is right,' said Butler.

'Now then, now then, get away! Women have no business here,' said the major frowning.

During the whole of this discussion Hadji Murád sat with his hand on the hilt of his dagger and a faint smile of contempt on his lips. He said it was all the same to him where he lodged, and that he wanted nothing but what the Sirdar had permitted—namely, to have communication with the mountaineers, and that he therefore wished they should be allowed to come to him.

The major said this should be done, and asked

Butler to entertain the visitors till something could be got for them to eat and their rooms prepared. Meantime he himself would go across to the office to write what was necessary and to give some orders.

Hadji Murád's relations with his new acquaintances were at once very clearly defined. From the first he was repelled by and contemptuous of the major, to whom he always behaved very haughtily. Márya Dmítrievna, who prepared and served up his food, pleased him particularly. He liked her simplicity and especially the—to him—foreign type of her beauty, and he was influenced by the attraction she felt towards him and unconsciously conveyed. He tried not to look at her or speak to her, but his eyes involuntarily turned towards her and followed her movements. With Butler, from their first acquaintance, he immediately made friends and talked much and willingly with him, questioning him about his life, telling him of his own, communicating to him the news the spies brought him of his family's condition, and even consulting him as to how he ought to act.

The news he received through the spies was not good. During the first four days of his stay in the fort they came to see him twice and both times brought bad news.

XIX

Hadji Murád's family had been removed to Vedenó soon after his desertion to the Russians, and were there kept under guard awaiting Shamil's decision. The women—his old mother Patimát and his two wives with their five little children—were kept under guard in the *sáklya* of the officer Ibrahim Raschid, while Hadji Murád's son Yusúf, a youth of eighteen, was put in prison—that is, into

a pit more than seven feet deep, together with seven criminals, who like himself were awaiting a decision as to their fate.

The decision was delayed because Shamil was away on a campaign against the Russians.

On January 6, 1852, he returned to Vedenó after a battle, in which according to the Russians he had been vanquished and had fled to Vedenó; but in which according to him and all the *murids* he had been victorious and had repulsed the Russians. In this battle he himself fired his rifle—a thing he seldom did—and drawing his sword would have charged straight at the Russians had not the *murids* who accompanied him held him back. Two of them were killed on the spot at his side.

It was noon when Shamil, surrounded by a party of *murids* who caracoled around him firing their rifles and pistols and continually singing *Lya illyah il Allah!* rode up to his place of residence.

All the inhabitants of the large *aoul* were in the street or on their roofs to meet their ruler, and as a sign of triumph they also fired off rifles and pistols. Shamil rode a white Arab steed which pulled at its bit as it approached the house. The horse had no gold or silver ornaments, its equipment was of the simplest—a delicately worked red leather bridle with a stripe down the middle, metal cup-shaped stirrups, and a red saddle-cloth showing a little from under the saddle. The Imám wore a brown cloth cloak lined with black fur showing at the neck and sleeves, and was tightly girded round his long thin waist with a black strap which held a dagger. On his head he wore a tall cap with flat crown and black tassel, and round it was wound a white turban, one end of which hung down on his neck. He wore green slippers, and black leggings trimmed with plain braid.

He wore nothing bright—no gold or silver—and his tall, erect, powerful figure, clothed in garments without any ornaments, surrounded by *murids* with gold and silver on their clothes and weapons, produced on the people just the impression and influence he desired and knew how to produce. His pale face framed by a closely trimmed reddish beard, with his small eyes always screwed up, was as immovable as though hewn out of stone. As he rode through the *aoul* he felt the gaze of a thousand eyes turned eagerly on him, but he himself looked at no one.

Hadji Murád's wives had come out into the pent-house with the rest of the inmates of the *sáklya* to see the Imám's entry. Only Patimát, Hadji Murád's old mother, did not go out but remained sitting on the floor of the *sáklya* with her grey hair down, her long arms encircling her thin knees, blinking with her fiery black eyes as she watched the dying embers in the fireplace. Like her son she had always hated Shamil, and now she hated him more than ever and had no wish to see him. Neither did Hadji Murád's son see Shamil's triumphal entry. Sitting in the dark and fetid pit he heard the firing and singing, and endured tortures such as can only be felt by the young who are full of vitality and deprived of freedom. He only saw his unfortunate, dirty, and exhausted fellow-prisoners—embittered and for the most part filled with hatred of one another. He now passionately envied those who, enjoying fresh air and light and freedom, caracolled on fiery steeds around their chief, shooting and heartily singing: *Lya illyah il Allah!*

When he had crossed the *aoul* Shamil rode into the large courtyard adjoining the inner court where his seraglio was. Two armed Lesghians met him at the open gates of this outer court, which was

crowded with people. Some had come from distant parts about their own affairs, some had come with petitions, and some had been summoned by Shamil to be tried and sentenced. As the Imám rode in, they all respectfully saluted him with their hands on their breasts, some of them kneeling down and remaining on their knees while he rode across the court from the outer to the inner gates. Though he recognized among the people who waited in the court many whom he disliked, and many tedious petitioners who wanted his attention, Shamil passed them all with the same immovable, stony expression on his face, and having entered the inner court dismounted at the penthouse in front of his apartment, to the left of the gate. He was worn out, mentally rather than physically, by the strain of the campaign, for in spite of the public declaration that he had been victorious he knew very well that his campaign had been unsuccessful, that many Chechen *aouls* had been burnt down and ruined, and that the unstable and fickle Chechens were wavering and those nearest the border line were ready to go over to the Russians.

All this had to be dealt with, and it oppressed him, for at that moment he did not wish to think at all. He only desired one thing: rest and the delights of family life, and the caresses of his favourite wife, the black-eyed quick-footed eighteen-year-old Amina, who at that very moment was close at hand behind the fence that divided the inner court and separated the men's from the women's quarters (Shamil felt sure she was there with his other wives, looking through a chink in the fence while he dismounted). But not only was it impossible for him to go to her, he could not even lie down on his feather cushions and rest from his fatigues; he had first of all to perform the midday

rites for which he had just then not the least inclination, but which as the religious leader of the people he could not omit, and which moreover were as necessary to him himself as his daily food. So he performed his ablutions and said his prayers and summoned those who were waiting for him.

The first to enter was Jemal Eddin, his father-in-law and teacher, a tall grey-haired good-looking old man with a beard white as snow and a rosy red face. He said a prayer and began questioning Shamil about the incidents of the campaign and telling him what had happened in the mountains during his absence.

Among events of many kinds—murders connected with blood-feuds, cattle-stealing, people accused of disobeying the Tarikát (smoking and drinking wine)—Jemal Eddin related how Hadji Murád had sent men to bring his family over to the Russians, but that this had been detected and the family had been brought to Vedenó where they were kept under guard and awaited the Imám's decision. In the next room, the guest-chamber, the Elders were assembled to discuss all these affairs, and Jemal Eddin advised Shamil to finish with them and let them go that same day, as they had already been waiting three days for him.

After eating his dinner—served to him in his room by Zeidát, a dark, sharp-nosed, disagreeable-looking woman whom he did not love but who was his eldest wife—Shamil passed into the guest-chamber.

The six old men who made up his council—white, grey, or red-bearded, with tall caps on their heads, some with turbans and some without, wearing new *bashmets* and Circassian coats girdled with straps on which their daggers were suspended—rose to greet him on his entrance. Shamil towered

a head above them all. On entering the room he, as well as all the others, lifted his hands, palms upwards, closed his eyes and recited a prayer, and then stroked his face downwards with both hands, uniting them at the end of his beard. Having done this they all sat down, Shamil on a larger cushion than the others, and discussed the various cases before them.

In the case of the criminals the decisions were given according to the Shariát: two were sentenced to have a hand cut off for stealing, one man to be beheaded for murder, and three were pardoned. Then they came to the principal business: how to stop the Chechens from going over to the Russians. To counteract that tendency Jemal Eddin drew up the following proclamation:

‘I wish you eternal peace with God the Almighty!

‘I hear that the Russians flatter you and invite you to surrender to them. Do not believe what they say, and do not surrender but endure. If ye be not rewarded for it in this life ye shall receive your reward in the life to come. Remember what happened before when they took your arms from you! If God had not brought you to reason then, in 1840, ye would now be soldiers, and your wives would be dishonoured and would no longer wear trousers.

‘Judge of the future by the past. It is better to die in enmity with the Russians than to live with the Unbelievers. Endure for a little while and I will come with the Koran and the sword and will lead you against the enemy. But now I strictly command you not only to entertain no intention, but not even a thought, of submitting to the Russians!’

Shamil approved this proclamation, signed it, and had it sent out.

After this business they considered Hadji

Murád's case. This was of the utmost importance to Shamil. Although he did not wish to admit it, he knew that if Hadji Murád with his agility, boldness, and courage, had been with him, what had now happened in Chechnya would not have occurred. It would therefore be well to make it up with Hadji Murád and have the benefit of his services again. But as this was not possible it would never do to allow him to help the Russians, and therefore he must be enticed back and killed. They might accomplish this either by sending a man to Tiflis who would kill him there, or by inducing him to come back and then killing him. The only means of doing the latter was by making use of his family and especially his son, whom Shamil knew he loved passionately. Therefore they must act through the son.

When the councillors had talked all this over, Shamil closed his eyes and sat silent.

The councillors knew that this meant that he was listening to the voice of the Prophet, who spoke to him and told him what to do.

After five minutes of solemn silence Shamil opened his eyes, and narrowing them more than usual, said:

'Bring Hadji Murád's son to me.'

'He is here,' replied Jemal Eddin, and in fact Yusúf, Hadji Murád's son, thin, pale, tattered, and evil-smelling, but still handsome in face and figure, with black eyes that burnt like his grandmother Patimát's, was already standing by the gate of the outside court waiting to be called in.

Yusúf did not share his father's feelings towards Shamil. He did not know all that had happened in the past, or if he knew it, not having lived through it he still did not understand why his father was so obstinately hostile to Shamil. To

him who wanted only one thing—to continue living the easy, loose life that, as the *naïb*'s son, he had led in Khunzákh—it seemed quite unnecessary to be at enmity with Shamil. Out of defiance and a spirit of contradiction to his father he particularly admired Shamil, and shared the ecstatic adoration with which he was regarded in the mountains. With a peculiar feeling of tremulous veneration for the Imám he now entered the guest-chamber. As he stopped by the door he met the steady gaze of Shamil's half-closed eyes. He paused for a moment, and then approached Shamil and kissed his large, long-fingered hand.

'Thou art Hadji Murád's son?'

'I am, Imám.'

'Thou knowest what he has done?'

'I know, Imám, and deplore it.'

'Canst thou write?'

'I was preparing myself to be a Mullah——'

'Then write to thy father that if he will return to me now, before the Feast of Bairam, I will forgive him and everything shall be as it was before; but if not, and if he remains with the Russians'—and Shamil frowned sternly—'I will give thy grandmother, thy mother, and the rest to the different *aouls*, and thee I will behead!'

Not a muscle of Yusúf's face stirred, and he bowed his head to show that he understood Shamil's words.

'Write that and give it to my messenger.'

Shamil ceased speaking, and looked at Yusúf for a long time in silence.

'Write that I have had pity on thee and will not kill thee, but will put out thine eyes as I do to all traitors! . . . Go!'

While in Shamil's presence Yusúf appeared calm, but when he had been led out of the guest-

chamber he rushed at his attendant, snatched the man's dagger from its sheath and tried to stab himself, but he was seized by the arms, bound, and led back to the pit.

That evening at dusk after he had finished his evening prayers, Shamil put on a white fur-lined cloak and passed out to the other side of the fence where his wives lived, and went straight to Aminor's room, but he did not find her there. She was with the older wives. Then Shamil, trying to remain unseen, hid behind the door and stood waiting for her. But Aminor was angry with him because he had given some silk stuff to Zeidát and not to her. She saw him come out and go into her room looking for her, and she purposely kept away. She stood a long time at the door of Zeidát's room, laughing softly at Shamil's white figure that kept going in and out of her room.

Having waited for her in vain, Shamil returned to his own apartments when it was already time for the midnight prayers.

XX

Hadji Murád had been a week in the major's house at the fort. Although Márya Dmítrievna quarrelled with the shaggy Khanéfi (Hadji Murád had only brought two of his *murids*, Khanéfi and Eldár, with him) and had turned him out of her kitchen—for which he nearly killed her—she evidently felt a particular respect and sympathy for Hadji Murád. She now no longer served him his dinner, having handed that duty over to Eldár, but she seized every opportunity of seeing him and rendering him service. She always took the liveliest interest in the negotiations about his family, knew how many wives and children he had, and their ages, and each time a spy came to see him she

inquired as best she could into the results of the negotiations.

Butler during that week had become quite friendly with Hadji Murád. Sometimes the latter came to Butler's room, sometimes Butler went to Hadji Murád's: sometimes they conversed by the help of the interpreter, and sometimes they got on as best they could with signs and especially with smiles.

Hadji Murád had evidently taken a fancy to Butler, as could be gathered from Eldár's relations with the latter. When Butler entered Hadji Murád's room Eldár met him with a pleased smile showing his glittering teeth, and hurried to put down a cushion for him to sit on and to relieve him of his sword if he was wearing one.

Butler also got to know, and became friendly with, the shaggy Khanéfi, Hadji Murád's sworn brother. Khanéfi knew many mountain songs and sang them well, and to please Butler, Hadji Murád often made Khanéfi sing, choosing the songs he considered best. Khanéfi had a high tenor voice and sang with extraordinary clearness and expression. One of the songs Hadji Murád specially liked impressed Butler by its solemnly mournful tone and he asked the interpreter to translate it.

The subject of the song was the very blood-feud that had existed between Khanéfi and Hadji Murád. It ran as follows:

'The earth will dry on my grave,
Mother, my Mother!
And thou wilt forget me!
And over me rank grass will wave,
Father, my Father!
Nor wilt thou regret me
When tears cease thy dark eyes to lave,
Sister, dear Sister!
No more will grief fret thee!

'But thou, my Brother the elder, wilt never forget,
 With vengeance denied me!
And thou, my Brother the younger, wilt ever regret,
 Till thou liest beside me!
'Hotly thou camest, O death-bearing ball that I spurned,
 For thou wast my slave!
And thou, black earth, that battle-steed trampled and
 churned,
 Wilt cover my grave!
'Cold art Thou, O Death, yet I was thy Lord and thy
 Master!
My body sinks fast to the earth, my soul to Heaven flies
 faster.'

Hadji Murád always listened to this song with closed eyes and when it ended on a long gradually dying note he always remarked in Russian—

'Good song! Wise song!'

After Hadji Murád's arrival and his intimacy with him and his *murids*, the poetry of the stirring mountain life took a still stronger hold on Butler. He procured for himself a *beshmét* and a Circassian coat and leggings, and imagined himself a mountaineer living the life those people lived.

On the day of Hadji Murád's departure the major invited several officers to see him off. They were sitting, some at the table where Márya Dmítrievna was pouring out tea, some at another table on which stood *vódka*, *chikhír*, and light refreshments, when Hadji Murád dressed for the journey came limping into the room with soft, rapid footsteps.

They all rose and shook hands with him. The major offered him a seat on the divan, but Hadji Murád thanked him and sat down on a chair by the window.

The silence that followed his entrance did not at all abash him. He looked attentively at all the

These seven stories belong to Tolstoy's later years and were written after his conversion to a fresh interpretation of Christianity. This involved non-resistance to evil and the repudiation of state organization and the artificialities of civilization. He began to dress as a peasant and to work in the fields, and although he continued to write, all his energies were bent upon the cause of moral reform. These short stories not only represent some of his best writing, but also throw valuable light upon the development of his thought.

Jacket Design by Ian Ribbons



and he crossed the room with big strides and handed him a white *búrka* and the sword. Hadji Murád rose, took the *búrka*, threw it over his arm, and saying something to the interpreter handed it to Márya Dmítrievna.

'He says thou hast praised the *búrka*, so accept it,' said the interpreter.

'Oh, why?' said Márya Dmítrievna blushing.

'It is necessary. Like Adam,' said Hadji Murád.

'Well, thank you,' said Márya Dmítrievna, taking the *búrka*. 'God grant that you rescue your son,' she added. '*Ulan yakshi*. Tell him that I wish him success in releasing his son.'

Hadji Murád glanced at Márya Dmítrievna and nodded his head approvingly. Then he took the sword from Eldár and handed it to the major. The major took it and said to the interpreter, 'Tell him to take my chestnut gelding. I have nothing else to give him.'

Hadji Murád waved his hand in front of his face to show that he did not want anything and would not accept it. Then, pointing first to the mountains and then to his heart, he went out.

All the household followed him as far as the door, while the officers who remained inside the room drew the sword from its scabbard, examined its blade, and decided that it was a real Gurda.¹

Butler accompanied Hadji Murád to the porch, and then came a very unexpected incident which might have ended fatally for Hadji Murád had it not been for his quick observation, determination, and agility.

The inhabitants of the Kumúkh *aoul*, Tash-Kichu, which was friendly to the Russians, respected Hadji Murád greatly and had often come to the fort merely to look at the famous *naïb*. They

¹ A highly prized quality of blade.—A. M.

had sent messengers to him three days previously to ask him to visit their mosque on the Friday. But the Kumúkh princes who lived in Tash-Kichu hated Hadji Murád because there was a blood-feud between them, and on hearing of this invitation they announced to the people that they would not allow him to enter the mosque. The people became excited and a fight occurred between them and the princes' supporters. The Russian authorities pacified the mountaineers and sent word to Hadji Murád not to go to the mosque.

Hadji Murád did not go and everyone supposed that the matter was settled.

But at the very moment of his departure, when he came out into the porch before which the horses stood waiting, Arslán Khan, one of the Kumúkh princes and an acquaintance of Butler and the major, rode up to the house.

When he saw Hadji Murád he snatched a pistol from his belt and took aim, but before he could fire, Hadji Murád in spite of his lameness rushed down from the porch like a cat towards Arslán Khan who missed him.

Seizing Arslán Khan's horse by the bridle with one hand, Hadji Murád drew his dagger with the other and shouted something to him in Tartar.

Butler and Eldár both ran at once towards the enemies and caught them by the arms. The major, who had heard the shot, also came out.

'What do you mean by it, Arslán—starting such a nasty business on my premises?' said he, when he heard what had happened. 'It's not right, friend! "To the foe in the field you need not yield!"—but to start this kind of slaughter in front of my house——'

Arslán Khan, a little man with black moustaches, got off his horse pale and trembling, looked angrily at Hadji Murád, and went into the house with the

major. Hadji Murád, breathing heavily and smiling, returned to the horses.

'Why did he want to kill him?' Butler asked the interpreter.

'He says it is a law of theirs,' the interpreter translated Hadji Murád's reply. 'Arslán must avenge a relation's blood and so he tried to kill him.'

'And supposing he overtakes him on the road?' asked Butler.

Hadji Murád smiled.

'Well, if he kills me it will prove that such is Allah's will. . . . Good-bye,' he said again in Russian, taking his horse by the withers. Glancing round at everybody who had come out to see him off, his eyes rested kindly on Márya Dmítrievna.

'Good-bye, my lass,' said he to her. 'I thank you.'

'God help you—God help you to rescue your family!' repeated Márya Dmítrievna.

He did not understand her words, but felt her sympathy for him and nodded to her.

'Mind, don't forget your *kundk*,' said Butler.

'Tell him I am his true friend and will never forget him,' answered Hadji Murád to the interpreter, and in spite of his short leg he swung himself lightly and quickly into the high saddle, barely touching the stirrup, and automatically feeling for his dagger and adjusting his sword. Then, with that peculiarly proud look with which only a Caucasian hill-man sits his horse—as though he were one with it—he rode away from the major's house. Khanéfi and Eldár also mounted and having taken a friendly leave of their hosts and of the officers, rode off at a trot, following their *murshíd*.

As usual after a departure, those who remained behind began to discuss those who had left.

'Plucky fellow! He rushed at Arslán Khan like a wolf! His face quite changed!'

'But he'll be up to tricks—he's a terrible rogue, I should say,' remarked Petróvsky.

'It's a pity there aren't more Russian rogues of such a kind!' suddenly put in Márya Dmitrievna with vexation. 'He has lived a week with us and we have seen nothing but good from him. He is courteous, wise, and just,' she added.

'How did you find that out?'

'No matter, I did find it out!'

'She's quite smitten, and that's a fact!' said the major, who had just entered the room.

'Well, and if I am smitten? What's that to you? Why run him down if he's a good man? Though he's a Tartar he's still a good man!'

'Quite true, Márya Dmitrievna,' said Butler, 'and you're quite right to take his part!'

XXI

Life in our advanced forts in the Chechen lines went on as usual. Since the events last narrated there had been two alarms when the companies were called out and militiamen galloped about; but both times the mountaineers who had caused the excitement got away, and once at Vozdvízhensk they killed a Cossack and succeeded in carrying off eight Cossack horses that were being watered. There had been no further raids since the one in which the *aoul* was destroyed, but an expedition on a large scale was expected in consequence of the appointment of a new commander of the left flank, Prince Baryátinsky. He was an old friend of the Viceroy's and had been in command of the Kabardá Regiment. On his arrival at Grózný as commander of the whole left flank he at once mustered a detachment to continue to carry out the Tsar's commands as communicated by Chernyshóv to Vorontsów. The detachment mustered at Vozdvízhensk left

the fort and took up a position towards Kurín, where the troops were encamped and were felling the forest. Young Vorontsév lived in a splendid cloth tent, and his wife, Márya Vasílevna, often came to the camp and stayed the night. Baryátinsky's relations with Márya Vasílevna were no secret to anyone, and the officers who were not in the aristocratic set and the soldiers abused her in coarse terms—for her presence in camp caused them to be told off to lie in ambush at night. The mountaineers were in the habit of bringing guns within range and firing shells at the camp. The shells generally missed their aim and therefore at ordinary times no special measures were taken to prevent such firing, but now men were placed in ambush to hinder the mountaineers from injuring or frightening Márya Vasílevna with their cannon. To have to be always lying in ambush at night to save a lady from being frightened, offended and annoyed them, and therefore the soldiers, as well as the officers not admitted to the higher society, called Márya Vasílevna bad names.

Having obtained leave of absence from his fort, Butler came to the camp to visit some old mess-mates from the cadet corps and fellow officers of the Kurín regiment who were serving as adjutants and orderly officers. When he first arrived he had a very good time. He put up in Poltorásky's tent and there met many acquaintances who gave him a hearty welcome. He also called on Vorontsév, whom he knew slightly, having once served in the same regiment with him. Vorontsév received him very kindly, introduced him to Prince Baryátinsky, and invited him to the farewell dinner he was giving in honour of General Kozlóvsky, who until Baryátinsky's arrival had been in command of the left flank.

The dinner was magnificent. Special tents were erected in a line, and along the whole length of them a table was spread as for a dinner-party, with dinner-services and bottles. Everything recalled life in the Guards in Petersburg. Dinner was served at two o'clock. Kozlóvsky sat in the middle on one side, Baryátinsky on the other. At Kozlóvsky's right and left hand sat the Vorontsóvs, husband and wife. All along the table on both sides sat the officers of the Kabardá and Kurín regiments. Butler sat next to Poltorátsky and they both chatted merrily and drank with the officers around them. When the roast was served and the orderlies had gone round and filled the champagne glasses, Poltorátsky said to Butler, with real anxiety:

'Our Kozlóvsky will disgrace himself!'

'Why?'

'Why, he'll have to make a speech, and what good is he at that? . . . It's not as easy as capturing entrenchments under fire! And with a lady beside him too, and these aristocrats!'

'Really it's painful to look at him,' said the officers to one another. And now the solemn moment had arrived. Baryátinsky rose and lifting his glass, addressed a short speech to Kozlóvsky. When he had finished, Kozlóvsky—who always had a trick of using the word 'how' superfluously—rose and stammeringly began:

'In compliance with the august will of his Majesty I am leaving you—parting from you, gentlemen,' said he. 'But consider me as always remaining among you. The truth of the proverb, how "One man in the field is no warrior", is well known to you, gentlemen. . . . Therefore, how every reward I have received . . . how all the benefits showered on me by the great generosity of our sovereign the Emperor . . . how all my position—

how my good name . . . how everything decidedly . . . how . . .' (here his voice trembled) ' . . . how I am indebted to you for it, to you alone, my friends!' The wrinkled face puckered up still more, he gave a sob and tears came into his eyes. 'How from my heart I offer you my sincerest, heartfelt gratitude!'

Kozlóvsky could not go on but turned round and began to embrace the officers. The princess hid her face in her handkerchief. The prince blinked, with his mouth drawn awry. Many of the officers' eyes grew moist and Butler, who had hardly known Kozlóvsky, could also not restrain his tears. He liked all this very much.

Then followed other toasts. Healths were drunk to Baryátinsky, Vorontsév, the officers, and the soldiers, and the visitors left the table intoxicated with wine and with the military elation to which they were always so prone. The weather was wonderful, sunny and calm, and the air fresh and bracing. Bonfires crackled and songs resounded on all sides. It might have been thought that everybody was celebrating some joyful event. Butler went to Poltorátsky's in the happiest, most emotional mood. Several officers had gathered there and a card-table was set. An adjutant started a bank with a hundred rubles. Two or three times Butler left the tent with his hand gripping the purse in his trousers-pocket, but at last he could resist the temptation no longer, and despite the promise he had given to his brother and to himself not to play, he began to do so. Before an hour was past, very red, perspiring, and soiled with chalk, he was sitting with both elbows on the table and writing on it—under cards bent for 'corners' and 'transports'¹—the figures of his stakes. He had already lost so

¹ These expressions relate to the game of *shtos* and have been explained in *Two Hussars*.—A. M.

much that he was afraid to count up what was scored against him. But he knew without counting that all the pay he could draw in advance, added to the value of his horse, would not suffice to pay what the adjutant, a stranger to him, had written down against him. He would still have gone on playing, but the adjutant sternly laid down the cards he held in his large clean hands and added up the chalked figures of the score of Butler's losses. Butler, in confusion, began to make excuses for being unable to pay the whole of his debt at once, and said he would send it from home. When he said this he noticed that everybody pitied him and that they all—even Poltorátsky—avoided meeting his eye. That was his last evening there. He reflected that he need only have refrained from playing and gone to the Vorontsóvs who had invited him, and all would have been well, but now it was not only not well—it was terrible.

Having taken leave of his comrades and acquaintances he rode home and went to bed, and slept for eighteen hours as people usually sleep after losing heavily. From the fact that he asked her to lend him fifty kopeks to tip the Cossack who had escorted him, and from his sorrowful looks and short answers, Márya Dmítrievna guessed that he had lost at cards and she reproached the major for having given him leave of absence.

When he woke up at noon next day and remembered the situation he was in he longed again to plunge into the oblivion from which he had just emerged, but it was impossible. Steps had to be taken to repay the four hundred and seventy rubles he owed to the stranger. The first step he took was to write to his brother, confessing his sin and imploring him, for the last time, to lend him five hundred rubles on the security of the mill they still

owned in common. Then he wrote to a stingy relative asking her to lend him five hundred rubles at whatever rate of interest she liked. Finally he went to the major, knowing that he—or rather Márya Dmítrievna—had some money, and asked him to lend him five hundred rubles.

‘I’d let you have them at once,’ said the major, ‘but Másha won’t! These women are so close-fisted—who the devil can understand them? . . . And yet you must get out of it somehow, devil take him! . . . Hasn’t that brute the canteen-keeper got something?’

But it was no use trying to borrow from the canteen-keeper, so Butler’s salvation could only come from his brother or his stingy relative.

XXII

Not having attained his aim in Chechnya, Hadji Murád returned to Tiflis and went every day to Vorontsév’s, and whenever he could obtain audience he implored the Viceroy to gather together the mountaineer prisoners and exchange them for his family. He said that unless that were done his hands were tied and he could not serve the Russians and destroy Shamil as he desired to do. Vorontsév vaguely promised to do what he could, but put it off, saying that he would decide when General Argutínski reached Tiflis and he could talk the matter over with him.

Then Hadji Murád asked Vorontsév to allow him to go to live for a while in Nukhá, a small town in Transcaucasia where he thought he could better carry on negotiations about his family with Shamil and with the people who were attached to himself. Moreover Nukhá, being a Mohammedan town, had a mosque where he could more conveniently perform the rites of prayer demanded by the Moham-

medan law. Vorontsóf wrote to Petersburg about it but meanwhile gave Hadji Murád permission to go to Nukhá.

For Vorontsóf and the authorities in Petersburg, as well as for most Russians acquainted with Hadji Murád's history, the whole episode presented itself as a lucky turn in the Caucasian war, or simply as an interesting event. For Hadji Murád it was a terrible crisis in his life—especially latterly. He had escaped from the mountains partly to save himself and partly out of hatred of Shamil, and difficult as this flight had been he had attained his object, and for a time was glad of his success and really devised a plan to attack Shamil, but the rescue of his family—which he had thought would be easy to arrange—had proved more difficult than he expected.

Shamil had seized the family and kept them prisoners, threatening to hand the women over to the different *ouls* and to blind or kill the son. Now Hadji Murád had gone to Nukhá intending to try by the aid of his adherents in Daghestan to rescue his family from Shamil by force or by cunning. The last spy who had come to see him in Nukhá informed him that the Avars, who were devoted to him, were preparing to capture his family and themselves bring them over to the Russians, but that there were not enough of them and they could not risk making the attempt in Vedenó, where the family was at present imprisoned, but could do so only if the family were moved from Vedenó to some other place—in which case they promised to rescue them on the way.

Hadji Murád sent word to his friends that he would give three thousand rubles for the liberation of his family.

At Nukhá a small house of five rooms was assigned to Hadji Murád near the mosque and the

Khan's palace. The officers in charge of him, his interpreter, and his henchmen, stayed in the same house. Hadji Murád's life was spent in the expectation and reception of messengers from the mountains and in rides he was allowed to take in the neighbourhood.

On 24th April, returning from one of these rides, Hadji Murád learnt that during his absence an official sent by Vorontsév had arrived from Tiflis. In spite of his longing to know what message the official had brought him he went to his bedroom and repeated his noonday prayer before going into the room where the officer in charge and the official were waiting. This room served him both as drawing- and reception-room. The official who had come from Tiflis, Councillor Kiríllov, informed Hadji Murád of Vorontsév's wish that he should come to Tiflis on the 12th to meet General Argutinski.

'*Yakshi!*' said Hadji Murád angrily. The councillor did not please him. 'Have you brought money?'

'I have,' answered Kiríllov.

'For two weeks now,' said Hadji Murád, holding up first both hands and then four fingers. 'Give here!'

'We'll give it you at once,' said the official, getting his purse out of his travelling-bag. 'What does he want with the money?' he went on in Russian, thinking that Hadji Murád would not understand. But Hadji Murád had understood, and glanced angrily at him. While getting out the money the councillor, wishing to begin a conversation with Hadji Murád in order to have something to tell Prince Vorontsév on his return, asked through the interpreter whether he was not feeling dull there. Hadji Murád glanced contemptuously out of the corner of his eye at the fat, unarmed little man dressed as a civilian, and did not reply. The interpreter repeated the question.

'Tell him that I cannot talk with him! Let him give me the money!' and having said this, Hadji Murád sat down at the table ready to count it.

Hadji Murád had an allowance of five gold pieces a day, and when Kiríllov had got out the money and arranged it in seven piles of ten gold pieces each and pushed them towards Hadji Murád, the latter poured the gold into the sleeve of his Circassian coat, rose, quite unexpectedly smacked Councillor Kiríllov on his bald pate, and turned to go.

The councillor jumped up and ordered the interpreter to tell Hadji Murád that he must not dare to behave like that to him who held a rank equal to that of colonel! The officer in charge confirmed this, but Hadji Murád only nodded to signify that he knew, and left the room.

'What is one to do with him?' said the officer in charge. 'He'll stick his dagger into you, that's all! One cannot talk with those devils! I see that he is getting exasperated.'

As soon as it began to grow dusk two spies with hoods covering their faces up to their eyes, came to him from the hills. The officer in charge led them to Hadji Murád's room. One of them was a fleshy, swarthy Tavlinian, the other a thin old man. The news they brought was not cheering. Hadji Murád's friends who had undertaken to rescue his family now definitely refused to do so, being afraid of Shamil, who threatened to punish with most terrible tortures anyone who helped Hadji Murád. Having heard the messengers he sat with his elbows on his crossed legs, and bowing his turbaned head remained silent a long time.

He was thinking and thinking resolutely. He knew that he was now considering the matter for the last time and that it was necessary to come to a

decision. At last he raised his head, gave each of the messengers a gold piece, and said: 'Go!'

'What answer will there be?'

'The answer will be as God pleases. . . . Go!'

The messengers rose and went away, and Hadji Murád continued to sit on the carpet leaning his elbows on his knees. He sat thus a long time and pondered.

'What am I to do? To take Shamil at his word and return to him?' he thought. 'He is a fox and will deceive me. Even if he did not deceive me it would still be impossible to submit to that red liar. It is impossible . . . because now that I have been with the Russians he will not trust me,' thought Hadji Murád; and he remembered a Tavlinian fable about a falcon who had been caught and lived among men and afterwards returned to his own kind in the hills. He returned, wearing jesses with bells, and the other falcons would not receive him. 'Fly back to where they hung those silver bells on thee!' said they. 'We have no bells and no jesses.' The falcon did not want to leave his home and remained, but the other falcons did not wish to let him stay there and pecked him to death.

'And they would peck me to death in the same way,' thought Hadji Murád. 'Shall I remain here and conquer Caucasia for the Russian Tsar and earn renown, titles, riches?'

'That could be done,' thought he, recalling his interviews with Vorontsov and the flattering things the prince had said; 'but I must decide at once, or Shamil will destroy my family.'

That night he remained awake, thinking.

XXIII

By midnight his decision had been formed. He had decided that he must fly to the mountains,

and break into Vedenó with the Avars still devoted to him, and either die or rescue his family. Whether after rescuing them he would return to the Russians or escape to Khunzákh and fight Shamil, he had not made up his mind. All he knew was that first of all he must escape from the Russians into the mountains, and he at once began to carry out his plan.

He drew his black wadded *beshmét* from under his pillow and went into his henchmen's room. They lived on the other side of the hall. As soon as he entered the hall, the outer door of which stood open, he was at once enveloped by the dewy freshness of the moonlit night and his ears were filled by the whistling and trilling of several nightingales in the garden by the house.

Having crossed the hall he opened the door of his henchmen's room. There was no light there, but the moon in its first quarter shone in at the window. A table and two chairs were standing on one side of the room, and four of his henchmen were lying on carpets or on *búrkas* on the floor. Khanéfi slept outside with the horses. Gamzálo heard the door creak, rose, turned round, and saw him. On recognizing him he lay down again, but Eldár, who lay beside him, jumped up and began putting on his *beshmét*, expecting his master's orders. Khan Mahomá and Bata slept on. Hadji Murád put down the *beshmét* he had brought on the table, which it hit with a dull sound, caused by the gold sewn up in it.

'Sew these in too,' said Hadji Murád, handing Eldár the gold pieces he had received that day. Eldár took them and at once went into the moonlight, drew a small knife from under his dagger and started unstitching the lining of the *beshmét*. Gamzálo raised himself and sat up with his legs crossed.

'And you, Gamzálo, tell the men to examine the

rifles and pistols and get the ammunition ready. To-morrow we shall go far,' said Hadji Murád.

'We have bullets and powder, everything shall be ready,' replied Gamzálo, and roared out something incomprehensible. He understood why Hadji Murád had ordered the rifles to be loaded. From the first he had desired only one thing—to slay and stab as many Russians as possible and to escape to the hills—and this desire had increased day by day. Now at last he saw that Hadji Murád also wanted this and he was satisfied.

When Hadji Murád went away Gamzálo roused his comrades, and all four spent the rest of the night examining their rifles, pistols, flints, and accoutrements; replacing what was damaged, sprinkling fresh powder onto the pans, and stoppering with bullets wrapped in oiled rags packets filled with the right amount of powder for each charge, sharpening their swords and daggers and greasing the blades with tallow.

Before daybreak Hadji Murád again came out into the hall to get water for his ablutions. The songs of the nightingales that had burst into ecstasy at dawn were now even louder and more incessant, while from his henchmen's room, where the daggers were being sharpened, came the regular screech and rasp of iron against stone.

Hadji Murád got himself some water from a tub, and was already at his own door when above the sound of the grinding he heard from his *murids'* room the high tones of Khanéfi's voice singing a familiar song. He stopped to listen. The song told of how a *dzhigít*, Hamzád, with his brave followers captured a herd of white horses from the Russians, and how a Russian prince followed him beyond the Terek and surrounded him with an army as large as a forest; and then the song went on to tell how

Hamzád killed the horses, entrenched his men behind this gory bulwark, and fought the Russians as long as they had bullets in their rifles, daggers in their belts, and blood in their veins. But before he died Hamzád saw some birds flying in the sky and cried to them:

'Fly on, ye winged ones, fly to our homes!
Tell ye our mothers, tell ye our sisters,
Tell the white maidens, that fighting we died
For Ghazavát! Tell them our bodies
Never will lie and rest in a tomb!
Wolves will devour and tear them to pieces,
Ravens and vultures will pluck out our eyes.'

With that the song ended, and at the last words, sung to a mournful air, the merry Bata's vigorous voice joined in with a loud shout of '*Lya-il-lyakha-il Allah!*' finishing with a shrill shriek. Then all was quiet again, except for the *tchuk, tchuk, tchuk, tchuk* and whistling of the nightingales from the garden and from behind the door the even grinding, and now and then the whiz, of iron sliding quickly along the whetstone.

Hadji Murád was so full of thought that he did not notice how he tilted his jug till the water began to pour out. He shook his head at himself and re-entered his room. After performing his morning ablutions he examined his weapons and sat down on his bed. There was nothing more for him to do. To be allowed to ride out he would have to get permission from the officer in charge, but it was not yet daylight and the officer was still asleep.

Khanéfi's song reminded him of the song his mother had composed just after he was born—the song addressed to his father that Hadji Murád had repeated to Lóris-Mélikov.

And he seemed to see his mother before him—not wrinkled and grey-haired, with gaps between

her teeth, as he had lately left her, but young and handsome, and strong enough to carry him in a basket on her back across the mountains to her father's when he was a heavy five-year-old boy.

And the recollection of himself as a little child reminded him of his beloved son, Yusúf, whose head he himself had shaved for the first time; and now this Yusúf was a handsome young *dzhigt*. He pictured him as he was when last he saw him on the day he left Tselmész. Yusúf brought him his horse and asked to be allowed to accompany him. He was ready dressed and armed, and led his own horse by the bridle, and his rosy handsome young face and the whole of his tall slender figure (he was taller than his father) breathed of daring, youth, and the joy of life. The breadth of his shoulders, though he was so young, the very wide youthful hips, the long slender waist, the strength of his long arms, and the power, flexibility, and agility of all his movements had always rejoiced Hadji Murád, who admired his son.

'Thou hadst better stay. Thou wilt be alone at home now. Take care of thy mother and thy grandmother,' said Hadji Murád. And he remembered the spirited and proud look and the flush of pleasure with which Yusúf had replied that as long as he lived no one should injure his mother or grandmother. All the same, Yusúf had mounted and accompanied his father as far as the stream. There he turned back, and since then Hadji Murád had not seen his wife, his mother, or his son. And it was this son whose eyes Shamil threatened to put out! Of what would be done to his wife Hadji Murád did not wish to think.

These thoughts so excited him that he could not sit still any longer. He jumped up and went limping quickly to the door, opened it, and called Eldár.

The sun had not yet risen, but it was already quite light. The nightingales were still singing.

'Go and tell the officer that I want to go out riding, and saddle the horses,' said he.

XXIV

Butler's only consolation all this time was the poetry of warfare, to which he gave himself up not only during his hours of service but also in private life. Dressed in his Circassian costume, he rode and swaggered about, and twice went into ambush with Bogdanóvich, though neither time did they discover or kill anyone. This closeness to and friendship with Bogdanóvich, famed for his courage, seemed pleasant and warlike to Butler. He had paid his debt, having borrowed the money of a Jew at an enormous rate of interest—that is to say, he had postponed his difficulties but had not solved them. He tried not to think of his position, and to find oblivion not only in the poetry of warfare but also in wine. He drank more and more every day, and day by day grew morally weaker. He was now no longer the chaste Joseph he had been towards Márya Dmítrievna, but on the contrary began courting her grossly, meeting to his surprise with a strong and decided repulse which put him to shame.

At the end of April there arrived at the fort a detachment with which Baryátinsky intended to effect an advance right through Chechnya, which had till then been considered impassable. In that detachment were two companies of the Kabardá regiment, and according to Caucasian custom these were treated as guests by the Kurín companies. The soldiers were lodged in the barracks, and were treated not only to supper, consisting of buckwheat-porridge and beef, but also to *vódka*. The officers shared the quarters of the Kurín officers, and as

usual those in residence gave the new-comers a dinner at which the regimental singers performed and which ended up with a drinking-bout. Major Petróv, very drunk and no longer red but ashy pale, sat astride a chair and, drawing his sword, hacked at imaginary foes, alternately swearing and laughing, now embracing someone and now dancing to the tune of his favourite song.

‘Shamil, he began to riot
In the days gone by;
Try, ry, rataty,
In the years gone by!’

Butler was there too. He tried to see the poetry of warfare in this also, but in the depth of his soul he was sorry for the major. To stop him, however, was quite impossible; and Butler, feeling that the fumes were mounting to his own head, quietly left the room and went home.

The moon lit up the white houses and the stones on the road. It was so light that every pebble, every straw, every little heap of dust was visible. As he approached the house he met Márya Dmítrievna with a shawl over her head and neck. After the rebuff she had given him Butler had avoided her, feeling rather ashamed, but now in the moonlight and after the wine he had drunk he was pleased to meet her and wished to make up to her again.

‘Where are you off to?’ he asked.

‘Why, to see after my old man,’ she answered pleasantly. Her rejection of Butler’s advances was quite sincere and decided, but she did not like his avoiding her as he had done lately.

‘Why bother about him? He’ll soon come back.’

‘But will he?’

‘If he doesn’t they’ll bring him.’

‘Just so. . . . That’s not right, you know! . . . But you think I’d better not go?’

'Yes, I do. We'd better go home.'

Márya Dmítrievna turned back and walked beside him. The moon shone so brightly that a halo seemed to move along the road round the shadows of their heads. Butler was looking at this halo and making up his mind to tell her that he liked her as much as ever, but he did not know how to begin. She waited for him to speak, and they walked on in silence almost to the house, when some horsemen appeared from round the corner. These were an officer with an escort.

'Who's that coming now?' said Márya Dmítrievna, stepping aside. The moon was behind the rider so that she did not recognize him until he had almost come up to them. It was Peter Nikoláevich Kámenev, an officer who had formerly served with the major and whom Márya Dmítrievna therefore knew.

'Is that you, Peter Nikoláevich?' said she, addressing him.

'It's me,' said Kámenev. 'Ah, Butler, how d'you do? . . . Not asleep yet? Having a walk with Márya Dmítrievna! You'd better look out or the major will give it you. . . . Where is he?'

'Why, there. . . . Listen!' replied Márya Dmítrievna pointing in the direction whence came the sounds of a *tulumbas*¹ and songs. 'They're on the spree.'

'Why? Are your people having a spree on their own?'

'No; some officers have come from Hasav-Yurt, and they are being entertained.'

'Ah, that's good! I shall be in time. . . . I just want the major for a moment.'

'On business?' asked Butler.

'Yes, just a little business matter.'

¹ *Tulumbas*, a sort of kettledrum.

'Good or bad?'

'It all depends. . . . Good for us but bad for some people,' and Kámenev laughed.

By this time they had reached the major's house.

'Chikhirév,' shouted Kámenev to one of his Cossacks, 'come here!'

A Don Cossack rode up from among the others. He was dressed in the ordinary Don Cossack uniform with high boots and a mantle, and carried saddle-bags behind.

'Well, take the thing out,' said Kámenev, dismounting.

The Cossack also dismounted, and took a sack out of his saddle-bag. Kámenev took the sack from him and inserted his hand.

'Well, shall I show you a novelty? You won't be frightened, Márya Dmítrievna?'

'Why should I be frightened?' she replied.

'Here it is!' said Kámenev taking out a man's head and holding it up in the light of the moon. 'Do you recognize it?'

It was a shaven head with salient brows, black short-cut beard and moustaches, one eye open and the other half-closed. The shaven skull was cleft, but not right through, and there was congealed blood in the nose. The neck was wrapped in a blood-stained towel. Notwithstanding the many wounds on the head, the blue lips still bore a kindly childlike expression.

Márya Dmítrievna looked at it, and without a word turned away and went quickly into the house.

Butler could not tear his eyes from the terrible head. It was the head of that very Hadji Murád with whom he had so recently spent his evenings in such friendly intercourse.

'What does this mean? Who has killed him?' he asked.

'He wanted to give us the slip, but was caught,' said Kámenev, and he gave the head back to the Cossack and went into the house with Butler.

'He died like a hero,' he added.

'But however did it all happen?'

'Just wait a bit. When the major comes I'll tell you all about it. That's what I am sent for. I take it round to all the forts and *aouls* and show it.'

The major was sent for, and came back accompanied by two other officers as drunk as himself, and began embracing Kámenev.

'And I have brought you Hadji Murád's head,' said Kámenev.

'No? . . . Killed?'

'Yes; wanted to escape.'

'I always said he would bamboozle them! . . . And where is it? The head, I mean. . . . Let's see it.'

The Cossack was called, and brought in the bag with the head. It was taken out and the major looked long at it with drunken eyes.

'All the same, he was a fine fellow,' said he. 'Let me kiss him!'

'Yes, it's true. It was a valiant head,' said one of the officers.

When they had all looked at it, it was returned to the Cossack who put it in his bag, trying to let it bump against the floor as gently as possible.

'I say, Kámenev, what speech do you make when you show the head?' asked an officer.

'No! . . . Let me kiss him. He gave me a sword!' shouted the major.

Butler went out into the porch.

Márya Dmítrievna was sitting on the second step. She looked round at Butler and at once turned angrily away again.

'What's the matter, Márya Dmítrievna?' asked he.

'You're all cut-throats! . . . I hate it! You're cut-throats, really,' and she got up.

'It might happen to anyone,' remarked Butler, not knowing what to say. 'That's war.'

'War? War, indeed! . . . Cut-throats and nothing else. A dead body should be given back to the earth, and they're grinning at it there! . . . Cut-throats, really,' she repeated, as she descended the steps and entered the house by the back door.

Butler returned to the room and asked Kámenev to tell them in detail how the thing had happened.

And Kámenev told them.

This is what had happened.

XXV

Hadji Murád was allowed to go out riding in the neighbourhood of the town, but never without a convoy of Cossacks. There was only half a troop of them altogether in Nukhá, ten of whom were employed by the officers, so that if ten were sent out with Hadji Murád (according to the orders received) the same men would have had to go every other day. Therefore after ten had been sent out the first day, it was decided to send only five in future and Hadji Murád was asked not to take all his henchmen with him. But on April the 25th he rode out with all five. When he mounted, the commander, noticing that all five henchmen were going with him, told him that he was forbidden to take them all, but Hadji Murád pretended not to hear, touched his horse, and the commander did not insist.

With the Cossacks rode a non-commissioned officer, Nazárov, who had received the Cross of St. George for bravery. He was a young, healthy, brown-haired lad, as fresh as a rose. He was the eldest of a poor family belonging to the sect of Old

Believers, had grown up without a father, and had maintained his old mother, three sisters, and two brothers.

'Mind, Nazárov, keep close to him!' shouted the commander.

'All right, your honour!' answered Nazárov, and rising in his stirrups and adjusting the rifle that hung at his back he started his fine large roan gelding at a trot. Four Cossacks followed him: Fera-póntov, tall and thin, a regular thief and plunderer (it was he who had sold gunpowder to Gamzálo); Ignátov, a sturdy peasant who boasted of his strength, though he was no longer young and had nearly completed his service; Mishkin, a weakly lad at whom everybody laughed; and the young fair-haired Petrakóv, his mother's only son, always amiable and jolly.

The morning had been misty, but it cleared up later on and the opening foliage, the young virgin grass, the sprouting corn, and the ripples of the rapid river just visible to the left of the road, all glittered in the sunshine.

Hadji Murád rode slowly along followed by the Cossacks and by his henchmen. They rode out along the road beyond the fort at a walk. They met women carrying baskets on their heads, soldiers driving carts, and creaking wagons drawn by buffaloes. When he had gone about a mile and a half Hadji Murád touched up his white Kabardá horse, which started at an amble that obliged the henchmen and Cossacks to ride at a quick trot to keep up with him.

'Ah, he's got a fine horse under him,' said Fera-póntov. 'If only he were still an enemy I'd soon bring him down.'

'Yes, mate. Three hundred rubles were offered for that horse in Tiflis.'

'But I can get ahead of him on mine,' said Nazárov.

'You get ahead? A likely thing!'

Hadji Murád kept increasing his pace.

'Hey, *kundák*, you mustn't do that. Steady!' cried Nazárov, starting to overtake Hadji Murád.

Hadji Murád looked round, said nothing, and continued to ride at the same pace.

'Mind, they're up to something, the devils!' said Ignátov. 'See how they are tearing along.'

So they rode for the best part of a mile in the direction of the mountains.

'I tell you it won't do!' shouted Nazárov.

Hadji Murád did not answer or look round, but only increased his pace to a gallop.

'Humbug! You won't get away!' shouted Nazárov, stung to the quick. He gave his big roan gelding a cut with his whip and, rising in his stirrups and bending forward, flew full speed in pursuit of Hadji Murád.

The sky was so bright, the air so clear, and life played so joyously in Nazárov's soul as, becoming one with his fine strong horse, he flew along the smooth road behind Hadji Murád, that the possibility of anything sad or dreadful happening never occurred to him. He rejoiced that with every step he was gaining on Hadji Murád.

Hadji Murád judged by the approaching tramp of the big horse behind him that he would soon be overtaken, and seizing his pistol with his right hand, with his left he began slightly to rein in his Kabardá horse which was excited by hearing the tramp of hoofs behind it.

'You mustn't, I tell you!' shouted Nazárov, almost level with Hadji Murád and stretching out his hand to seize the latter's bridle. But before he reached it a shot was fired. 'What are you doing?'

he screamed, clutching at his breast. 'At them, lads!' and he reeled and fell forward on his saddle-bow.

But the mountaineers were beforehand in taking to their weapons, and fired their pistols at the Cossacks and hewed at them with their swords.

Nazárov hung on the neck of his horse, which careered round his comrades. The horse under Ignátov fell, crushing his leg, and two of the mountaineers, without dismounting, drew their swords and hacked at his head and arms. Petrakóv was about to rush to his comrade's rescue when two shots—one in his back and the other in his side—stung him, and he fell from his horse like a sack.

Míshkin turned round and galloped off towards the fortress. Khanéfi and Bata rushed after him, but he was already too far away and they could not catch him. When they saw that they could not overtake him they returned to the others.

Petrakóv lay on his back, his stomach ripped open, his young face turned to the sky, and while dying he gasped for breath like a fish.

Gamzálo having finished off Ignátov with his sword, gave a cut to Nazárov too and threw him from his horse. Bata took their cartridge-pouches from the slain. Khanéfi wished to take Nazárov's horse, but Hadji Murád called out to him to leave it, and dashed forward along the road. His *murids* galloped after him, driving away Nazárov's horse that tried to follow them. They were already among rice-fields more than six miles from Nukhá when a shot was fired from the tower of that place to give the alarm.

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'O good Lord! O God! my God! What have they done?' cried the commander of the fort seizing his head with his hands when he heard of Hadji

Murád's escape. 'They've done for me! They've let him escape, the villains!' cried he, listening to Míshkin's account.

An alarm was raised everywhere and not only the Cossacks of the place were sent after the fugitives but also all the militia that could be mustered from the pro-Russian *aouls*. A thousand rubles reward was offered for the capture of Hadji Murád alive or dead, and two hours after he and his followers had escaped from the Cossacks more than two hundred mounted men were following the officer in charge at a gallop to find and capture the runaways.

After riding some miles along the high road Hadji Murád checked his panting horse, which, wet with sweat, had turned from white to grey.

To the right of the road could be seen the *saklyas* and minarets of the *aoul* Benerdzhík, on the left lay some fields, and beyond them the river. Although the way to the mountains lay to the right, Hadji Murád turned to the left, in the opposite direction, assuming that his pursuers would be sure to go to the right, while he, abandoning the road, would cross the Alazán and come out onto the high road on the other side where no one would expect him—ride along it to the forest, and then after recrossing the river make his way to the mountains.

Having come to this conclusion he turned to the left; but it proved impossible to reach the river. The rice-field which had to be crossed had just been flooded, as is always done in spring, and had become a bog in which the horses' legs sank above their pasterns. Hadji Murád and his henchmen turned now to the left, now to the right, hoping to find drier ground; but the field they were in had been equally flooded all over and was now saturated with water. The horses drew their feet out of the

sticky mud into which they sank, with a pop like that of a cork drawn from a bottle, and stopped, panting, after every few steps. They struggled in this way so long that it began to grow dusk and they had still not reached the river. To their left lay a patch of higher ground overgrown with shrubs and Hadji Murád decided to ride in among these clumps and remain there till night to rest their exhausted horses and let them graze. The men themselves ate some bread and cheese they had brought with them. At last night came on and the moon that had been shining at first, hid behind the hill and it became dark. There were a great many nightingales in that neighbourhood and there were two of them in these shrubs. As long as Hadji Murád and his men were making a noise among the bushes the nightingales had been silent, but when they became still the birds again began to call to one another and to sing.

Hadji Murád, awake to all the sounds of night, listened to them involuntarily, and their trills reminded him of the song about Hamzád which he had heard the night before when he went to get water. He might now at any moment find himself in the position in which Hamzád had been. He fancied that it would be so, and suddenly his soul became serious. He spread out his *búrka* and performed his ablutions, and scarcely had he finished before a sound was heard approaching their shelter. It was the sound of many horses' feet plashing through the bog.

The keen-sighted Bata ran out to one edge of the clump, and peering through the darkness saw black shadows, which were men on foot and on horseback. Khanéfi discerned a similar crowd on the other side. It was Kargánov, the military commander of the district, with his militia.

‘Well, then, we shall fight like Hamzád,’ thought Hadji Murád.

When the alarm was given, Kargánov with a troop of militiamen and Cossacks had rushed off in pursuit of Hadji Murád, but had been unable to find any trace of him. He had already lost hope and was returning home when, towards evening, he met an old man and asked him if he had seen any horsemen about. The old man replied that he had. He had seen six horsemen floundering in the rice-field, and then had seen them enter the clump where he himself was getting wood. Kargánov turned back, taking the old man with him, and seeing the hobbled horses he made sure that Hadji Murád was there. In the night he surrounded the clump and waited till morning to take Hadji Murád alive or dead.

Having understood that he was surrounded, and having discovered an old ditch among the shrubs, Hadji Murád decided to entrench himself in it and to resist as long as strength and ammunition lasted. He told his comrades this, and ordered them to throw up a bank in front of the ditch, and his henchmen at once set to work to cut down branches, dig up the earth with their daggers, and make an entrenchment. Hadji Murád himself worked with them.

As soon as it began to grow light the commander of the militia troop rode up to the clump and shouted: ‘Hey! Hadji Murád, surrender! We are many and you are few!’

In reply came the report of a rifle, a cloudlet of smoke rose from the ditch and a bullet hit the militiaman’s horse, which staggered under him and began to fall. The rifles of the militiamen who stood at the outskirts of the clump of shrubs began cracking in their turn, and their bullets whistled and hummed, cutting off leaves and twigs and

striking the embankment, but not the men entrenched behind it. Only Gamzálo's horse, that had strayed from the others, was hit in the head by a bullet. It did not fall, but breaking its hobbles and rushing among the bushes it ran to the other horses, pressing close to them and watering the young grass with its blood. Hadji Murád and his men fired only when any of the militiamen came forward, and rarely missed their aim. Three militiamen were wounded, and the others, far from making up their minds to rush the entrenchment, retreated farther and farther back, only firing from a distance and at random.

So it continued for more than an hour. The sun had risen to about half the height of the trees, and Hadji Murád was already thinking of leaping on his horse and trying to make his way to the river, when the shouts were heard of many men who had just arrived. These were Hadji Aga of Mckhtulí with his followers. There were about two hundred of them. Hadji Aga had once been Hadji Murád's *kundák* and had lived with him in the mountains, but he had afterwards gone over to the Russians. With him was Akhmet Khan, the son of Hadji Murád's old enemy.

Like Kargánov, Hadji Aga began by calling to Hadji Murád to surrender, and Hadji Murád answered as before with a shot.

'Swords out, my men!' cried Hadji Aga, drawing his own; and a hundred voices were raised by men who rushed shrieking in among the shrubs.

The militiamen ran in among the shrubs, but from behind the entrenchment came the crack of one shot after another. Some three men fell, and the attackers stopped at the outskirts of the clump and also began firing. As they fired they gradually approached the entrenchment, running across from behind one shrub to another. Some succeeded in

getting across, others fell under the bullets of Hadji Murád or of his men. Hadji Murád fired without missing; Gamzálo too rarely wasted a shot, and shrieked with joy every time he saw that his bullet had hit its aim. Khan Mahomá sat at the edge of the ditch singing '*Il lyakha il Allakh!*' and fired leisurely, but often missed. Eldár's whole body trembled with impatience to rush dagger in hand at the enemy, and he fired often and at random, constantly looking round at Hadji Murád and stretching out beyond the entrenchment. The shaggy Khanéfi, with his sleeves rolled up, did the duty of a servant even here. He loaded the guns which Hadji Murád and Khan Mahomá passed to him, carefully driving home with a ramrod the bullets wrapped in greasy rags, and pouring dry powder out of the powder-flask onto the pans. Bata did not remain in the ditch as the others did, but kept running to the horses, driving them away to a safer place and, shrieking incessantly, fired without using a prop for his gun. He was the first to be wounded. A bullet entered his neck and he sat down spitting blood and swearing. Then Hadji Murád was wounded, the bullet piercing his shoulder. He tore some cotton wool from the lining of his *beshmét*, plugged the wound with it, and went on firing.

'Let us fly at them with our swords!' said Eldár for the third time, and he looked out from behind the bank of earth ready to rush at the enemy; but at that instant a bullet struck him and he reeled and fell backwards onto Hadji Murád's leg. Hadji Murád glanced at him. His eyes, beautiful like those of a ram, gazed intently and seriously at Hadji Murád. His mouth, the upper lip pouting like a child's, twitched without opening. Hadji Murád drew his leg away from under him and continued firing.

Khanéfi bent over the dead Eldár and began taking the unused ammunition out of the cartridge-cases of his coat.

Khan Mahomá meanwhile continued to sing, loading leisurely and firing. The enemy ran from shrub to shrub, hallooing and shrieking and drawing ever nearer and nearer.

Another bullet hit Hadji Murád in the left side. He lay down in the ditch and again pulled some cotton wool out of his *besmét* and plugged the wound. This wound in the side was fatal and he felt that he was dying. Memories and pictures succeeded one another with extraordinary rapidity in his imagination. Now he saw the powerful Abu Nutsal Khan, dagger in hand and holding up his severed cheek he rushed at his foe; then he saw the weak, bloodless old Vorontsóf with his cunning white face, and heard his soft voice; then he saw his son Yusúf, his wife Sofiát, and then the pale, red-bearded face of his enemy Shamil with its half-closed eyes. All these images passed through his mind without evoking any feeling within him—neither pity nor anger nor any kind of desire: everything seemed so insignificant in comparison with what was beginning, or had already begun, within him.

Yet his strong body continued the thing that he had commenced. Gathering together his last strength he rose from behind the bank, fired his pistol at a man who was just running towards him, and hit him. The man fell. Then Hadji Murád got quite out of the ditch, and limping heavily went dagger in hand straight at the foe.

Some shots cracked and he reeled and fell. Several militiamen with triumphant shrieks rushed towards the fallen body. But the body that seemed to be dead suddenly moved. First the uncovered, bleeding, shaven head rose; then the body with

hands holding to the trunk of a tree. He seemed so terrible, that those who were running towards him stopped short. But suddenly a shudder passed through him, he staggered away from the tree and fell on his face, stretched out at full length like a thistle that had been mown down, and he moved no more.

He did not move, but still he felt.

When Hadji Aga, who was the first to reach him, struck him on the head with a large dagger, it seemed to Hadji Murád that someone was striking him with a hammer and he could not understand who was doing it or why. That was his last consciousness of any connexion with his body. He felt nothing more and his enemies kicked and hacked at what had no longer anything in common with him.

Hadji Aga placed his foot on the back of the corpse and with two blows cut off the head, and carefully—not to soil his shoes with blood—rolled it away with his foot. Crimson blood spurted from the arteries of the neck, and black blood flowed from the head, soaking the grass.

Kargánov and Hadji Aga and Akhmet Khan and all the militiamen gathered together—like sportsmen round a slaughtered animal—near the bodies of Hadji Murád and his men (Khanéfi, Khan Mahomá, and Gamzálo they bound), and amid the powder-smoke which hung over the bushes they triumphed in their victory.

The nightingales, that had hushed their songs while the firing lasted, now started their trills once more: first one quite close, then others in the distance.

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It was of this death that I was reminded by the crushed thistle in the midst of the ploughed field.

FĚDOR KUZMÍCH

[Posthumous notes of the hermit, FĚdor Kuzmích, who died in Siberia in a hut belonging to Khrómov, the merchant, near the town of Tomsk, on the 20th January 1864.]

DURING the lifetime of the hermit FĚdor Kuzmích, who appeared in Siberia in 1836 and lived there in different parts for twenty-seven years, strange rumours were rife that he—concealing his real name and rank—was none other than Alexander I. After his death these rumours became more definite and widespread. That he really was Alexander I was believed during the reign of Alexander III not only by the people, but also in Court circles and even by members of the Imperial family. Among others, the historian Schilder, who wrote a history of Alexander's reign, believed it.

These rumours were occasioned by the following facts: first, Alexander died quite unexpectedly without any previous serious illness; secondly, he died far from his family in the out-of-the-way town of Taganróg.¹ Thirdly, those who saw him placed in his coffin said he had so changed as to be unrecognizable, and he was therefore covered up and not shown to anyone. Fourthly, Alexander had repeatedly said and written—especially of late years—that he only desired to be free from his position and retire from the world. Fifthly—a little-known fact—in the official report describing his body it is mentioned that his back and loins were purple-brown and red, which the Emperor's pampered body would certainly not have been.

The reasons why Kuzmích was suspected of being Alexander I in hiding were, in the first place, that

¹ A trading port on the Sea of Azov.—A. M.

the hermit resembled the Emperor in height, figure, and countenance so much that those who had seen Alexander and his portraits (a palace footman, for instance, who recognized Kuzmích as Alexander) noticed a striking resemblance between the two. They were of the same age and had the same characteristic stoop. Secondly, Kuzmích, who gave himself out as a tramp who had forgotten his parentage, knew foreign languages and by his dignified affability showed himself to be a man accustomed to the highest position. Thirdly, the hermit never disclosed his name or calling to anyone, yet by expressions that escaped him involuntarily, betrayed himself as one who had once ranked above everybody else. Fourthly, shortly before his death he destroyed some papers of which a single sheet remained with strange ciphers and the initials A. P.¹ Fifthly, notwithstanding his great piety the hermit never went to confession, and when a bishop who visited him tried to persuade him to fulfil that Christian duty, he replied, 'If I did not tell the truth about myself at confession the heavens would be amazed, but if I told who I am the earth would be amazed.'

All these guesses and doubts ceased to be doubts and became certainties as a result of the finding of Kuzmích's diary. This diary is here given. It begins as follows:

God bless my invaluable friend Iván Grigórevich² for this delightful retreat. I do not deserve

¹ Presumably standing for 'Alexander Pávlovich' (Alexander, son of Paul).—A. M.

² Iván Grigórevich Latýshev—a peasant of the village of Krasnorechínsk, whom Fédor Kuzmích met and became acquainted with in 1839, and who, after the latter had lived in various places, built him a cell in a wood away from the road, on a hill above a cliff. In this cell Kuzmích began his diary. (Note by Tolstóy.)

his kindness and God's mercy. Here I am at peace. Fewer people come and I am alone with my guilty memories and with God. I will try to avail myself of the solitude to give a close description of my life. It may be of use to others.

I was born and spent forty-seven years of my life amid most terrible temptations. I not only did not resist them but revelled in them, was tempted and tempted others, sinned and caused others to sin. But God turned his eyes on me, and the whole vile-ness of my life, which I had tried to justify to myself by laying the blame on others, revealed itself to me at last in its full horror. And God helped me to liberate myself, not from evil—I am still full of it though I struggle against it—but from participation in it. What mental sufferings I endured and what went on in my soul when I understood my whole sinfulness and the necessity of atonement—not a belief in atonement, but real atonement for sins by my own suffering—I will describe in due course. At present I will only describe my actions: how I managed to escape from my position, leaving in place of my body the corpse of a soldier I had tormented to death; and I will begin the description of my life from its very commencement.

My flight occurred in this way:

In Taganróg I lived in the same mad way in which I had been living for the last twenty-four years. I—the greatest of criminals, the murderer of my father, the murderer of hundreds of thousands of men in wars I had occasioned, an abominable debauchee and a miscreant—believed what people told me about myself and considered myself the saviour of Europe, a benefactor of mankind, an exceptionally perfect man, *un heureux hasard*,¹ as I once expressed it to Madame de Staël. I considered

¹ 'A fortunate accident.'

myself such, but God had not quite forsaken me and the never-sleeping voice of conscience troubled me unceasingly. Nothing pleased me, everyone was to blame. I alone was good and no one understood it. I turned to God, prayed to the Orthodox God with Fóti,¹ then to the Roman Catholic God, then to the Protestant God with Parrot,² then to the God of the Illuminati with Krüdener³; but even to God I only turned in the sight of men, that they might admire me. I despised everybody, and yet the opinion of the peoples despised was the only thing important to me; I lived and acted for its sake alone. It was terrible for me to be alone. Still more terrible was it to be with her—my wife, narrow-minded, deceitful, capricious, malicious, consumptive, and full of pretence. She poisoned my life more than anything else. We were supposed to be spending a second honeymoon, but it was a hell in forms of respectability—false and terrible.

Once I felt particularly wretched. I had received a letter from Arakchéev⁴ the evening before about the assassination of his mistress. He described to me his desperate grief. Strange to say, his continual subtle flattery, and not only flattery but real dog-like devotion—which had begun while my father was alive and when we both swore allegiance to him in secret from my grandmother⁵—that dog-like

¹ Fóti (1792–1838). An archimandrite who enjoyed much influence in court circles.—A. M.

² G. F. von Parrot (1767–1852), Member of the Russian Academy of Science. His letters to Alexander I were published in 1894–5.—A. M.

³ Baroness B. J. Krüdener (1764–1824), pietist and authoress, at one time a friend of Alexander I.—A. M.

⁴ The exceedingly harsh Minister to whom Alexander entrusted the government when he himself began to cease to exercise power.—A. M.

⁵ The grandmother was Catherine the Great. The father

devotion of his made me love him, if indeed latterly I loved any man—and though to use the word love of such a monster is wrong. Another thing that bound me to him was his not having taken part in the murder of my father, as many others did who became hateful to me just because they were my accomplices in that crime, but he not only took no part in it but was devoted both to my father and to me; of that later, however.

I slept badly. Strange to say, the murder of that beauty—the spiteful Nastásya (she was extraordinarily voluptuously beautiful)—aroused desire in me, and I could not sleep all night. The fact that my consumptive, abhorrent, and undesired wife lay in the next room but one vexed and tormented me still more. The memory of Márya,¹ who deserted me for an insignificant diplomat, also tormented me. It seemed that both my father and I were fated to be jealous of a Gagárin.² But I am again letting myself be carried away by reminiscences. I did not sleep all night. Dawn began to break. I drew the curtain, put on my white dressing-gown, and called my valet. All were still asleep. I donned a frock-coat, a civilian overcoat and cap, and went out past the sentinels and into the street.

The sun was just rising over the sea. It was a cool autumn morning, and in the fresh air I immediately felt better and my sombre thoughts vanished. I walked towards the sun-flecked sea. Before reaching the green-coloured house at the corner I heard the sounds of drums and flutes from the square. I listened, and realized that someone was being made

was her half-mad son, afterwards the Emperor Paul, who was assassinated.—A. M.

¹ Márya Antónovna Narýshkina, at one time Alexander the First's mistress.—A. M.

² The Princes Gagárin are a famous Russian family.—A. M.

to run the gauntlet. I, who had so often sanctioned that form of punishment, had never seen it executed. And strange to say—evidently at the devil's instigation—the thought of the murdered, voluptuously beautiful Nastáya and of the soldier's body being lashed by rods, merged into one stimulating sensation. I remembered the men of the Seménov Regiment and the military exiles, hundreds of whom were flogged to death in this way, and the strange idea of witnessing that spectacle suddenly occurred to me. As I was in civilian clothes this was possible.

The nearer I drew the clearer came the rattling of the drums and the sound of the flutes. Being short-sighted I could not see clearly without my lorgnette, but could already make out the rows of soldiers and a tall, white-backed figure moving between them. When I got among the crowd that stood behind the rows watching the spectacle, I drew out my lorgnette and was able to see all that was being done. A tall, round-shouldered man, his bare arms tied to a bayonet, and his bare back here and there already growing red with blood, was advancing between rows of soldiers who held rods. That man was I: he was my double. The same height, the same round shoulders, the same bald head, the same whiskers without a moustache, the same cheek-bones, the same mouth and blue eyes; but his mouth did not smile; it kept opening and twisting as he screamed at the blows, and his eyes, now closing and now opening, were not tender and caressing but started terribly from his head.

When I had looked well at this man I recognized him. It was Struménski, a left-flank non-commissioned officer of the 3rd Company of the Seménov Regiment, at one time well known to áll the Guards on account of his likeness to me. They used jokingly to call him Alexander II.

I knew that he had been transferred to garrison-duty with other rioters of the Semënov Regiment, and I guessed that here, in garrison, he had done something—probably deserted—had been recaptured, and was now being punished. I learnt later that this was so.

I stood as one spellbound, watching how the unfortunate man moved and how they flogged him, and I felt that something was going on within me. But I suddenly noticed that the people standing beside me, the spectators, were looking at me, and that some drew back from me while others approached. I had evidently been recognized. Having realized this I turned to hurry home. The drums still beat and the flutes played—so the tortures were still going on. My chief feeling was that I ought to approve of what was being done to this double of mine; or if not approve at least acknowledge that it was the proper thing to do, but I could not. Yet I felt that if I did not admit it to be necessary and right, I should have to admit that my whole life and all my actions were bad, and should have to do what I had long wished to: abandon everything, go away, and disappear.

I struggled against this feeling that seized me: now admitting that the thing was right—a melancholy necessity—and now admitting that I ought myself to have been in the place of that wretched man. But strangely enough I felt no pity for him, and instead of stopping the torture I went home, fearing only lest I should be recognized.

Soon the sounds of the drums ceased, and on reaching home I seemed to have shaken off the feeling that had come over me. There I drank tea and received a report from Volkónski.¹ Then came

¹ Field-Marshal Prince P. M. Volkónski, Minister of the Palace.—A. M.

the usual lunch, the usual burdensome and insincere relations with my wife; then Diebitsch¹ with a report confirming information we had had of a secret society. In due time, when I write the whole story of my life, I will, God willing, recount it all in detail; but now I will only say that I received that report too with outward composure. But this lasted only till after dinner, when I went to my study, lay down on the couch, and immediately fell asleep.

I had hardly been asleep five minutes when a shock passing through my whole body seemed to awake me, and I heard the rattling of the drums, the flutes, the sound of the blows, the screams of Struménski, and saw him or myself—I could not tell which of us was I; I saw his look of suffering and the gloomy faces of the soldiers and officers. This delusion did not last long. I jumped up, buttoned my coat, put on my hat and sword, and went out, saying I was going for a walk.

I knew where the military hospital was and went straight to it. My appearance as usual caused a commotion. The head doctor and the head of the staff came running up breathless. I said I wished to go through the wards. In the second ward I saw Struménski's bald head. He was lying prone with his head on his arms, moaning pitifully. 'He has been punished for trying to desert,' I was told.

I said 'Ah!' and made my usual gesture of approval at what I heard, and I walked on.

Next day I sent to inquire how Struménski was, and was told that he had received the sacrament and was dying.

¹ General Count Diebitsch, a German by birth, Chief of the Russian General Staff. He constantly accompanied Alexander I.—A. M.

It was my brother Michael's name-day,¹ and there was to be a parade and a special service. I said I was unwell after my journey through the Crimea, and I did not attend the mass. Diebitsch returned, and again reported about the plot in the Second Army, reminding me of what Count Witte had told me before my visit to the Crimea, and of the report of the non-commissioned officer Sherwood.

Only while listening to the report of Diebitsch, who attached such immense importance to all these attempted conspiracies, did I suddenly feel the full significance and strength of the change that had taken place within me. They were conspiring in order to alter our system of government and introduce a Constitution—the very thing that I had wanted to do twenty years back. I had made and unmade Constitutions in Europe, and what and who is any the better for it? And above all who was I that I should do it? All external life, all arrangements of external affairs and all participation in them—had I not participated in them and rearranged the life of the peoples of Europe?—seemed unimportant, unnecessary, and not at all my business. I suddenly realized that none of it was my business, that my business was with myself—my soul. All my old desires to abdicate—formerly ostentatious, with a wish to reveal the grandeur of my soul and to astonish people and make them regret me—now returned with fresh force and complete sincerity. I no longer thought of what other people would think, but only of myself, my soul. It was as if my whole life, a brilliant one in the worldly sense, had been lived only that I might return to that youthful desire—evoked by

¹ The day of his patron-saint, which is kept like an English birthday.—A. M.

repentance—to abandon everything; but to abandon it without vanity, without thought of human fame, only for my own soul's sake and for God. Then it had been a vague desire, now it was the impossibility of continuing to live as I had done.

But how? Not so as to astonish people and to be praised, but on the contrary, to go away with suffering and with no one's knowledge. And this thought so pleased and delighted me that I began to think of how to accomplish it. I employed all the powers of my mind and all my characteristic cunning to effect it. But the execution of my intention was surprisingly easier than I had expected. My plan was to pretend to be ill and dying, and having persuaded and bribed a doctor to have the dying Struménski put in my place, to go away, to fly—concealing my identity from everyone.

It was as if everything happened expressly for the success of my project. On the 9th,¹ as if on purpose, I fell ill with intermittent fever. I was ill for about a week, during which my intention became stronger and stronger and I considered my plan thoroughly. On the 16th I got up feeling well.

That day I shaved as usual, and being deep in thought, cut myself badly near the chin. I lost much blood and, feeling faint, fell down. People came running and lifted me. I saw at once that this would help the execution of my plan, and though I felt quite well I pretended to be very weak, went to bed, and had Dr. Vimier's assistant called. Vimier would not have agreed to any deception, but I hoped to be able to bribe this young man. I disclosed my intention and plan to him, and offered him eighty thousand rubles if he would do what I demanded. My plan was this: Struménski, as I had

¹ 9th November 1825. o.s. = 21st November, n.s.—A. M.

learnt that morning, was near death and not expected to live beyond the evening. I went to bed and, pretending to be vexed with everybody, would not let anyone in except the physician I had bribed. That night he was to bring Struménski's body in a bath, put it in my place, and announce my sudden death. Strange to say, everything happened as we had planned, and on the 17th of November¹ I was a free man. Struménski's body, in its closed coffin, was buried with the greatest pomp, and my brother Nicholas ascended the throne, having banished the conspirators to forced labour in Siberia. I afterwards met some of them there. I experienced sufferings trifling in comparison with my crimes, and the greatest and quite undeserved happiness of which I will speak in due course.

Now, on the brink of the grave, at the age of seventy-two, having understood the vanity of my former life and the significance of the life I have lived and am living as a wanderer, I will try to tell the story of my former life.

MY LIFE

*12th December, 1849. Siberian Forest-swamp near
Krasnorechínsk*

To-day is my birthday, I am seventy-two. Seventy-two years ago I was born in Petersburg in the Winter Palace, in the apartments of my mother the Empress, then the Grand Duchess Mária Fědorovna.

I slept pretty well last night. After yesterday's indisposition I feel rather better again. The chief thing is that the spiritual torpor I was in has passed,

¹ Officially Alexander I died on 19th November, o.s. = 1st December, n.s. Whether Tolstóy had some reason for making it the 17th I do not know.—A. M.

and I can again communicate with God with my whole soul. Last night I prayed in the dark. I was clearly conscious of my position in the world. My whole life is something required by Him who sent me here, and I can do what He requires or not just as I please. By doing what He requires I conduce towards the welfare of the whole world. By not doing it I deprive myself of welfare—not of all welfare, but of the welfare that might be mine; but I do not deprive the world of the welfare destined for it. What I ought to have done will be done by others, so that His will may be accomplished. That is what my free will consists in. But if He knows what will be, if everything is ordained by Him, is there any freedom? I don't know. Here thought reaches its limits and prayer begins, the simple prayer of childhood and old age. 'Father, not my will but Thine be done.' Simply: 'Lord forgive and have mercy. Yes, Lord forgive and have mercy, and forgive and have mercy. I cannot express it in words but Thou knowest the heart. Thou Thyself dwellest therein.'

I fell soundly asleep. As usual, from the weakness of old age, I woke five or six times and dreamt I was bathing in the sea and swimming. The water was greenish and beautiful, and I was surprised that it held me up so high that I did not sink at all. Some men and women were on the shore hindering me from getting out, for I was naked. The meaning of this dream is that the vigour of my body still hinders me, but that the exit is near at hand.

I rose before daybreak and struck a flint, but for a long time could not light the tinder. I put on my elk-skin dressing-gown and went out. Behind the snow-clad larches and pines glowed a rosy-orange sky. I brought in the firewood I chopped yesterday, lit the stove, and chopped some more wood. It

grew lighter. I ate some moistened rusks. The stove had grown hot and I closed the damper and sat down to write.

I was born just seventy-two years ago, on the 12th of December, 1777, in Petersburg, in the Winter Palace. By my grandmother's wish I was named Alexander, to betoken, as she told me herself, my becoming as great a man as Alexander the Great and as holy as Alexander Névski. I was christened a week later in the large Palace Church. I was carried on a brocade pillow by the Duchess of Courland. My coverlet was held up by officials of the highest rank. The Empress was my godmother, and the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia were my godfathers. The room allotted to me had been arranged to my grandmother's plan. (I don't remember it at all, but know of it from hearsay.) In the middle of that spacious room with its three large windows between four pillars, a velvet canopy was fastened to the ceiling with silk hangings descending to the ground. Under the canopy was placed an iron cot with a leather mattress, a small pillow, and a light English blanket. Beyond the hangings was a railing nearly five feet high, to prevent visitors from approaching too near. There was no other furniture in the room, except a bed behind the canopy for my wet-nurse. Every detail of my physical nurture was thought out by my grandmother. Rocking me to sleep was forbidden; I was swaddled in a special way; I wore no socks; was bathed first in warm and then in cold water, and had special clothing without seams or ribbons, but which could all be put on at once. As soon as I could crawl I was placed on the carpet and left to my own devices. I have been told that at first my grandmother herself used often to come and sit on the carpet to play with me. I don't remember

anything of this, nor do I remember my wet-nurse at that time.

She was Avdótya Petróvna, the wife of an assistant gardener from Tsáarskoe Seló. I did not remember her then. But I met her once when I was eighteen and she came up to me in the garden at Tsáarskoe Seló. That was the good period of my life, the early days of my friendship with Adam Czartorýski, when I was sincerely disgusted at what was going on at both the courts—that of my unfortunate father and of my grandmother, who had then become hateful to me. I was still a human being then, and not even a bad one, having good intentions. I was walking in the park with Adam when a well-dressed woman with an unusually kind, pleasant, smiling, and excited face came down a side-path. She approached me quickly, fell on her knees, seized my hand, and began kissing it.

‘My dear, your Highness! Now, God has granted——’

‘Who are you?’

‘Your nurse, Avdótya—Dunyáša—I nursed you eleven months. God grants me to see you again.’

I raised her with difficulty, asked where she lived, and promised to go to see her. The delightful home life in her clean little house, her sweet daughter, my foster-sister—a genuine Russian beauty engaged to one of the Court grooms—my nurse’s husband, the gardener, just as smiling as his wife, and their crowd of smiling children seemed to light up the darkness around me. ‘Here is true life, real happiness!’ thought I. ‘It is all so simple, so clear. No intrigues, jealousies, or quarrels.’

It was this amiable Dunyáša who nursed me. My head nurse was Sophia Ivánovna Benkendorf, a German; and the second nurse was an English-woman named Hessler. Sophia Ivánovna Benken-

dorf was a stout, white-skinned, straight-nosed woman, of majestic appearance when giving orders in the nursery but surprisingly servile in grandmother's presence—bowing and curtsying low to her who was a head shorter than herself. She was very obsequious to me and yet severe. Sometimes she was a queen, in her broad skirts and with her majestic straight-nosed face, and then suddenly she became an affected young hussy.

Praskóvya Ivánovna Hessler,¹ my English nurse, was a long-faced, red-haired, serious English-woman; but when she smiled her whole face beamed so that one could not help smiling with her. I liked her tidiness, her equanimity, her cleanliness, and her gentle firmness. It seemed as if she knew something nobody else knew—neither my mother, nor my father, nor even my grandmother herself.

My mother I first recollect as a strange, sad, supernatural and charming vision. Handsome, elegant, glittering with diamonds, silks, and laces, and with her round, white arms bare, she would enter my room, and with a strange, melancholy expression on her face, alien to me and having no reference to me, would caress me, take me up in her strong beautiful arms, lift me to her still more beautiful face, and shaking back her thick, scented hair, would kiss me and cry, and once she even let me slip from her arms and fell down in a faint.

It is strange, but whether by my grandmother's influence, or as a result of my mother's behaviour to me, or because with a child's quick instinct I was aware of the intrigues that centred around me, it so

¹ It was customary in Russia for people of other nationalities to adopt a Russian Christian name and patronymic, so in this case Miss Hessler assumed the names Praskóvya Ivánovna.—A. M.

happened that I had no simple feeling, or indeed any feeling, of love for my mother. I felt something strained in her treatment of me. She seemed to be parading herself through me, oblivious of me, and I felt it. So it really was. My grandmother took me from my parents entirely into her own hands, in order to pass the crown on to me and to disinherit her son, my unfortunate father, whom she hated. Of course I knew nothing about this till long after; but from my earliest consciousness, without understanding the reason, I was aware of being the object of some enmity and competition—a tool in some intrigue—and I was sensible of a coldness and indifference to myself, to my childish soul which desired no crown, but only simple love which was lacking. There was my mother, always sad in my presence. Once when she was speaking German to Sophia Ivánovna about something, she burst out crying and almost ran out of the room on hearing grandmother's footsteps. There was my father, who sometimes came to our room, and to whom, later on, my brother and I used to be taken; but at the sight of me my unfortunate father expressed his dissatisfaction and suppressed anger to a greater extent and more decidedly than my mother.

I remember being taken with my brother Constantine to his part of the palace. This was when he was starting on his journey abroad in 1781. He suddenly pushed me aside with his hand and jumped up from his arm-chair with a terrible look in his eyes, and in a choking voice said something about me and my grandmother. I did not understand what it was, but remember the words, *Après '62 tout est possible*.¹ I became frightened and began

¹ 'After '62 everything is possible.' The Emperor Peter III, Catherine's husband, had been dethroned by a conspiracy, and murdered, in July 1762.—A. M.

to cry. My mother took me on her arm and began kissing me, and then carried me to him. He hurriedly gave me his blessing and ran out of the room clattering with his high heels. Long afterwards I came to understand the meaning of that outburst. He and my mother were starting to travel as *Comte et Comtesse du Nord*—my grandmother wished them to do so—and he was afraid that during their absence he would be deprived of his right to the throne and I should be appointed heir. . . . Oh, my God, my God! He prized what ruined both him and me physically and spiritually—and I, unfortunate that I was, also prized it!

Someone has come knocking, saying: 'In the name of the Father and of the Son.' I have answered 'Amen'. I will now put my writing away and go and open the door. God willing, I will continue to-morrow.

13th December—

I slept little and had bad dreams. Some unpleasant and weak woman was clinging to me, and though I was not afraid of her or of sinning, I was afraid my wife would see it and reproach me again. Seventy-two, and I am not free yet. When awake one can deceive oneself, but a dream gives a true valuation of the state one has attained to. I also dreamt—and this again shows the low level of morality on which I stand—that someone had brought me here some sweetmeats wrapped in moss—some unusual kind of sweetmeats—and we picked them out of the moss and divided them. But after the division some sweetmeats were left over and I began picking them out for myself; and just then a black-eyed and unpleasant boy, something like the Sultan of Turkey's son, stretched out towards the sweets and took them in his hand, and I pushed him

away, though I knew that it is much more natural for a child to eat sweets than for me to do so. I did not let him have them, and knowing that this was wrong felt ill will towards him.

And strangely enough a similar thing really happened to me to-day. Márya Martemyánovna came. Yesterday a messenger from her had knocked at my door asking if she might call. I said she might. These visits are trying to me, but I knew that a refusal would hurt her. So she came to-day. The runners of her sledge could be heard in the distance squeaking over the snow. And when she entered in her fur cloak and several shawls, she brought in some bags of eatables (dumplings, Lenten oil, and apples), and so much cold air that I had to put on my dressing-gown. She came to ask my advice: whether to let her daughter marry a rich widower who is wooing her. Their belief in my sagacity is very trying to me, and all I say to correct it is attributed to my humility. I said what I always say: that chastity is better than marriage, but, as St. Paul says, it is better to marry than to burn. With her came her son-in-law Nikanór Ivánovich—the one who invited me to come and live in his house and who has since unceasingly pestered me with his visits.

Nikanór Ivánovich is a great trial to me. I cannot overcome my antipathy and aversion for him. 'O Lord, grant me to see my own iniquities and not to judge my brother-man.' But I see all his faults, discern them with the penetration of malignity, see all his weaknesses, and cannot conquer my antipathy for him—my brother-man, who like myself proceeds from God.

What do such feelings mean? I have experienced them more than once in my long life. My two strongest aversions were for Louis XVIII, with his

big stomach, hooked nose, repulsive white hands, and his self-confidence, insolence, and obtuseness—there, I cannot keep from abusing him—and the other antipathy is for this Nikanór Ivánovich who tormented me for two hours yesterday. Everything about him, from the sound of his voice to his hair and his nails, evokes repulsion in me, and to explain my gloominess to Márya Martemyánovna I told her a lie, saying that I was not well. After they had gone I prayed, and after the prayer I grew calm. I thank Thee, O Lord, that the one and only thing I need is in my own power. I remembered that Nikanór Ivánovich had been an infant and that he would die. I recalled the same with reference to Louis XVIII, knowing him to be already dead, and I regretted that Nikanór Ivánovich was no longer here that I might express my goodwill to him.

Márya Martemyánovna brought me some candles so that I can write in the evenings. I went out. To the left the bright stars have disappeared in a wonderful aurora borealis. How beautiful, how beautiful! But now I will continue.

My father and mother had gone abroad, and I and my brother Constantine, born two years after me, were in our grandmother's complete control for the whole of their absence. My brother had been named Constantine to denote that he was to become Emperor of Constantinople.

Children love everybody and especially those who love and caress them. My grandmother caressed and praised me, and I loved her in spite of the smell, repulsive to me, which always hung about her, notwithstanding her perfumes, and was especially noticeable when she took me on her lap. Her hands too were unpleasant to me—clean,

yellowish, shrivelled, slippery, and shiny, with fingers bent inwards and with long nails from which the skin had been pushed back unnaturally far. Her eyes were dull, weary, almost lifeless, and this together with her smiling, toothless mouth, created a painful though not exactly repulsive impression. I attributed that expression of her eyes—which I now remember with loathing—to her exertions on behalf of her people, as it was explained to me, and I pitied her for that languid expression. Once or twice I saw Potëmkin¹—a one-eyed, squinting, enormous, dark, perspiring, and dirty man who was terrible. He seemed to me particularly terrible because he alone was not afraid of grandmother, but spoke loud in her presence in his bellowing voice, and boldly caressed and teased me, though addressing me as ‘your Highness’.

Among those I saw with her in my early childhood was Lanský.² He was always with her and everybody noticed him and paid court to him. My grandmother especially looked at him continually. Of course I did not then understand what it meant, and Lanský pleased me very much. I liked his curls, his handsome thighs in tightly stretched elk-skin breeches, his well-shaped calves, his merry careless smile, and the diamonds that glittered all over him.

It was a very merry time. We were taken to Tsárskoe Seló, where we boated, dug in the garden, went for walks, and rode on horseback. Constantine, plump, red-haired, *un petit Bacchus*, as grandmother called him, amused everybody by his tricks, his boldness, and his devices. He mimicked every-

¹ Field-Marshal Count G. A. Potëmkin (1739–91). For a long time the most influential of Catherine’s favourites.—A. M.

² Count A. D. Lanský (1754–84), a General and a favourite of Catherine II.—A. M.

body, including Sophia Ivánovna and even grandmother herself.

The most important event of that time was Sophia Ivánovna Bénkendorf's death. *It happened* one evening at Tsárskoe Seló, in grandmother's presence. Sophia Ivánovna had just brought us in after dinner and was smilingly saying something, when her face suddenly became grave, she reeled, leant against the door, slipped, and fell heavily. People came running in and we were taken away. But next day we learnt that she was dead. I cried for a long time and was depressed and not myself. Everybody thought I was crying about Sophia Ivánovna, but it was not for her that I cried, but that people should die—that death should exist. I could not understand and could not believe that it was the fate of everybody. I remember that in my childish, five-year-old soul the questions, What is death? and, What is life which ends in death? then arose in their full significance—those chief questions which confront all mankind and to which the wise seek and find replies, and which the frivolous try to thrust aside and forget. I did what was natural for a child, especially in the world in which I lived: I put the question aside, forgot about death, lived as if it did not exist, and have now lived till it has become terrible to me.

Another important event connected with Sophia Ivánovna's death was our being transferred to the charge of a man, and Nicholas Ivánovich Saltykóv being appointed our tutor—not the Saltykóv who in all probability was our grandfather, but Nicholas Ivánovich who was in service at my father's court; a little man with a huge head and a stupid face with a continual grimace, which my little brother Constantine imitated wonderfully. Being entrusted to a man grieved me, because it

meant parting from my nurse, dear Praskóvya Ivánovna.

Those who have not the misfortune to be born in a royal family must, I think, find it difficult to realize how distorted is the view of people and of our relation towards them which is instilled into us and was instilled into me. Instead of the feeling of dependence on grown-up and older persons natural to a child, instead of gratitude for all the blessings which we enjoyed, we were led to believe that we were some kind of exceptional beings who not only ought to be supplied with all the good things a human being can have, but by a word or a smile could not only more than pay for all those blessings, but could also reward people and make them happy. It is true that we were expected to treat people politely, but with my childish instinct I realized that this was only for show, and was done not for the sake of the people to whom we had to be polite but for our own sake, so that our grandeur should be still more noticeable.

One fête-day we were driving along the Névski Prospect in an enormous landau: we two brothers and Nicholas Ivánovich Saltykóv. We sat in the chief seats. Two powdered footmen in red liveries stood behind. It was a bright spring day. I wore an unbuttoned uniform with a white waistcoat and the blue St. Andrew's ribbon across it. Constantine was dressed in the same way; on our heads we wore plumed hats which we continually raised as we bowed. The people everywhere stopped and bowed; some of them ran after us. '*On vous salue,*'¹ Nicholas Ivánovich kept repeating. '*A droite.*'²

We went past the guard-house and the guards ran out. Those I always noticed, for I loved soldiers and military exercises from my childhood. We were

¹ 'They are bowing to you.'

² 'On the right.'

told, especially by grandmother—the very one who believed it least of all—that all men are equal and that we ought to remember this, but I knew that those who said so did not believe it.

I remember once how Sásha Golítzin, who was playing with me at barricades, accidentally knocked me and hurt me.

‘How dare you!’

‘I did not mean to. What does it matter?’

I felt the blood rush to my heart with vexation and anger. I complained to Nicholas Ivánovich and was not ashamed when Golítzin begged my pardon.

That is enough for to-day. My candle has burnt low and I have yet to chop sticks, my axe is blunt and I have nothing to sharpen it on, besides which I don’t know how to.

16th December—

I have not written for three days. I was not well. I have been reading the Gospels but could not arouse in myself that understanding of them, that communion with God, which I experienced before. I used often to think that man cannot help having desires. I always had and still have desires. First I wished to conquer Napoleon, I wished to give peace to Europe, I wished to be released from my crown: and all my wishes were either fulfilled and as soon as that happened ceased to attract me, or became impossible of fulfilment and I ceased to wish for them. But while my wishes were being fulfilled or becoming impossible, new wishes arose, and so it went on and goes on to the end. I wished for the winter—it has come; I wished for solitude—and have almost attained it; now I wish to describe my life, and to do it in the best way possible, that it may be of use to others. And whether

this wish is fulfilled or not, new wishes will awaken. Life consists in that. And it occurs to me that if the whole of life consists in the birth of wishes and the joy of life lies in their fulfilment, is there no wish which would be natural to man, to every human being, always, and would always be fulfilled or rather would be approaching fulfilment? And it has become clear to me that this would be so for a man who desired death. His whole life would be an approach to the fulfilment of that wish and the wish would certainly be fulfilled.

At first this seemed strange to me. But having considered it I suddenly saw that it really is so; that this alone, this approach to death, is the only reasonable wish a man can have. A wish not for death itself, but for the movement of life which leads to death. That movement consists in a release from passions and temptations of that spiritual element which dwells in every man. I feel this now, having freed myself from most of the things that used to hide from me what is essential in my soul—its oneness with God: used to hide God. I arrived at it unconsciously. But if I placed my welfare first (and this is not only possible, but is what ought to be) and considered my highest welfare to lie in liberation from passions and an approach towards God, then everything that brought me nearer to death—old age, and illness—would be a fulfilment of my one great desire. That is so, and I feel it when I am well. But when I have indigestion, as was the case yesterday and the day before, I cannot awaken that feeling, and though I do not resist death I am unable to wish to draw nearer to it.

Well, such a condition is one of spiritual sleep. One has to wait quietly. I will now go on from where I left off. What I write about my childhood I recount mainly from hearsay, and often what was

told me about myself gets mixed up with what I experienced; so that I sometimes do not know what I myself experienced and what I heard from others.

My whole life from my birth to my present old age makes me think of a place enveloped in a thick mist, or even of the battlefield at Dresden: everything is hidden, nothing visible, and suddenly here and there little islands open out, *des éclaircies*¹ in which one sees people and objects unconnected with anything else and surrounded on all sides by an impenetrable curtain. Such are my childish recollections. For the time of my childhood these *éclaircies* very very rarely open out amid the sea of mist or smoke, afterwards they occur more and more frequently; but even now I have times that leave no memories behind. In childhood there are very few memories, and the farther back the fewer there are.

I have spoken of the clearings that belong to my early life: Sophia Bénkendorf's death, the good-bye to my parents, and Constantine's mimicking, but several other memories of that period open out now as I think of the past. For instance, I don't at all remember when Kóstya² appeared and we began to live together; but I well remember how once when I was seven and he five we went to bed after service on Christmas eve and taking advantage of the fact that everybody had left our room, we got into one bed together. Kóstya in his little shirt climbed over to me and we began playing a merry game which consisted in slapping one another on our bare bodies; and we laughed till our stomachs ached and were very happy, when suddenly Nicholas Ivánovich, with his huge powdered head, entered wearing his embroidered coat and his

¹ Clearings.

² A pet name for Constantine.

orders, and rushed towards us with staring eyes, in horror which I could not at all explain to myself, and separated us and angrily promised to punish us and to tell our grandmother.

Another occurrence I well remember happened rather late—when I was about nine; it was an encounter in grandmother's room, and almost in our presence, between Alexéy Grigórevich Orlóv¹ and Potëmkin. It was not long before grandmother's journey to the Crimea and our first journey to Moscow. Nicholas Ivánovich had taken us as usual to see grandmother. The large room, the ceiling of which was ornamented with stucco-work and paintings, was full of people. Grandmother's hair had already been done. It was combed back from the forehead and very skilfully arranged on the temples. She sat at her dressing-table in a white powder-mantle. Her maid stood behind her adjusting her hair. She looked at us with a smile, continuing her conversation with a big, tall, and stout General decorated with the ribbon of St. Andrew, who had a terrible scar across his cheek from mouth to ear. This was Orlóv, '*Le balafre*.'² It was there I saw him for the first time. Grandmother's Anderson hare-hounds were beside her, and my pet Mimi jumped up from her skirt and leaping at me put its feet on my shoulders and licked my face. We came up to grandmother and kissed her white, plump hand. She turned it round and her bent fingers caught my face and caressed me. In spite of her perfumes I was aware of her disagreeable smell. She went on looking at Balafre and speaking to him.

'A fine fellow,' she said, with her strong German accent, pointing to me, 'you had not seen him before.'

¹ Count Alexéy Grigórevich Orlóv, a General and Admiral. He had strangled Peter III with his own hands.—A. M.

² 'The gash.'

'They are both fine fellows,' said the count, kissing my hand and Constantine's.

'It's all right, it's all right', she said to her maid who was putting her cap on for her. That maid was Márya Stepánovna, painted red and white, a kind-hearted woman who always caressed me.

*'Où est ma tabatière?'*¹

Lanskóy came up and handed her an open snuff-box. Grandmother took a pinch and looked at her jester Matrěna Danílovna, who was approaching her. . . .

(The story breaks off here, and was left in this unfinished state when Tolstóy died.)

¹ 'Where is my snuff-box?'

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